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THE

Pſalms of DAVID

IN

METRE:

With the Tunes uſed

IN

Pariſh-Churches.

By *JOHN PATRICK*, D. D.
Late Preacher to the *Charter-Houſe*, London.

The Seventh Edition.

LONDON:
Printed for *D. Brown*, *I. Walthoe*, *I. Knapton*, *R. Knaplock*, *J. Wyat*, *Em. Matthews*, *R. Wilkin*, *D. Midwinter*, *R.* and *J. Bowwick*, *E. Horne*, *A. Betteſworth*, *R. Robinſon*, *W. Taylor*, *B. Cowſe*, *J. Bowyer*, *W. Mears*, *R. Goſling*, *T. Ward*, *W.* and *J. Innys*. MDCCXXIV.

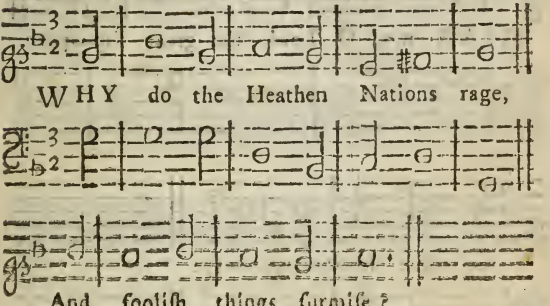
METRE

IN

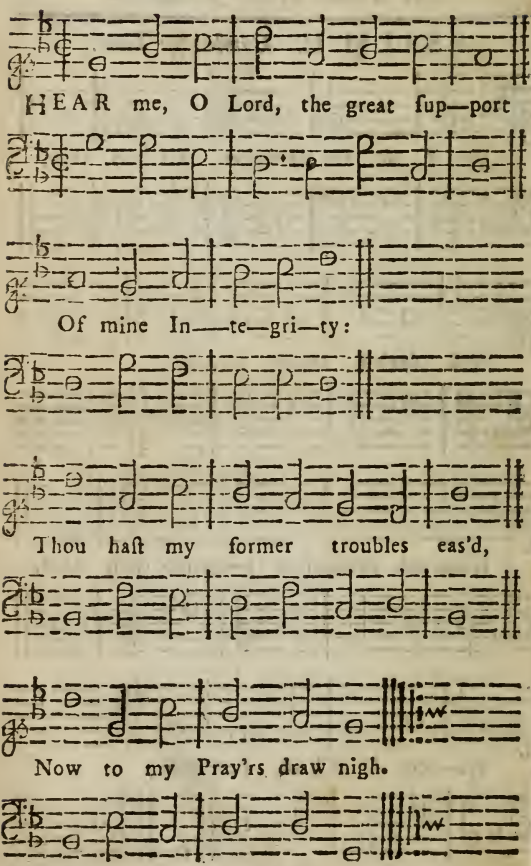
Parish-Churches.

The Tunes of the Pſalms.

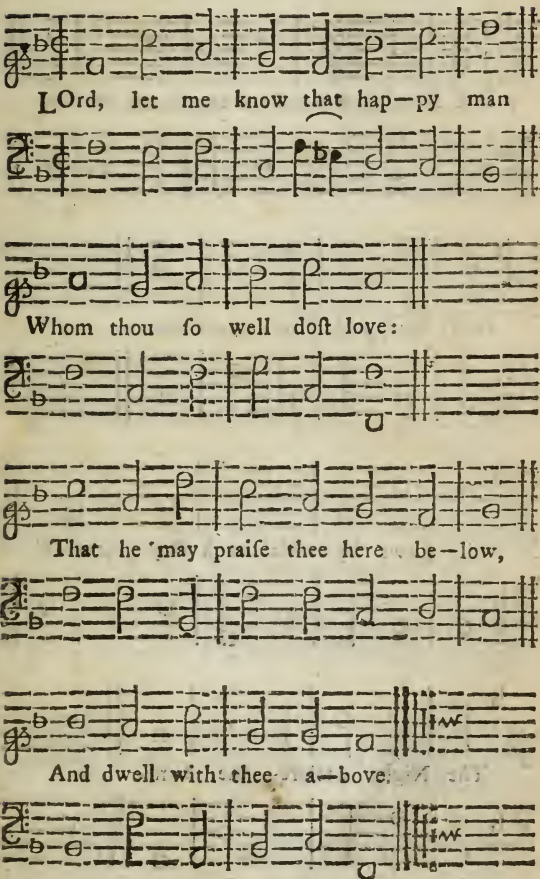
PSALM II. *Cambridge Tune.*


WHY do the Heathen Nations rage,
And fooliſh things furmiſe?
Kings ſet themſelves a—gainſt their God,
Ru—lers his Chriſt de—ſpiſe.

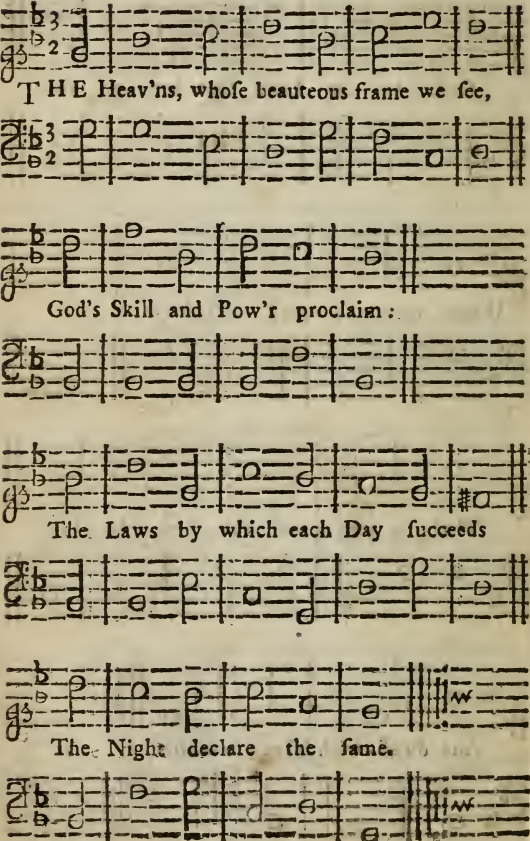
PSALM IV. *Old Litchfield Tune.*



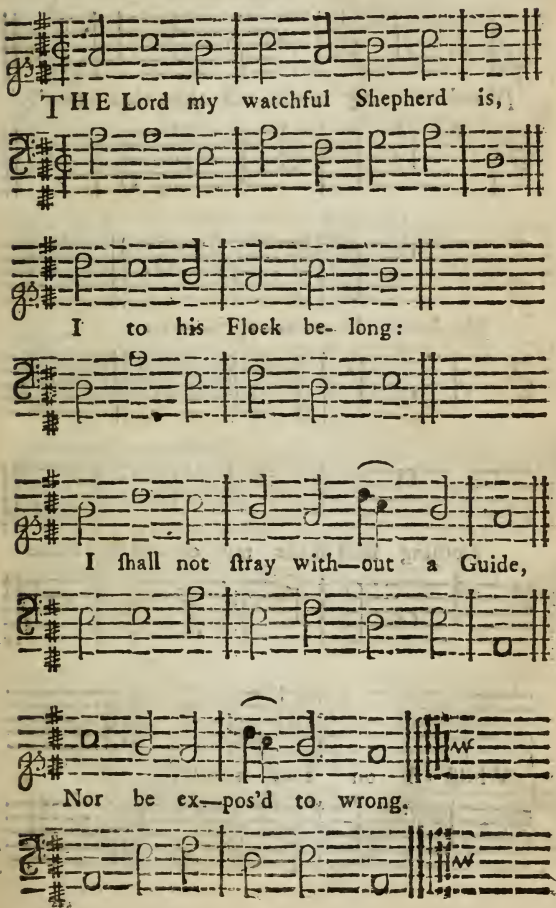
PSALM XV. *Glouceſter Tune.*



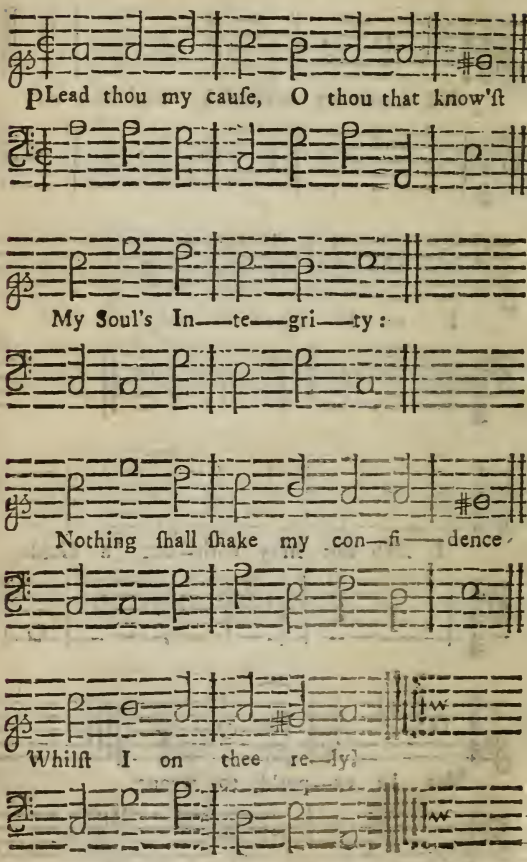
PSALM XIX. *Manchester Tune.*


THE Heav'ns, whoſe beauteous frame we ſee,
God's Skill and Pow'r proclaim:
The Laws by which each Day ſucceeds
The Night declare the ſame.

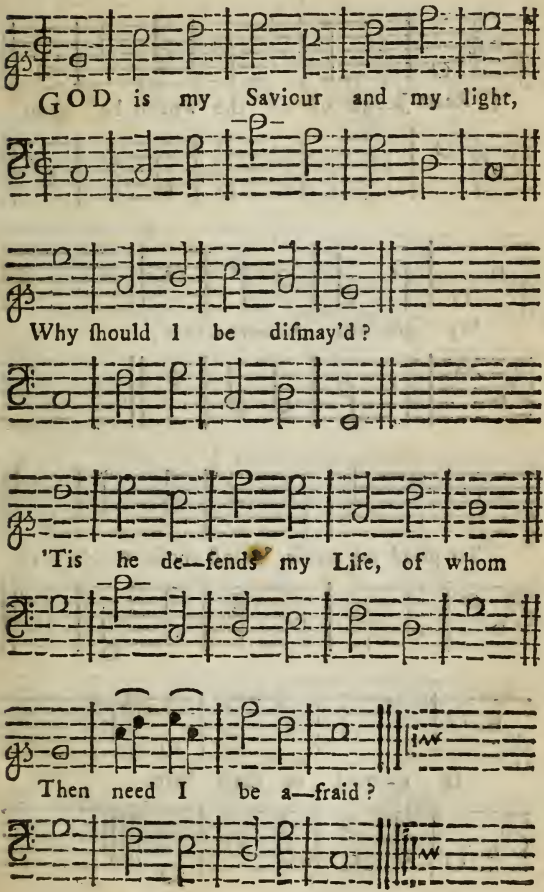
PSALM XXIII. 2d. M. *Canterbury Tune.*

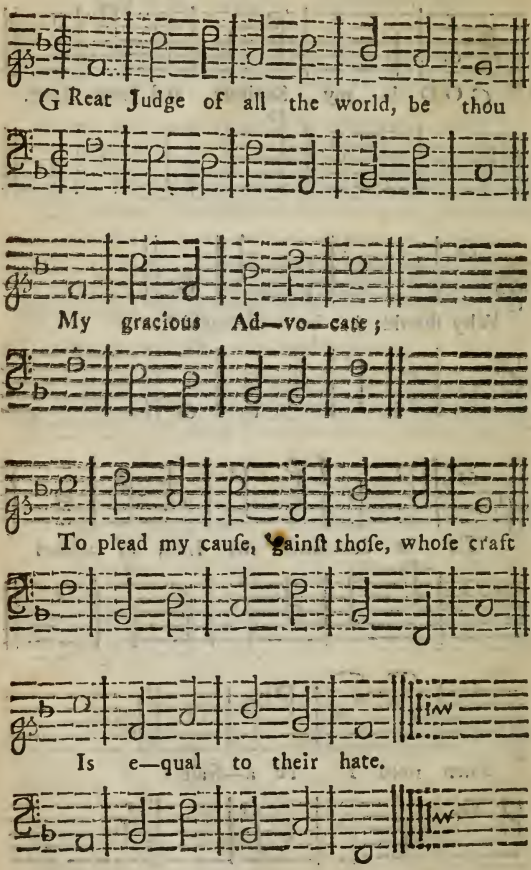


PSALM XXVI. *Windsor Tune.*

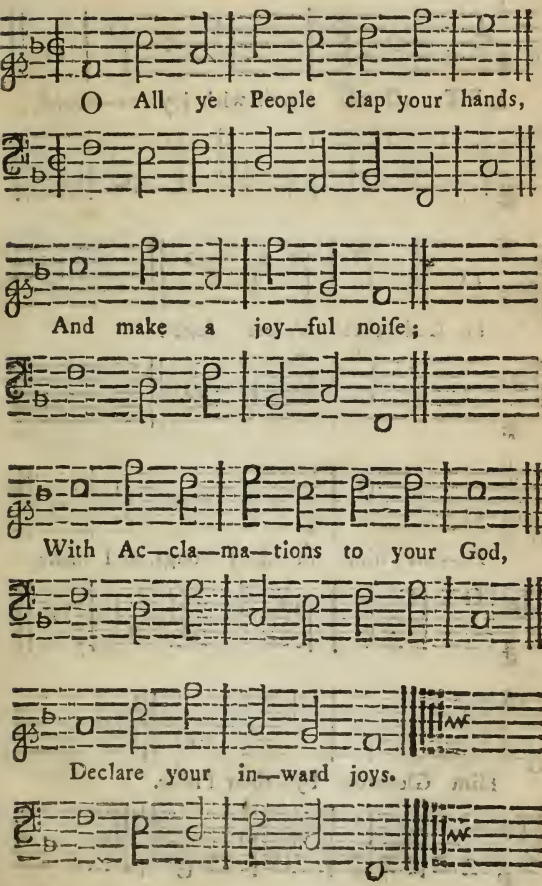


PSALM XXVII. St. *James*'s *Tune.*

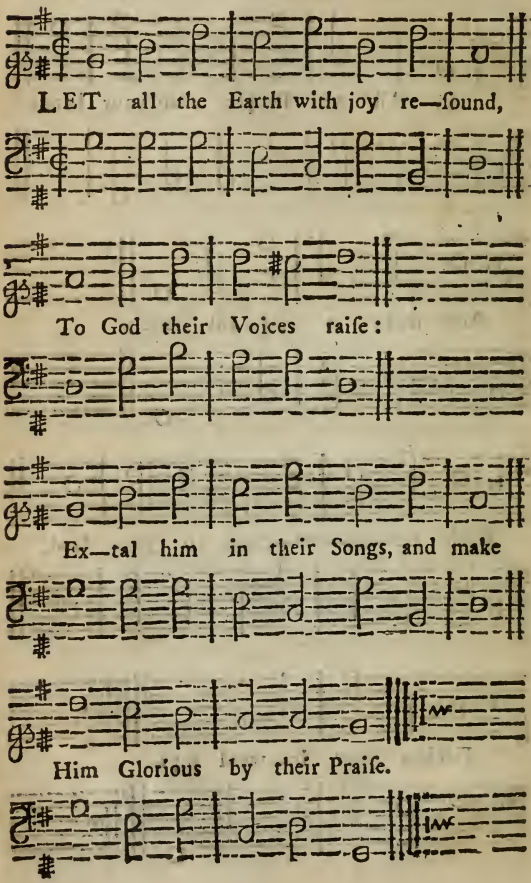


PSALM XLIII. 2d. M. St. *David's Tune.*

GReat Judge of all the world, be thou
My gracious Ad—vo—cate;
To plead my cauſe, gainſt thoſe, whoſe craft
Is e—qual to their hate.

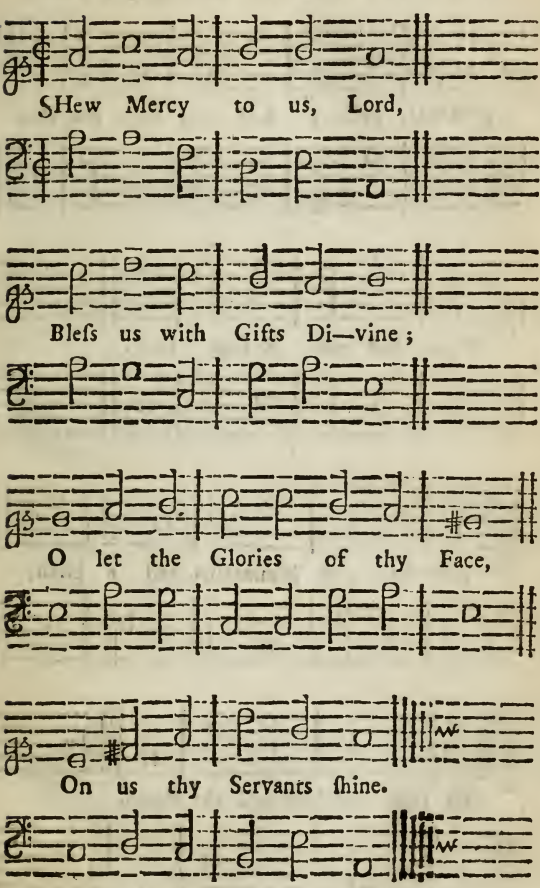
PSALM XLVII. *London New Tune.*



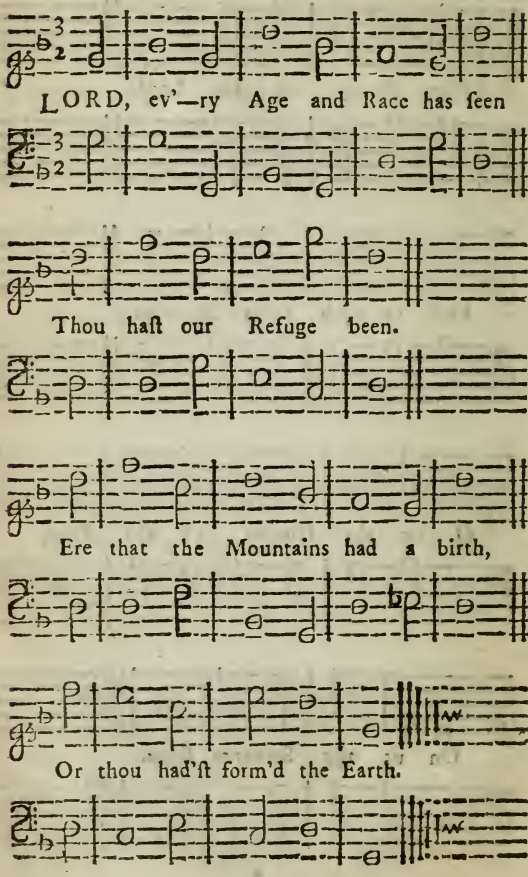
PSALM LXVI. *York Tune.*


LET all the Earth with joy re—ſound,
To God their Voices raiſe:
Ex—tal him in their Songs, and make
Him Glorious by their Praiſe.

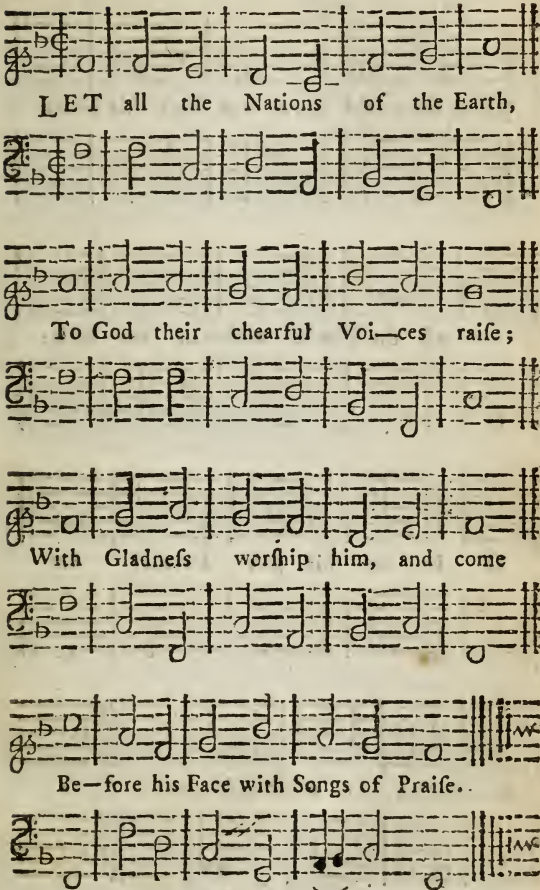
PSALM LXVII. *Southwel Tune.*



PSALM XC. 2*d.* M. *Martyrs Tune.*

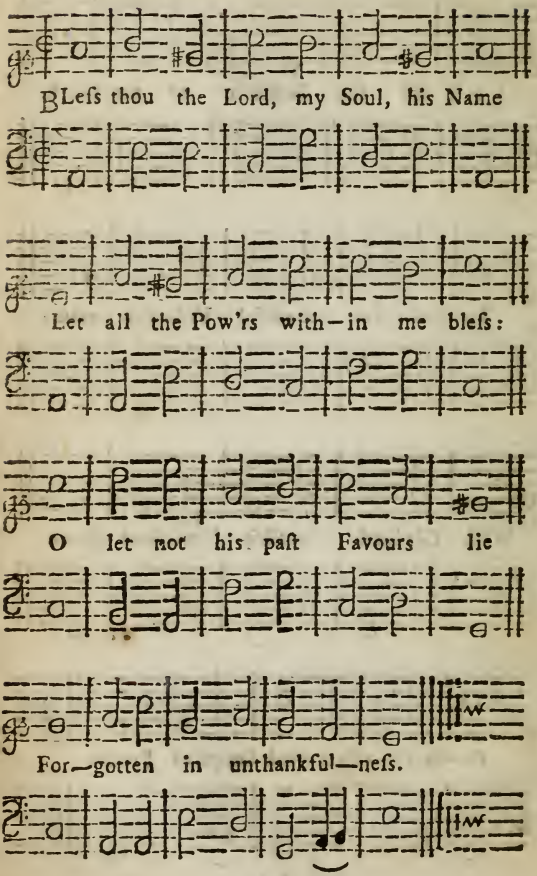


PSALM C. *Proper Tune.*

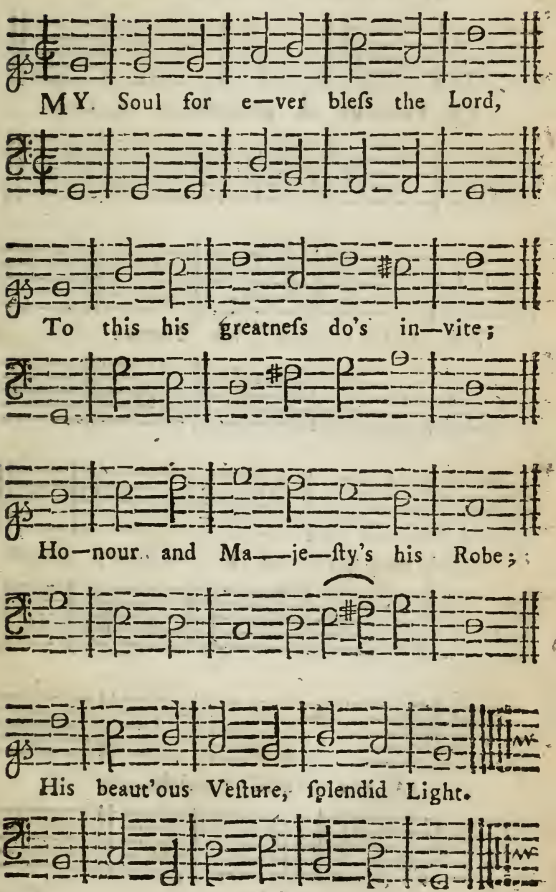

LET all the Nations of the Earth,
To God their chearful Voi—ces raiſe;
With Gladneſs worſhip him, and come
Be—fore his Face with Songs of Praiſe.

a 2

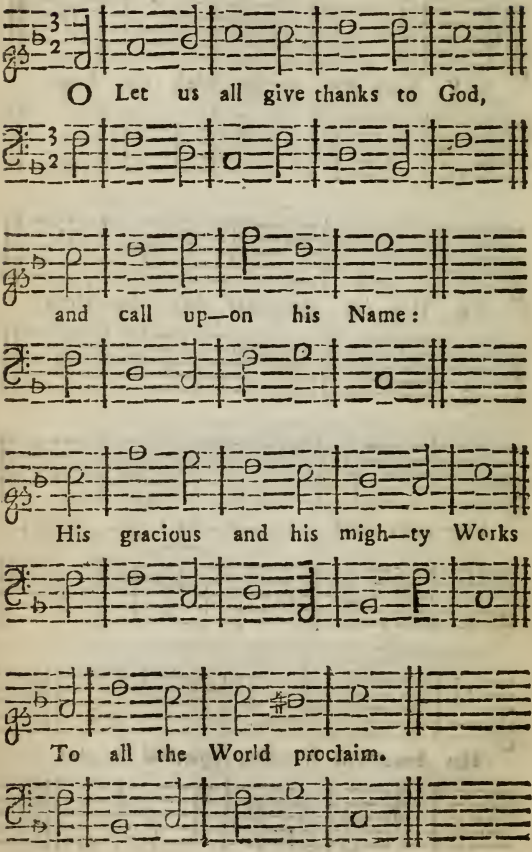
PSALM CIII. *French* 100.


BLeſs thou the Lord, my Soul, his Name
Let all the Pow'rs with—in me bleſs:
O let not his paſt Favours lie
For—gotten in unthankful—neſs.

PSALM CIV. *Angels Song Tune.*


MY. Soul for e—ver bleſs the Lord,
To this his greatneſs do's in—vite;
Ho—nour and Ma——je—ſty's his Robe;
His beaut'ous Veſture, ſplendid Light.

PSALM CV. *Proper Tune.*



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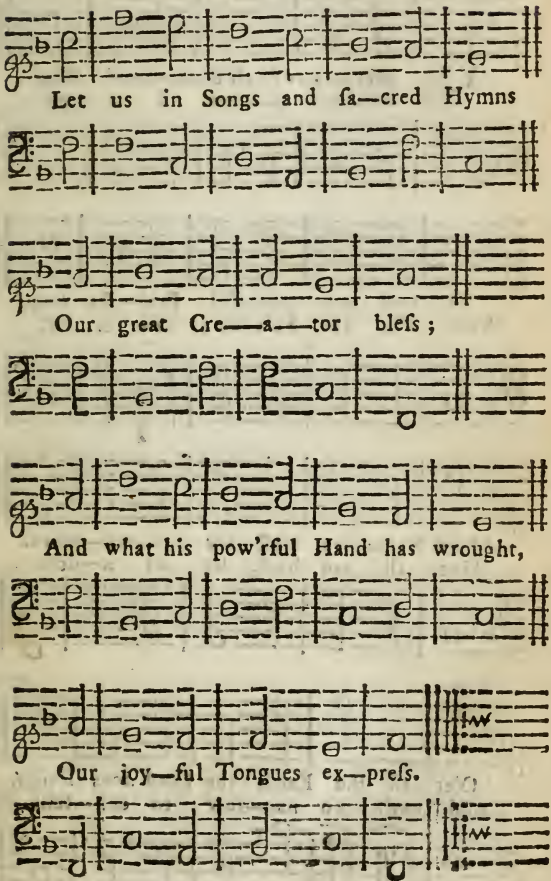
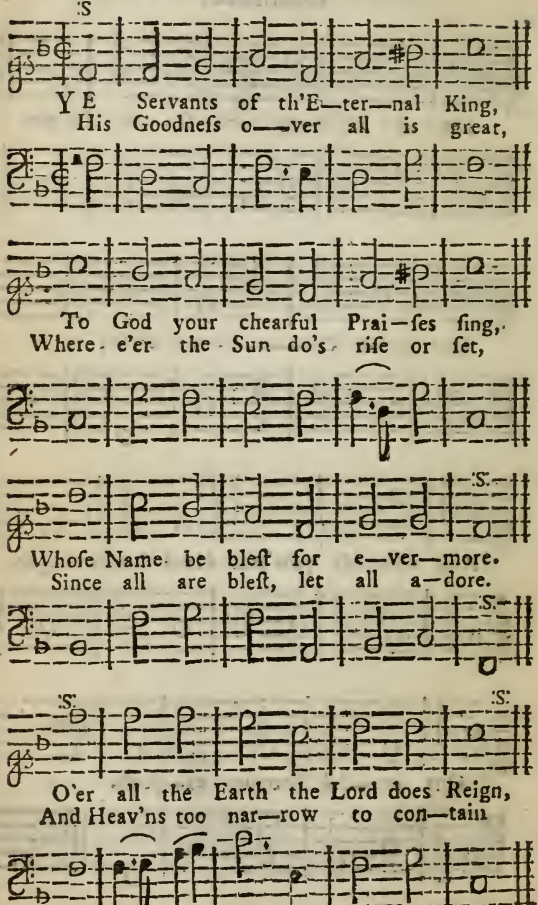
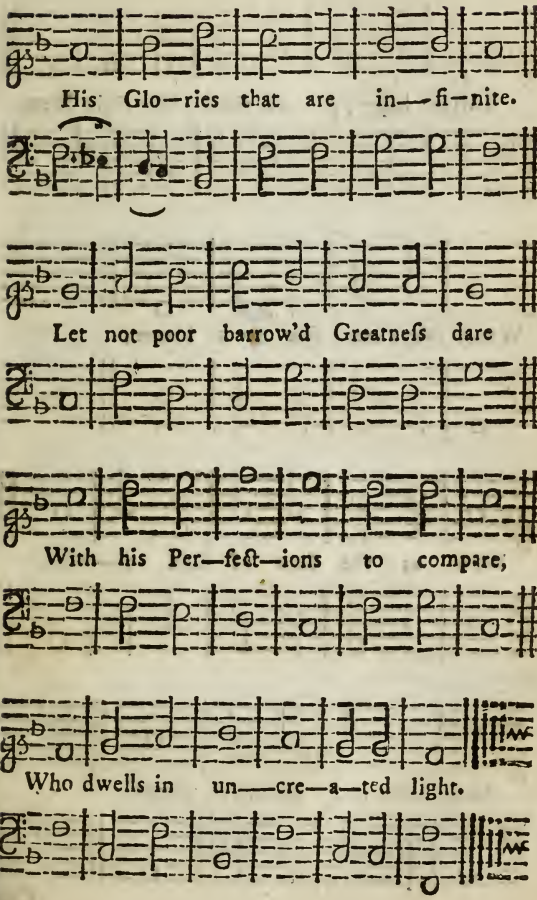
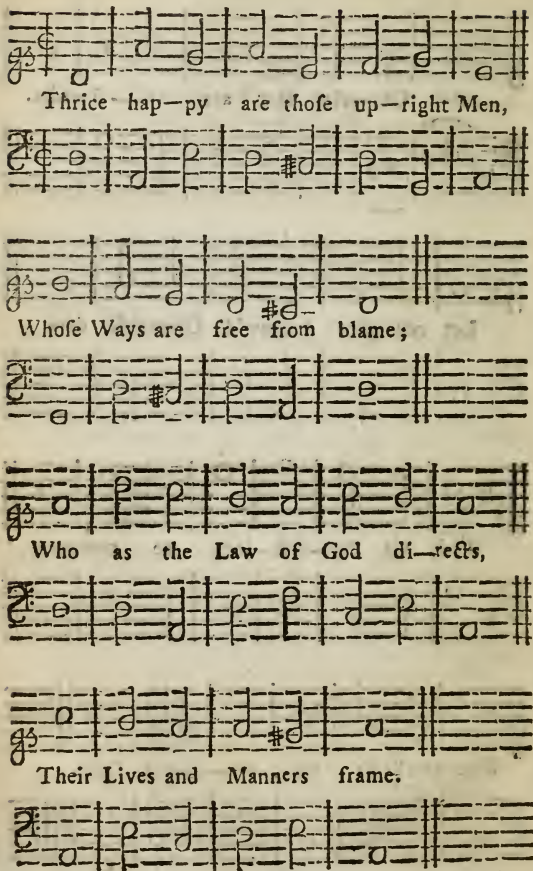

Let us in Songs and ſa—cred Hymns
Our great Cre——a——tor bleſs;
And what his pow'rful Hand has wrought,
Our joy—ful Tongues ex—preſs.

PSALM CXIII. *Proper Tune.*

S
YE Servants of th'E—ter—nal King,
His Goodneſs o—ver all is great,
To God your chearful Prai—ſes ſing,
Where e'er the Sun do's riſe or ſet,
S.
Whoſe Name be bleſt for e—ver—more.
Since all are bleſt, let all a—dore.
S.
S.
S.
O'er all the Earth the Lord does Reign,
And Heav'ns too nar—row to con—tain

Continued.

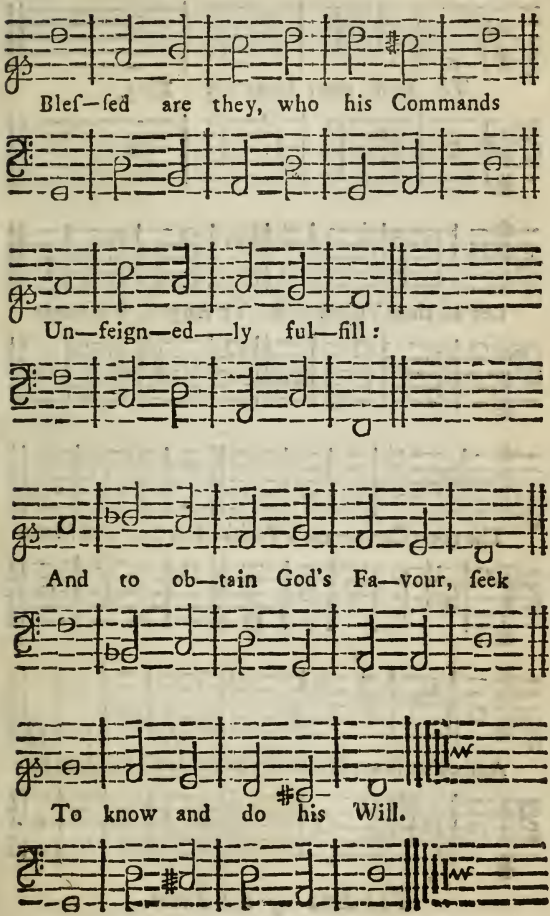

His Glo—ries that are in—fi—nite.
Let not poor barrow'd Greatneſs dare
With his Per—fect—ions to compare,
Who dwells in un—cre—a—ted light.

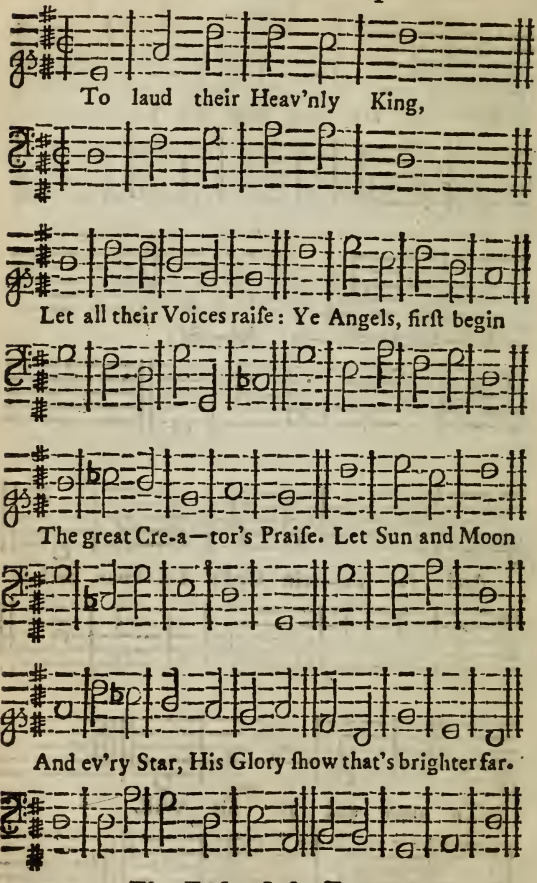
PSALM CXIX. *Proper Tune.*


Thrice hap—py are thoſe up—right Men,
Whoſe Ways are free from blame;
Who as the Law of God di—rects,
Their Lives and Manners frame.

Con-

Continued.


Bleſ—ſed are they, who his Commands
Un—feign—ed——ly ful—fill:
And to ob—tain God's Fa—vour, ſeek
To know and do his Will.

PSALM CXLVIII. *Proper Tune.*

To laud their Heav'nly King,
Let all their Voices raiſe: Ye Angels, firſt begin
The great Cre-a—tor's Praiſe. Let Sun and Moon
And ev'ry Star, His Glory ſhow that's brighter far.

The End of the Tunes.

AN EXPLICATION OF *Some WORDS*

Of leſs Common Uſe;

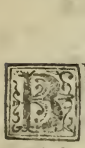
For the Benefit of the Common People.

Words leſs Common.	*Their Signification.*
Acquired	Obtained.
Audacious	Bold, daring.
Benignity	Kindneſs, bounty.
Celebrate	Make renowned.
Climes	Countries differing in length of Days.
Congratulate	Give one Joy.
Defamation	Diſcredit.
Detracting	Leſſening one's credit.
Diffuſive	Spreading wide.
Diſſipate	Diſperſe, ſcatter.
Enhance	Raiſe the Value.
Enter	Bury
Evade	Eſcape.
Exert	Put forth.
Fluid	Yielding.

Ignominy	Disgrace.
Impetuous	Hasty, violent.
Infest	Annoy, molest.
Invoke	Call upon.
Lower Sphere	Meaner Estate.
Obnoxious	Faulty, guilty.
Orbs, Spheres	Bodies of round Form.
Recesses	Places out of view.
Revere	To reverence.
Rude Mass	Unshapen Matter.
Splendid	Bright, shining.
Stupendious	Astonishing.
Suppliant	Petitioner.
Theam	Matter of Discourse.
Traduce	To slander, defame.
Transfer	To remove, carry.
Unceasant	Never ceasing.
Undeclining	Not changing.
Unexhausted	Never drawn dry.

Psalm I.

[*To the* 100 *Psalm Tune.*]



LEST is the man whose vertuous steps
No wicked counsels lead aside:
Nor stands in sinners ways; nor sits
Where God and goodness men deride.

2 But on the laws divine his love
Is plac'd, his soul's entire delight;
On these his mind is fix'd by day,
On these his wakeful thoughts by night.

3 He like a tree from living streams
Derives his sap and kindly juice;
His leaves are ever fresh and green,
His branches timely fruits produce.

4 No cross events shall blast his hopes,
Nor spoil the pleasures of his mind;
Whilst the ungodly are dispers'd
Like chaff, by every stormy wind.

5 Tho' sinners here may pass for saints,
And vile hypocrisy for grace;
Their guilt, when judg'd, shall find no plea,
Nor they among the just a place.

6 God will regard the just mens work,
As he approves the ways they tread;
But the smooth paths of sinners, down
To death and to dammnation lead.

[*Another Metre.*]

1 He's happy, whom no wicked mens
Lewd counſels lead aſide:
Nor ſtands in ſinners ways, nor ſits
Where ſcorners God deride.
2 But on God's laws his love is plac'd
His ſoul's entire delight:
On theſe his mind is fix'd by day,
On theſe his thoughts by night.
3 He's like a tree, that from pure ſtreams
Draws ſap and kindly juice:
His leaves are ever freſh and green,
His boughs fair fruits produce,
4 No' events ſhall blaſt his hopes, nor ſpoil
The pleaſures of his mind:
Whilſt the ungodly are like chaff,
diſpers'd by every wind.
5 Tho' ſinners here ſhould paſs for ſaints,
Hypocriſy for grace;
Guilty, when judg'd, they'll find no plea,
Nor with the juſt a place.
6 God will juſt men alone reward,
Who approves the path they tread:
But ſinners ways, tho' ſmooth, to death
And to damnation lead.

PSALM II.

1 Why do the heathen nations rage,
And fooliſh things ſurmiſe?
2 Kings ſet themſelves againſt their God,
Rulers his Chriſt deſpiſe.
3 His gentle government their yoke,
His laws they count their chain;

Freedom

Freedom they'll have without controul,
No bands shall them restrain.

4 But God above will scorn their rage,
Their vain attempts deride;
His pow'r shall fright them, and his wrath
Vex their defeated pride.
6 For all their spite, I've set my king
Securely on his throne:
7 And, what I had decreed before,
Proclaim'd him now my Son.

8 This is the birth-day of thy rule,
Thy sceptre I'll advance
O'er all the earth; the Gentiles give
For thine inheritance.
9 Thou with an iron-rod shalt bruise
Their disobedient neck;
Like brittle potsherds, all their pow'rs
Without resistance break.

10 Let the great rulers of the world
This greater Lord revere;
11 Serve him with chearful willingness,
And his displeasure fear.
12 In low submissions to the Son,
Your happiness do's lie:
Then you are safe, when he's well-pleas'd;
When he's provok'd, ye die.

PSALM III.

1 WHAT numbers, Lord, against me rise,
And in my troubles boast?
2 That say my hopes in God are vain,
And my condition lost?

3 But, Lord, in thee I'll glory ſtill,
And on thy pow'r rely:
Thou ſhalt defend me as a ſhield,
And lift my head on high.

4 To thee in my diſtreſs I cry'd,
And thou from heav'n didſt hear;
5 Safely I ſlept without concern,
And wak'd without all fear.
6 Tho' thouſands of my foes conſpir'd,
My courage ſhould not fail;
Tho' they beſieg'd me, I ſhould be
Secur'd, or elſe prevail.

7 Ariſe and ſave me, O my God;
For thou haſt heretofore
Turn'd back mine enemies with ſhame,
And broken all their pow'r.
8 Thoſe whom the Lord do's love and own
He ſtill will bleſs and ſave;
Then let this Author of their good,
Their chearful praiſes have.

PSALM IV.

1 HEAR me, O Lord, the great ſupport
Of mine integrity:
Thou haſt my former troubles eas'd,
Now to my pray'rs draw nigh.
2 Fond men! that would my glory ſtain,
My government deſpiſe;
How long will ye purſue vain hopes,
And pleaſe yourſelves with lies?

3 Know that the Lord ſelects a man
That's godly, to advance:
And when I ſeek his aid, will ſend
Timely deliverance. 4 Sin

4 Sin not, but fear; let quiet thoughts
Inſtruct and make you wiſe:
5 Joyn a pure heart with truſt in God,
As the beſt ſacrifice.

6 Tho' many thro' diſtruſt, for good
To other ſuccours fly;
Thou art our hope; Lord, caſt on us
A favourable eye.

7 Thy love more chears my heart, than theirs
Whoſe corn has wiſh'd increaſe;
Or when a happy vintage makes
Their wine o'erflow the preſs.

8 Down will I lie in peace, and ſleep
Shall cloſe my wearied eyes:
No fears diſturb me, whilſt I know
In God my ſafety lies.

PSALM V.

[*As the* 100 *Pſalm.*]

1 LORD hear my words, regard the means
[ſpring:
And ſighs, that from my ſorrows
2 Receive the prayers, redreſs the wrongs
I ſpread before my God and King.

3 Sluggiſh deſires will not procure
The ſpeedy ſuccours I expect:
But timely help will come when I
Betimes my pray'r to God direct.

4 Sinners in proſp'rous wickedneſs
By God abhorr'd, place their delight;
Excluded from his favour here,
5 Hereafter baniſh'd from his ſight.

O juſt reward! for God to hate
Theſe fools, who will not practiſe good:
6 And thoſe at laſt deſtroy, who deal
In lyes, in treachery and blood.

7 But, Lord, may I the favour have
Within thy courts again t' appear;
Before thy preſence I'll fall down,
And worſhip thee with holy fear.

8 Lead me in plain and righteous paths;
9 Leſt thoſe that like an open grave,
Wait for my fall, in falſe diſguiſe,
True pleaſure in my ruin have.

10 Deſtruction's their deſerved doom;
Let their own counſels make 'em fall:
Crimes oft repeated, and beyond
All hopes of cure, for vengeance call.

11 Let all that love and truſt in God,
Triumph in his protecting care.
Thy favour, Lord, will ſhield from harm,
And bleſſings for the juſt prepare.

[*Another Metre.*]

1 LORD hear the ſilent moans and ſighs,
That from my ſorrows ſpring:
2 O clear my innocence, wh' appeal
To thee my God and King.
3 As thou my voice, when I firſt wake,
Shalt hear, ſo I expect
Thy timely help, when I betimes
My pray'rs to God direct.

4 The wicked works, that ſinners pleaſe,
Cannot be God's delight:

Theſe

Thefe fhall be excluded from his love,
5 And baniſh'd from his ſight.
6 'Tis juſt with God to hate thoſe fools
That will not practiſe good:
And thoſe deſtroy, who deal in lyes,
In treachery and blood.

7 But, Lord, may I the favour have
Within thy courts t' appear;
Before thy preſence I'll fall down,
And worſhip thee with fear.
8 Lead me in righteous ways, leſt thoſe
Who like an open grave,
9 Wait for my fall in falſe diſguiſe,
Joy in my ruin have.

10 Doom'd to deſtruction, may their own
Devices make them fall:
Crimes multiply'd, and beyond hopes
Of cure, for vengeance call.
11 Let all rejoyce that love the Lord,
And in his goodneſs truſt:
12 Whom God will bleſs; and with his love,
Both crown and ſhield the juſt.

PSALM VI.

[*As the* 100 *Pſalm.*]

1 LORD I can ſuffer thy rebukes,
When thou with kindneſs doſt chaſtiſe;
But thy fierce wrath I cannot bear
O let not this againſt me riſe.

2 Pity my languiſhing eſtate;
And thoſe perplexities I feel,
3 While cruſh'd by thy heavy hand;
O let thy gentler touches heal. Lord

4 Lord, for thy goodneſs ſake, return
And ſave my life; for in the grave
5 None can remember thee, nor thou
Thankful acknowledgments canſt have.

6 See how I paſs my weary days
In ſighs and groans; and when 'tis night
I drown my bed and ſelf in tears:
7 My grief conſumes and dims my ſight.

8 Depart ye wicked foes, your hopes
Are daſh'd; for this my mournful voice,
Will bring God nearer to mine aid,
When ye come flocking to rejoyce.

9 The Lord hath heard my pray'r; and thoſe
10 Who gap'd upon me as their prey,
Will vex themſelves at their defeat,
And in confuſion turn away.

[*Another Metre.*]

1 LORD, I can well endure, when thou
Doſt kindly me chaſtiſe;
But thy fierce wrath I cannot bear;
O let it never riſe.
2 Pity my weak eſtate, and thoſe
Perplexities I feel.
3 While cruſhed by thy hand, O let
Thy gentler touches heal.

4 In mercy, Lord, return, and ſpare
My life; for in the grave
5 None can remember thee; nor thou
Canſt chearful praiſes have.
6 See how I paſs my weary days
In groans; and when 'tis night,

I drown my bed and self in tears:
7 My grief consumes my sight.

8 Depart ye wicked foes; your hopes
Are dash'd; my mournful voice
Will bring me help from God, when ye
Come flocking to rejoyce.
9 The Lord hath heard my pray'r, and those
That gaped for a prey,
10 Vexed at their defeated hopes,
With shame shall turn away.

PSALM VII.

[*As the* 100 *Psalm.*]

1 O MY good God, in thee I trust,
Save me from harm, as thou art just.
2 With lion's rage mine enemy,
Will tear me, whilst no saviour's nigh.

3 But, Lord, if e'er my guilty mind
Has such iniquity design'd;
4 Or I with ill returns of spite,
My peaceful neighbour did requite:

If I've not sav'd and set him free,
Who's now my causeless enemy;
5 Then let him lay, as 'tis but just,
My life and honour in the dust.

6 In anger, arm'd with pow'r, arise
To quell my raging enemies:
Great Judge! mens careless justice here,
Calls for thy judgments more severe.

7 Oppressed people round thee wait,
Till thou ascend thy judgment-seat.

8 God

God equal juſtice will diſpenſe;
Clear then my wronged innocence.

9 Make malice and iujuſtice ceaſe,
And ſettle righteous men in peace;
God ſees our thoughts and never can
Be brib'd to favour unjuſt man.

Part II.

10 God knows my heart to be ſincere,
And will be my deliverer.
11 He will defend the righteous cauſe,
'Gainſt wicked men, who break his laws:

Whoſe puniſhment tho' he delay,
He's angry with them every day.
12 But when forbearance proves a let
To their return, his ſword he'll whet.

After fair warnings to repent,
God's bows for execution bent,
13 Whence 'tis decreed, he'll arrows ſhoot,
Deadly to them that perſecute.

14 Forbear then further to deſign
Againſt a life will ruin thine:
15 Nor be at pains to dig a pit,
When ſure thyſelf to fall in it.

16 So ſtones with malice upward thrown:
To break my head, may cruſh thine own;
And violent dealing prove when bent
To others harm, thy puniſhment.

17 Lord, in theſe juſt returns of thine,
Thy faithfulneſs do's brightly ſhine:
And as thy name on high they raiſe,
Shall be the ſubject of my praiſe

[*Another*

[*Another Metre.*]

1 O My good God in thee I truſt;
Save me as thou art juſt.
2 My life, when there's no ſaviour near,
A lion's rage will tear.
3 But, Lord, if e'er my guilty mind,
Such wickedneſs deſign'd;
4 Or I with ill returns of ſpite,
My neighbour did requite,
If I've not ſav'd and ſet him free
Who is now mine enemy:
5 Then let him lay, as 'tis but juſt,
Mine honour in the duſt.
6 In anger, arm'd with pow'r, ariſe
To quell mine enemies.
Great Judge! mens careleſs juſtice here,
Calls for thine more ſevere.
7 Oppreſſed people round do wait,
Till this Judge take his ſeat.
8 Impartial juſtice he'll diſpence;
Clear then mine innocence.
9 Make malice and injuſtice ceaſe,
Settle juſt men in peace.
God ſees our thoughts, and never can
Favour unrighteous man.

Part II.

10 God knows my heart ſincere to be
And will deliver me:
11 He will defend my righteous cauſe,
'Gainſt thoſe who break his laws.
Whoſe puniſhment tho' he delay,
He's angry every day.

12 And

12 And if forborn they're wicked ſtill,
His ſword he whets to kill.

After fair warnings to repent,
His bow lies ready bent:
13 From whence he'll deadly arrows ſhoot
'Gainſt them that perſecute.
14 Againſt my life ceaſe to deſign,
'Twill only ruin thine:
15 Nor be at pains to dig a pit,
When ſure to fall in it.

16 So ſtones thrown up to break my head,
May cruſh thine own inſtead:
And violent dealing prove, when bent
T' hurt me, thine own puniſhment.
17 Lord, in theſe juſt returns of thine,
Thy truth do's brightly ſhine:
And as thy name on high they raiſe,
Promote my ſongs of praiſe.

PSALM VIII.

1 ALL the earth's praiſes to thy name,
Its greatneſs, Lord declare:
Heav'ns luſtre, by thy glory, is
Out-ſhin'd in brightneſs far.
2 From the weak pow'rs of babes thou [mak'ſt
Thy victories ariſe;
They ſtill the triumph of thy foes,
And ſhame thine enemies.

3 When I to heav'n thy glorious work,
Raiſe my admiring eye;
And there behold the moon and ſtars
That beautifie the ſky.

4 Lord,

4 Lord, what is man, that he ſhould have
In thy kind thoughts a place;
Why doſt thou thus advance and bleſs
His miſerable race;

5 Tho' lower than the angels made,
He wears a glorious crown:
6 Thy works below all ſtoop to him,
And him their ſovereign own.
7 The beaſts that in the paſtures feed,
Or in the deſarts lie;
8 Fiſhes that move within the ſeas,
Or fowls beneath the sky.

9 Theſe are his ſlaves, but let not man
Diſown God's government;
Whoſe pow'r do's rule the world, whoſe
Alone is excellent. [name

PSALM IX.

[*As the* 100 *Pſalm.*]

1 WITH all my ſoul I'll bleſs the Lord,
And all his mighty works proclaim:
2 Gladneſs and joy ſhall fill my heart,
Whilſt I ſing praiſes to his name.

3 All my proud foes did turn their backs,
And ſought their ſafety in their flight?
When they ſaw God ſtand on our ſide,
They wounded fell and periſh'd quite.

4 When I oppos'd myſelf againſt
That daring foe who God defy'd,
He then maintain'd my cauſe, and gave
An open judgment on my ſide.

5 The

5 The heathens insolence was check'd,
When their tall champion fell with shame;
Thou'st put an everlasting blot
Of infamy upon their name.

6 Then boast no more proud enemy,
Our country's desolation:
What cities thou wilt waste, and lay
In ruin'd heaps; these hopes are gone.

7 Th' eternal God, from change secure,
Has plac'd his throne in glorious light:
8 When he appears to judge the world,
His sentence will be just and right.

9 From him th' oppress'd will find relief
He'll be their refuge in distress:
10 No good man's faith was ever sham'd,
His pray'r ne'er wanted good success.

Part II.

11 To God your chearful praises sing,
Who dwells in *Sion* and proclaim
What wonders he for us has done,
That all may know and fear his name.

12 He'll find out those that dare t' oppress
The meek, and slay the innocent:
Whose cries will quicken the approach
Of their delayed punishment.

13 By malice now reduc'd to straits
God's merciful regard I crave:
Who oft has sav'd me when I stepp'd
Upon the threshold of the grave.

14 *Sion*'s assemblies then shall hear
The songs of my deliverance;

And

And in the triumphs of my joy,
Thy pow'r that sav'd me I'll advance.

15 For all shall see what in the end
These Godless sinners true shall find,
By the arts for others ruin us'd,
They their own safety undermin'd.

16 God by the judgments he inflicts,
Declares his righteousness to all:
They that lay trains to hurt the good,
Set traps t' occasion their own fall.

17 Yea hell their final ruin waits,
Who God and justice disregard:
18 When poor mens wronged patience
Obtains sure rescue and reward.

19 Arise, O Lord, and interpose
To blast the wicked's good success;
20 And by thy terrors make them feel
They are but men, and so confess.

PSALM X.

[*As the* 100 *Psalm.*]

1 WHY, Lord, dost thou so far with-
[draw,
And hide thyself in our distress?
2 Now that the wicked with such rage
And insolence the poor oppress?

3 Oh may their ill designs, in which
They boast so much, prove their own fall;
Who count the men of Violence
Happy, tho' God abhors them all.

4 Such is his pride, he'll not enquire
Whether there be a God or no?

But

But carelesly concludes there's none,
Or that he cares not what men do.

5 To do all mischief is his work;
God's judgments make him not forbear;
All men he sets at naught, and looks
On all his foes below his fear.

6 He foolishly presumes no change
Shall ever happen in his state,
Nothing disturb his quiet rest,
Nor any trouble be his fate.

7 Nothing's amiss that serves his ends;
He curses when he means to cheat;
And hides the mischief he designs
By oaths of falshood and deceit.

8 He lurks in secret coverts, where
Travellers pass without defence:
Unseen he spies and murders those
Whose only arms are innocence.

9 Close as a lion for his prey
He waits, as cruel to devour;
As birds are drawn into the Net,
He gets the poor into his pow'r.

Part II.

10 Harmless and innocent he seems,
By putting on a humble guise;
The poor man he intends to seize,
To his assaults more open lies.

11 He fancies those whom he designs
For ruin, are by God forgot,
Or shall not be relieved by
His pow'r, because he sees them not.

12 Stretch

12 Stretch forth thy mighty arm, O Lord,
And all these blasphemies confute;
Thus by thine help the poor will know,
That God do's hear their humble suit.

13 Why should the wicked thus insult,
And God with so much scorn contemn?
And why, because forborn, conclude
That God will never punish them?

14 Thou all their villanies dost see,
And wilt their spiteful rage requite:
The poor that has no friend, commits
Himself to thee, to do him right.

15 Break thou the pow'r of evil men,
Who strive injustice to maintain;
Search and avenge their wickedness,
Till nought that can do harm remain.

16 Thou art the same almighty Lord,
Whose kingdom shall for ever stand;
Whose pow'r has heretofore expell'd
The heathen nations from this land.

17 Thou, Lord, hast of th' afflicted heard
When they to thee have made complaint;
Thou wilt dispose their hearts to wait
Meekly on thee, and audience grant.

18 Thou wilt assert the poor mens rights,
And from their proud oppressors free;
That tyrants sprung out of the earth,
Their terror may no longer be.

PSALM XI.

1 I TRUST in God, why should I then
By those discourag'd be,

Who

Who bid me like a frighted bird,
Unto the mountains flee.
2 For crafty foes my ruin wait,
Have ready bent their bow;
3 If the foundations be destroy'd,
What can the righteous do?
4 God in his sanctuary dwells,
Heav'n is his glorious throne,
From whence he views the sons of men,
And judges every one.
5 When he examines righteous men,
He do's their works approve:
Such as are wicked and unjust
His soul can never love.

6 Snares shall befall them, and for these
This mixture is made up;
Fire, brimstone, and tempestuous storms,
The portion of their cup.
7 God, who himself is righteous, does
In righteousness delight:
And still will favour and protect
The man that is upright.

PSALM XII.

[*As the* 100 *Psalm.*]

1 IF thou, Lord, dost not rise and help,
Goodness from earth will fly away;
And faithful men will hardly find
A place, if thou much longer stay.

2 Dissimulation credit gains,
They're counted wise that act a part:
Who tho' their words are smooth and fair,
Intend no kindness in their heart.

3 God

3 God will baſe flatterers deſtroy,
And their deceitful arts will ſhame;
Whoſe pride no vengeance fears from [God,
And count religion but a name.

4 Pow'r is their juſtice, whoſe defects
By fraud and falſhood they ſupply;
And plead for their injurious tongues,
And uncontroulled liberty.

5 But God, who hears the poor man's ſighs,
And groans of ſuch as are oppreſt;
At length will vindicate their cauſe,
And raiſe his pow'r to give them reſt.

6 God's words from all deceit are pure,
His faithfulneſs has oft been try'd;
Refined ſilver's not ſo free
From droſs, tho' ſeven times purify'd.

7 Thy promiſes ſhall never fail;
Thou, Lord, ſhalt keep the juſt from harm;
8 Tho' when the vileſt men have pow'r,
The wicked every-where will ſwarm.

[*Another Metre.*]

1 LORD, if thou doſt not come and help,
Goodneſs will fly away;
And faithful men will find no place,
If thou much longer ſtay.

2 Diſſimulation credit gains,
They're wiſe that act a part;
Who tho' their words are ſmooth, intend
No kindneſs in their heart.

3 God will baſe flatterers deſtroy,
And their vile arts will ſhame;

Who

Who fear not God's revenge, and count
Religion but a name.
4 Pow'r is their juſtice, whoſe defects
By falſhood they ſupply;
And plead for their injurious tongues
Unbounded liberty.

5 But God that hears the ſighs and groans
Of ſuch as are oppreſt:
Will vindicate the cauſe, and raiſe
His pow'r to give them reſt.
6 God's words from all deceit are free,
His truth has oft been try'd:
Silver is not ſo free from droſs,
Tho' ſeven times purify'd.

7 Thy promiſe, Lord, ſhall never fail
To keep the juſt from harm:
8 Tho' when the vile have pow'r, bad men
On every ſide will ſwarm.

PSALM XIII.

[*As the* 100 *Pſalm.*]

1 HOw long ſhall I complain like one
Whom God do's never think upon?
Can I, whilſt thou thy face doſt hide,
Still wait, and pray, and be deny'd?

2 O how ſhall I t' a calm reduce [truce?
My thoughts, whoſe ſorrows have no
How long ſhall my exalted foe
Triumph, whilſt I'm depreſt ſo low?

3 Hear, Lord, and grant me quick relief,
Before my death conclude my grief;

And

And by thy favour diſſipate
The darkneſs of my gloomy ſtate.

4 Elſe mine inſulting enemies
Will boaſt aloud their victories;
And whilſt to heav'n in vain I call,
Proclaim their joys to ſee me fall.

5 But Lord, whate'er my fears ſuggeſt,
Or foes deviſe, thou art my reſt:
Thy mercy ſhall my hopes advance
To joys in my deliverance.

6 My well-tun'd heart ſhall alſo raiſe
My voice to chearful ſongs of praiſe:
Whoſe kindneſs I can do no leſs,
So largely bleſt, than ever bleſs.

[*Another Metre.*]

1 How long ſhall I complain like one
Whom God ne'er thinks upon?
Can I, whilſt thou thy face doſt hide,
Still wait, and be deny'd?

2 How to a calm my thoughts reduce,
Whoſe ſorrows have no truce?
But here the triumphs of my foe
Rais'd high, whilſt I'm brought low.

3 Hear, Lord, and grant me quick relief;
Before death ends my grief;
And by thy favour diſſipate
The fears of this dark ſtate.

4 Elſe mine inſulting enemies
Will boaſt their victories:
And whilſt to heav'n in vain I call,
Rejoyce to ſee me fall.

5 But

5 But when my fears ſad things ſuggeſt,
By truſt in God I've reſt:
He will my hope to joys advance,
In my deliverance.
6 My well-tun'd heart my voice ſhall raiſe
To chearful ſongs of praiſe:
Whoſe kindneſs I can do no leſs,
So largely bleſt, than bleſs.

PSALM XIV.

[*As the* 100 *Pſalm.*]

1 THE fools believe there is no God
Who minds th' affairs of men below;
For tho' they ſpeak it not aloud,
They live as if they thought it ſo.

Their principles are all corrupt,
Hateful and vile their actions are:
They're only skilful to do ill,
But from all good eſtrang'd far.

2 God from his glorious throne above,
Look'd down and took a ſtrict ſurvey,
What men did ſeek and know the LORD,
And did his juſt commands obey.

3 He found them all degenerate,
With loathſome wickedneſs o'ergrown;
None truly pious were and juſt,
Or practis'd goodneſs, no not one.

4 'Tis ſtrange they ſhould without remorſe,
Like bread thy people thus devour;
Yet neither own thee by their prayers,
Nor dread the vengeance of thy pow'r.

5 For

5 For all their confidence and pride,
Terrors shall seize them unawares,
When God appears to help the just,
And punishment for these prepares.

6 You now deride their trust in God:
7 But when from bondage he shall bring
Salvation to his people then,
You shall be sad, and they shall sing.

[*Another Metre.*]

1 FOOLS in their hearts have said, no God
Do's mind th' affairs below,
For tho' they speak it not aloud,
They live as if 'twere so.
Their principles are all corrupt,
Their actions hateful are:
They're skilful only to do ill,
From good estranged far.

2 God from his throne above look'd down,
And took a strict survey,
What men did seek and know the Lord,
And his just laws obey.
3 He found them all degenerate,
With loathsome sins o'ergrown,
What was religious, just and good,
None practis'd, no not one.

4 Strange! that they should without re-[morse,
Like bread the poor devour;
Yet neither own thee by their pray'rs,
Nor dread thy mighty pow'r.
5 For all their confidence, strange fears
Shall seize them unawares:

When God do's help the juſt, for theſe
Due vengeance he prepares.
6 You now deride their truſt in God,
But when his pow'r ſhall bring
Salvation to his people, then
You'll ſigh, and they ſhall ſing.

PSALM XV.

1 LORD, let me know that happy man
Whom thou ſo well doſt love:
That he may praiſe thee here below,
And dwell with thee above.
2 'Tis he whoſe life is free from blame,
Whoſe works are right and juſt,
Whoſe heart and words are true, and
One may ſecurely truſt.
3 His neighbour's name he never wounds
By a detracting tongue:
Nor in his infamy delights;
Much leſs would do him wrong.
4 Vile men and their lewd practiſes
His vertuous ſoul do's loath;
But ſhews to ſuch as fear the Lord,
Kindneſs and honour both.

Who do's not break his oath, when he
To his own dammage ſwears;
But his ſtrict vertue far before
His intereſt prefers.
5 Who hates exaction, and rejects
Bribes to betray the juſt:
This man ſhall ne'er be mov'd, but may
In God ſecurely truſt.

PSALM

PSALM XVI.

1 PRESERVE me, Lord, in this distress,
Who trust in thee alone:
2 My soul, which owns thee for my God;
Knows thus I've always done.
Not that my goodness can deserve,
Much less thy love requite:
3 Thy saints shall feel its good effects,
Who are my soul's delight.

Those, who in vertue do excel,
In all my goods shall share:
4 Let others multiply their woes,
Who fond of Idols are.
By bloody off'rings to false gods
My hands I'll not defile;
I hate to mention, more to swear
By names that are so vile.

5 God is my portion, all my good
From his rich mercy flows;
And his good providence secures
The blessings he bestows.
6 I envy not the great man's state,
Nor pine to see his store;
With what I have I'm pleased much,
With what I hope for, more.

7 I'll bless the Lord, ev'n when he makes
Troubles mine exercise;
Those sad and solitary thoughts
Instruct and make me wise.
8 When God is present to my mind,
My fears are over-blown;

When he ſtands by me with his aid,
No pow'r ſhall caſt me down.

9 Therefore my heart and tongue rejoyce,
In him my fleſh ſhall truſt:
10 Thou wilt not leave my ſoul in hell,
Nor body in the duſt.
11 The path of life they both ſhall find,
And in thy preſence taſte
Pleaſures to full perfections grown,
And joys that ever laſt.

PSALM XVII.

[*As the* 100 *Pſalm.*]

1 FALSELY accus'd, to thee I fly,
Hear, O thou righteous judge, my [cry:
And let my pray'r thy audience gain,
That goes not out of lips that feign.

2 In favour of me ſentence paſs,
Who know'ſt the right of every caſe.
3 Thou ſearcheſt every thought of mine,
And, when retir'd, what I deſign.

Like gold, when in the furnace try'd,
In me thou haſt no baſe mixture ſpy'd;
And my firm purpoſe ſtill ſhall be,
To make my words and thoughts agree.

4 I've not, when tempted, ſteer'd my courſe
By common practiſe of the worſe;
Thy word reſtrains me from defence
Procur'd by acts of violence.

5 Let nothing make me to decline
Thoſe ſafe and bleſſed paths of thine.

6 Truſt-

6 Trusting my God will not deny
To right my cause, to him I cry.

7 Thy kindness will the more appear,
Preserving me when danger's near:
Whose pow'r is wont to interpose,
To save the righteous from their foes.

Part II.

8 Preserve me with that tender care
To th' apple of our eye we bear:
Afford such safety to the good,
As the hen's wings do to her brood.

9 Now Lord secure me in distress,
From wicked men, who me oppress:
From foes for cruelty renown'd,
Who to destroy beset me round,

10 Full stuff'd with wealth, and swoln with [pride,
Their mouths in boasting open wide:
11 And now we're brought into a streight,
With poring looks our ruin wait.

12 No lion's greedier for his prey,
Nor young ones closer lurk than they.
13 Arise, O Lord, defeat and cast
Them down who to my ruin hast.

The wicked's sword may wound me sore;
But save me from its killing pow'r.
14 From men prepar'd with strength and [skill
If God give leave to do all ill.

Whose minds the world do's so bewitch,
Their only care is to be rich,
And leave to their posterity
The unspent remainder, when they die.

15 To me tho' poor, but innocent,
Thy preſent favour gives content;
Who ſhall all ſatisfaction gain,
When I awake with thee to reign.

PSALM XVIII.

[*As the* 100 *Pſalm.*]

1 I ALL my love on thee beſtow,
To whom my ſafety, Lord, I owe,
2 To God, as to a rock or fort,
I for ſecurity reſort:

He ſaves me from mine enemies;
On God my ſtrength, my hope relies:
No buckler can defend ſo well,
Nor horn aſſailing force repel.

A tow'r ſo high no violence
Can reach me there, or force me thence.
3 His praiſe I'll ſing, his aid implore,
So ſhall my foes triumph no more.

4 When deadly toils and nets prepar'd,
5 Had juſt ſurpriz'd me and inſnar'd;
When a mad rout ſwell'd like a flood,
And ſeem'd too great to be withſtood.

6 My cries in this diſtreſs did move
God's pity, being heard above:
7 Who by a dreadful ſtorm that roſe,
Declar'd his wrath againſt my foes.

This made the very earth to quake,
And th' hills from their foundations ſhake:
8 Nothing was ſeen but ſmoak and flame,
Whence burning coals amongſt them came.

9 The

9 The heav'ns did bow when he came down;
Under his feet thick clouds were thrown.
10 A cherubim his chariot was; [pass.
Winds joyn'd their wings more swift to
11 Darkness his secret glories shrouds,
With watry vapours and thick clouds:
12 Th' inclosed splendors break thro' all,
Then coals of fire and hailstones fall.

Part II.

13 God's thundering voice was heard aloud,
[cloud:
Hailstones and flames broke from the
14 His lightning in their faces flash'd,
These darts dispers'd them all abash'd.

15 Ev'n th' earth was torn and cleft so deep,
One to the abyss below might peep.
All this was at that wrathful blast,
Which breathing flames, his nostrils cast.

16 When dangers compass'd me about
Like drowning waves, he drew me out.
17 He oft my kind deliverer was
From foes whose strength did mine surpass.

18 Surpriz'd and weak, I'd been their prey,
Had not the Lord, my prop and stay,
19 When brought to straits, my liberty
Restor'd, because he loved me.

20 He did my righteous cause regard;
And mine integrity reward;
21 For his prescribed way I took,
Nor wickedly my God forsook.

22 His precepts were my rule and guide,
Nor as I pleas'd, were laid aside;

23 For sufferings I had rather chose,
Than mine integrity to lose.

I felt th' injustice of their hate,
Whose wrongs I would not imitate:
Their sins when I could not prevent,
I kept my self still innocent.

24 Tho' charg'd with foulest crimes I've been,
I'll bear't, since God accounts me clean:
It's he my righteous cause regards,
And mine integrity rewards.

Part III.

25 God's mercy they shall ever find,
Who have been merciful and kind.
26 He'll to the upright and the pure,
Justice and faithfulness secure.

Him that to crooked ways inclines,
He'll cross and ruin his designs.
27 God with deliverance will crown
Th' afflicted, and the proud bring down.

28 He makes my dimmer lamp burn bright,
Turns my dark state to joy and light.
29 A troop of foes before me falls;
By him I scale the highest walls.

30 God's dealings equal are and just;
His word so try'd, none need distrust;
He as a shield will those defend
Who with firm faith on him depend.

31 What God among the heav'nly pow'rs,
Or rock for safety, is like ours?
32 Courage he gives, when danger's nigh,
And clears my way to victory.

33 By him my foes, with ſwifteſt pace,
O're high and cragged hills I chaſe.
34 He skill in arms on me beſtows,
And ſtrength to break the ſtrongeſt bows

35 When numbers would have made me yield
He interpos'd his ſaving ſhield :
His hand upheld me, and I grew
Great and victorious with a few.

36 He enlarg'd my ſteps on every ſide,
And ſuffer'd not my feet to ſlide.
37 My foes put to a ſhameful flight,
I chas'd, till I deſtroy'd them quite.

38 The wounded their hard fate deplore,
And could renew the fight no more :
The proud that bore their heads ſo high,
Now at my feet all proſtrate lie.

Part IV.

39 Thee, Lord, I own and ever bleſs,
Both for my courage and ſucceſs :
40 That thoſe who hate me to my will
Submit their necks to ſave or kill.

41 They cry'd for aid, but none was near;
Men could not help, God would not hear.
42 Like duſt, that here and there is blown,
They fled, like dirt I trod them down.

43 By thee my peoples ſtrifes all ceaſe,
In me they all unite in peace :
Ev'n heathens own me for their king,
And unknown nations tribute bring.

44 The mention of my conqu'ring name
Such terror ſtrikes, as makes 'em tame :

They feign old grudges to forget,
Offer their service and submit.

45 Like wither'd leaves the aliens fade,
Their courage daunted and dismay'd.
[creep,
Forth from their holds and holes they
To yield up what they dare not keep.

46 Prais'd be the living Lord, from whom
My succours and salvation come.
47 With vengeance he my foes pursues,
And nations to my rule subdues.

48 He sav'd me from mine enemies,
And made me to a throne arise;
Was my deliverer and defence,
From the known man of violence.

49 Heathens shall hear me loudly sing,
50 How strangely God hath sav'd his king:
And the same mercies he has known,
Shall to his seed be ever shown.

PSALM XIX.

1 THE heav'ns, whose beauteous frame
[we see,
God's Skill and pow'r proclaim:
2 The law by which each day succeeds
The night, declare the same.
3 These, tho' they have no voice like ours,
Nor words to them belong:
4 Yet they express to all the world
Thy praise without a tongue.

5 The sun has there a glorious tent:
No bridegroom shews his face

So

So chearful, and no champion runs
With so much strength his race.
6 Forth from the eastern course he bends
His course unto the West:
All th' earth rejoyces in his light,
And by his heat is blest.

7 God's law's a perfect rule of life,
Our errors this descries;
Sinners to goodness this converts,
And makes the simple wise.
8 To reason and our better pow'rs
His just commands accord:
Their joys are pure, and to the soul
Both food and light afford.

Part II.

9 Thy fear, O Lord, can cleanse our souls,
And keep them pure and bright:
Thy judgments are exactly true,
And altogether right.
10 More to be priz'd than treasures, which
With finest gold are fill'd:
Sweeter than honey, and the drops
From honey-comb distill'd.

11 These are my monitors, to whom
My prosperous state I own;
And in observing these shall gain
Rewards that are unknown.
12 But all the failings of his life
What man can call to mind?
Lord, let those faults thy pity move,
And easie pardon find.

13 Tho' frail I am, let no bold crimes
Enslave my soul to sin: So

So shall I blameless innocence
Maintain, and peace within.
14 My pray'rs and praises then shall be
A pleasing sacrifice,
To thee my God in whom my strength,
And my salvation lies.

PSALM XX.

[*As the* 113 *Psalm.*]

1 THE Lord to thy requests give ear,
When danger or distress is near,
His mighty pow'r be thy defence.
2 And since his sanctuary's plac'd
In *Sion* with his presence grac'd,
Support and send thee help from thence.
3 Pleas'd with th' oblations thou dost give,
4 May'st thou thy heart's desire receive,
Thy great designs all prosper still.
5 We'll trophies to God's honour raise,
Thy triumphs spread in songs of praise,
When he shall thy requests fulfil.
6 Thou, Lord, wilt save the king, we're sure
Thine aids his conquests will secure,
When thy right hand shall interpose:
7 Whilst others boast their chariots force,
The strength or numbers of their horse,
We set thy name against our foes.
8 See how they're from their chariots [thrown,
They and their horses tumble down,
And on their fall our conquests rise.
9 Lord ever save the king we pray,
And no less in distresses may
God hear his pray'r, than he our cries.

PSALM

PSALM XXI.

1 O LORD, how joyful is the king,
With thy salvation blest!
2 Thou hast given him his heart's desire,
And granted his request.
3 Prevented by thy wondrous love,
A splendid crown he wears:
4 The life he asked was prolong'd
T' innumerable years.

5 By thee preserv'd his glory's great,
With majesty array'd.
6 By thee he's ever highly blest,
And in thy favour glad.
7 The King do's on the Lord rely,
Whose grace will make him stand:
8 But those that are thy foes, shall know
The terror of thy hand.

9 Thy flaming wrath shall them devour,
10 And all their seed root out;
11 Repay the mischief they design'd,
But could not bring about.
12 These shall be made the mark, at which
Thy killing arrows aim:
13 Thus, Lord, exalt thy pow'r, and we
Will sing and praise thy name.

PSALM XXII.

1 MY God, my God, why thus with-
[drawn
From me oppress'd with grief;
Why after loudest cries to thee,
So far from my relief?

2 Tho'

2 Tho' I'm not heard, each day and night
My cries to thee can tell:
3 Yet God is holy and remains
The praise of *Israel.*

4 Our fathers found thy ready help,
When they on thee rely'd:
5 Their hopes in thee were never sham'd,
Nor fervent pray'rs deny'd.
6 But like a despicable worm,
Not like a man, I'm us'd.
7 Trod under-foot, and thus in scorn
By vilest men abus'd.

8 "To own and save him, he believ'd
"That God would now appear:
"Let him deliver him, and show
"That he to God is dear.
9 But from my mother's womb, by thee
At first I was releas'd;
I was thy charge, when yet I hung
Upon my mother's breast.

10 From infant-age, I have been cast
Entirely on thy care;
And of thy loving-kindness had,
Lord, an unusual share.
11 And now when other succours fail,
In this distress appear:
O do not thou withdraw thy self,
When trouble is so near.

12 Those that beset me are like bulls,
Armed with rage and power:
13 No hungry lion is more fierce,
Or readier to devour.

Part

Part II.

14 I'm weak as water, and my bones
From one another ſtart:
As wax before the fire diſſolves,
So fails my fainting heart.
15 My moiſture's ſo dry'd up, to move
My tongue ſcarce ſtrength I have
To tell my griefs; I ſeem like one
Juſt fitted for a grave.

16 Mine enemies like greedy dogs,
Round to incloſe me meet;
And with inhumane cruelty
Have pierc'd my hands and feet.
17 My fleſh with grief conſum'd, my bones
May all be told with eaſe:
This moves no pity; but their eyes
With this ſad ſight they pleaſe.

18 My garments they divide, and lots
Upon my veſture caſt.
19 Lord let thy pow'r now interpoſe,
And to my ſuccour haſt:
20 Save from their ſword my life, from what
Their malice elſe employs:
21 Which like the teeth, and paws and horns
Of ſavage beaſts deſtroys.

22 To all my brethren I'll declare
The greatneſs of thy name;
And in th' aſſembly of thy ſaints,
Thy goodneſs thus proclaim.
23 " All ye that are of *Jacob*'s ſeed,
" And ſervants of the Lord;
" Let him be glorify'd and prais'd,
" And with due fear ador'd.

24 " He

24 " He did not with disdain behold
" Th' afflicted's miseries;
" Nor in displeasure hide his face,
" But always heard his cries.

Part II.

25 The praises due to thee, O Lord,
Shall in thy church be paid:
Before thy saints those vows perform'd,
That in distress I made.
26 The longings of the poor and meek
Thy goodness shall supply:
Thou shalt revive their fainting hopes
Who on thy strength rely.

27 The Gentiles by his kindness won,
Shall turn unto the Lord:
By all the kindreds of the earth
His name shall be ador'd.
28 The Lord is King; and under him
Princes their sceptres sway;
All nations to his rule submit,
And homage to him pay.

29 The rich with plenty fill'd the poor
That wallow in the dust;
Both shall adore, and thee alone
Their great preserver trust.
30 A chosen seed shall to their race
His righteousness declare:
31 All own this work of God's and tell
How great his mercies are.

PSALM XXIII.

[*As the* 100 *Psalm.*]

1 GOD is my Shepherd, who will see
That all my wants be still supply'd;

I ſhall not be expos'd to wrong,
Nor left to ſtray without a guide.

2 The paſtures are both freſh and green,
Where I have eaſe and ſweet repaſt:
The ſtreams are cool and quiet, where
I quench my thirſt, and pleaſe my taſt.

3 His comforts, which revive my ſoul,
Life's tedious journey pleaſant make:
And in the peaceful ways of grace,
He leads me for his goodneſs ſake.

4 Tho' I ſhould walk where black deſpair,
And ſorrow caſt a diſmal ſhade;
Thy power and thy tender care
Would chaſe my fears and make me glad.

5 Thou ſpread'ſt my table, where my foes
Behold thy bounty, and repine
To ſee rich oils anoint my head,
To ſee my cup o'erflow with wine.

6 Surely the goodneſs of the Lord
Shall ſtill ſurround me all my days,
I will frequent thy houſe, and there
Diſplay thy love, and ſing thy praiſe.

[*Another Metre.*]

1 THE Lord my watchful Shepherd is,
I to his flock belong:
I ſhall not ſtray without a guide,
Nor be expos'd to wrong.

2 The paſtures they are freſh and green,
Where I have food and eaſe;
He leads me to the quiet ſtream,
Where I my thirſt appeaſe.

3 His

3 His comforts which refresh my soul,
Life's journey pleasant make;
He guides me in his righteous paths,
For his own goodness sake.
4 Tho' I should walk where black despair
Reflects a dismal shade.
Thy rod and staff would chase away
My fears, and make me glad.
5 In presence of my foes, thou spread'st
My table, who repine
To see rich oils anoint my head,
My cup o'erflow with wine.
6 Surely the goodness of the Lord
Shall crown my future days;
I will frequent his house, to shew
His love, and sing his praise.

PSALM XXIV.

1 THE earth's the Lord's, to him belong
All creatures it contains:
His gracious care to all the world
Extends, o'er which he reigns.
2 He did upon the floating seas
The earth's great fabrick lay:
And on the unstable floods, he made
Her fixt foundations stay.
3 Into that hill where God resides
Who shall admitted be?
Lord, who within thy holy place
May stand and worship thee?
4 He whose unspotted hands no crimes,
Whose heart no stains defile; [swears
Whose tongue blasphemes not God, nor
His neighbour to beguile. 5 This

5 This is the worſhipper alone,
Whom God delights to bleſs;
On whom he'll faithfully beſtow
His promis'd happineſs.
6 Theſe, as God's people, may with hopes
Of favour ſeek his face;
And as true proſelytes be joyn'd,
To *Jacob*'s faithful race.

7 Ye gates and everlaſting doors
Be open and make room:
Lift up your heads, and you ſhall ſee
The King of glory come.
8 If you demand what King is this,
That's with ſuch glory crown'd?
It is the mighty Lord, in fight
For victories renown'd.

9 Ye gates and everlaſting doors
Be open and make room:
Lift up your heads, and you ſhall ſee
The King of glory come.
10 If you demand what King is this,
Whoſe Glories ſo excell?
God who commands the heav'nly hoſts,
Comes now with us to dwell.

PSALM XXV.

1 TO God I make my pray'r,
In him my truſt repoſe:
2 O let me not become a ſcorn,
Or triumph to my foes.

3 Let no events caſt down
Their ſouls who wait on thee.

Let

Let disappointments shame their hopes
That deal perfidiously.

4 Lord set thy ways before
Mine eyes in clearer light;
And teach me always to perform
What's pleasing in thy sight.

5 From the strait paths of truth,
Ne'er let me go astray:
On thee my Saviour, I wait
To teach and guide my way.

6 Lord, call to mind that love
Thou didst of old express;
How thou hast graciously reliev'd
Thy servants in distress.

7 Into my youthful sins,
No strict inquiry make:
Those early faults, O Lord, forgive
For thine own goodness sake.

Part II.

8 God, who is good and just,
Will erring souls instruct;
Their wandring steps to the safe paths
Of vertue will conduct.

9 The humble souls he'll guide,
And teach the meek his way:
10 Kindness and truth express to such
As his just laws obey.

11 Encourag'd by thy Grace,
For mercy I entreat:
Pardon my sins, O Lord, that are
Both numerous and great.

12 Who

12 Who is that happy man
That fears the Lord above?
He'll ever lead him in the ways
That he himself do's love.

13 Possess'd with quiet thoughts
His soul shall dwell at ease;
His seed shall after him enjoy
Prosperity and peace.

14 By those that fear the Lord,
His secrets understood:
How he by a sure covenant, stands
Engag'd to do them good.

Part III.

15 In all my troubles, Lord,
Mine eyes are towards thee;
I hope thy goodness will at the last
From all will set me free.

16 Lord turn a gracious eye
To me and mercy show,
Great are the afflictions I endure,
And find no help below.

17 My troubles are enlarg'd,
Lord, send me quick relief;
18 Grant me forgiveness of my sins,
And then remove my grief.

19 Consider now my foes
In number still increase;
How they with causless hatred seek
The ruin of my peace.

20 Preserve and keep my soul
From shame as well as guilt:

O never disappoint the hopes
That I on thee have built.

21 Let mine try'd innocence
Find sure supports from thee:
22 At length thy chosen people, Lord,
From all their troubles free.

PSALM XXVI.

1 PLEAD thou my cause, O thou that know'st
My soul's integrity:
Nothing shall shake my confidence
Whilst I on thee rely.
2 Mine inmost thoughts I offer, Lord,
To thine impartial eye:
O try my heart, least any sin
Should there concealed lie.

3 The contemplation of thy love
Gives me the best delight:
This both engages and excites
My care to walk aright.
4 To false and treach'rous men I have
My free converse deny'd;
To those, who under specious shows
Designed mischiefs hide.

5 All such assemblies I detest,
Which evil things contrive:
My presence to their lewd consults
No countenance shall give,
6 My thoughts and actions I'll preserve
Free from impurity;
And then th' oblations I present,
Shall acceptable be.

7 Then

7 Then I aloud with chearful voice
Thy goodneſs will proclaim;
And tell of all thy wond'rous works,
To magnify thy name.

Part II.

8 O how I love the place, where thou
Thy preſence doſt afford;
And where thy glory brightly ſhines,
To bleſs and praiſe the Lord.

9 Since wicked mens ſociety,
And bloody crimes I hate;
Let me not in their ſufferings ſhare,
Nor periſh by their fate.

10 No miſchief they decline to act
That ſerves their vile intent;
Juſtice by brib'ry they'll pervert,
T' undo the innocent.

11 But I in uprightneſs intend,
God and my ſelf t' enjoy;
In mercy ſave my life which they
Would cruelly deſtroy.

12 Firm and unmov'd by thee I ſtand;
And, Lord, I hope t' appear
In the aſſembly of thy ſaints,
To bleſs and praiſe thee there.

PSALM XXVII.

1 GOD is my Saviour and my light
Why ſhould I be diſmay'd?
'Tis he defends my life, of whom
Then need I be afraid?

2 When mine inhumane foes drew near
And to devour me gap'd;

They

They ſtumbl'd e'er they ſeiz'd their prey,
They fell and I eſcap'd.

3 I would not fear ſhould mighty hoſts
Encamp'd againſt me lie;
Nor if by open force aſſail'd,
Deſpair of victory.

4 One thing I beg of God, and hope
I ſhall not be deny'd;
T' attend his ſervice in his houſe
And ever there abide.

Frequent converſes with him there
Freſh pleaſures will create;
To have my doubts reſolv'd, I'll there
For his directions wait.

5 In dangers no retiring place
Could me ſo ſurely hide;
Nor in a fortreſs on a rock
Could I more ſafe abide.

6 As ſoon as victory my head,
Above my foes ſhall raiſe.
Off'rings of joy I'll thither bring,
And there will ſing thy praiſe

Part II.

7 Hear my requeſts, and, Lord, return
An anſwer full of grace;
8 Thy face, thou bad'ſt me ſeek, and I
Reſolv'd to ſeek thy face,

9 Lord do not in diſpleaſure hide
Thy face, nor me reject:
Thoſe ſuccours I have had before,
From thee I ſtill expect.

10 My

10 My parents love is not so great
As thine, nor care so large:
When they forsake me, I become
Still more thy care and charge.
11 Lord, let me plainly see the way
Where I may safely tread,
Avoiding all the cunning snares
Mine enemies have laid.

12 Leave me not to their will, who first
My name with slanders blast;
And all the cruelty they breath
Will execute at last.
13 How wretched had I been, when I
With troubles was oppress,
Had I not hop'd thy mercy would
Secure my peace and rest?

14 Wait still on God, my soul, from him
Courage and strength derive;
Tho' he delay, he will at length
Thy fainting heart revive.

PSALM XXVIII.

1 HEAR me, O Lord, my sure defence,
When I thy succour crave;
Else I shall be like them that lie
Neglected in the grave.
2 Grant my desires, when with loud cries
Thy favour I entreat;
And spread out my imploring hands
Towards thy mercy-seat.

3 O let not that sad fate be mine
That waits those sinners end,

Who whilst all mischief they contrive,
Speak like the kindest friend.
4 Let their reward be like their works:
Since t'others they design'd
Ruin; it is but just that such
Should their own ruin find.

5 God's former mighty works were done
Before their eyes in vain:
His last shall be their overthrow,
Never to rise again
6 Blest be the Lord, who heard the pray'rs
That in distress I made:
7 I trusted in his strength, and found
His seasonable aid.

Thy favour, Lord, has made my heart
Exceedingly rejoyce:
In grateful hymns I will advance
Thy praise with chearful voice.
8 Those that upon his pow'r rely,
God will protect and own;
And his Anointed save, whom he
Has raised to his throne.

9 Lord, bless thy people, who to thee
Do all their safety owe;
Feed thou thy flock, and raise them up,
When they are fallen low.

PSALM XXIX.

[*As the* 100 *Psalm.*]

1 THE glorious empire of the Lord
Ye rulers of the world proclaim:
2 And

2 And in his sanctuary give
The honour due unto his name.

3 Hark, how his thund'ring voice do's run
Thro' all the region of the sky:
The seas are frighted with the noise,
4 So full of pow'r and majesty.

5 The lofty cedars bow their heads,
And break before the mighty sound:
6 Mountains that bear them feel the shock,
And like a frighted calf rebound.

7 Before his voice the dreadful flames
Of pointed lightn'ngs tear the air.
8 *Kadesh*'s wild inhabitants,
Think they're not safe, but quake for fear.

9 This makes the timorous hinds to calve,
Wild beasts the naked coverts leave;
But in his sacred temple all
Fearless to God their praises give.

10 The Lord's dominion do's extend
To clouds above and floods below:
11 This great protector of the good,
Will rest and peace on his bestow.

[*Another Metre.*]

1 YE mighty rulers of the world,
God's glorious reign proclaim:
2 And in his sanctuary give
Due honour to his name.
3 Whose thund'ring voice do's run thro' all
The regions of the sky:
The seas start at the noise so full
4 Of power and majesty.

5 Tall cedars bow their heads, and break
Before the mighty sound:
6 High mountains feel the shock, and like
A frighted calf rebound.
7 Before this voice the pointed flames
Of lightning tear the air:
8 *Kadesh*'s wild inhabitants
Quake, as not safe, for fear.

9 This makes the hinds to calve, wild beasts
The naked coverts leave:
But in God's temple, fearless all
To him their praises give.
10 God's empire do's extend to clouds
Above, and floods below:
This great protector of the good,
Will peace on his bestow.

PSALM XXX.

[*As the* 100 *Psalm.*]

1 My God, since thou hast rais'd me up,
Thee I'll extol with thankful voice:
Who hast secur'd me from those harms,
That would have made my foes rejoyce.

2 With troubles worn, and grief oppress'd,
To thee I cry'd, and thou didst save:
3 Thou didst support my sinking hopes,
My life did rescue from the grave.

4 Wherefore rejoyce, ye saints of his,
Proclaim the praises of the Lord;
His goodness often call to mind,
And his fidelity record.

5 His

5 His anger is but short; his love,
Which is our life, do's longer stay:
Grief may continue for a night,
But comfort rises with the day.

6 In my prosperity I said,
I ne'er shall be disturb'd more.
7 Vain thought! it was thy favour, Lord,
My mountain made so strong before.

For when thy presence was withdrawn,
New troubles did my state invade:
8 And then a-new in fervent pray'r
Thus my address to God I made.

9 " What profit will it be to thee
" To see me ruin'd? can the grave
" Declare thy truth? from silent dust
[have?
" What praising songs, Lord, canst thou

10 " Hear, I beseech thee then, and take
" Compassion on my sad estate;
" Help me, and my lost happiness
" Restore, before it be too late.

11 By thee my mournful state is chang'd,
My sackcloth now is thrown away;
And gladness girds me, who before,
In black despair and horror lay.

12 My tongue no longer silent be,
But to the Lord due glory give;
And strive that in thy thankful verse,
His fame eternally may live.

[*Another Metre.*]

1 SINCE thou hast rais'd me, I'll extol
My God with thankful voice;
Who freed me from those harms, that would
Have made my foes rejoyce.
2 With grief and troubles worn, to thee
I cry'd, and thou didst save;
3 Thou, Lord, my sinking hopes and life
Didst rescue from the grave.

4 Then let the saints with joy proclaim
The praises of the Lord;
His goodness call to mind, and his
Fidelity record.
5 His wrath's but short; his love which is
Our life, do's longer stay:
Weeping may for a night endure,
But joy comes with the day.

6 In my prosperity I said,
I shall be mov'd no more:
7 Vain thought! since 'twas thy favour made
My mount so strong before.
8 For when thy presence was withdrawn,
Troubles did me invade:
And then to God in fervent pray'r
Thus my address I made.

9 " What profit will it be, to see
" Me ruin'd? can the grave
" Declare thy truth? Lord, from the dust
" What praises canst thou have?
10 " Hear I beseech thee then, and take
" Pity on my sad state.

" Help

" Help me and my loſt happineſs
" Reſtore e'er't be too late.

11 My mournful ſtate is chang'd, and now
My ſackcloth is thrown away;
Gladneſs ſurrounds me, who before
In diſmal ſorrows lay.

12 My tongue no longer ſilent be,
To God due praiſes give;
That in thy thankful verſe, his fame
Eternally may live.

PSALM XXXI.

[*As the* 100 *Pſalm.*]

1 MAY no defeated hopes diſgrace
The truſt that in my God I place:
May all in my deliverance ſee
Thy mercy and fidelity.

2 Haſten thy ſuccours, for from thence
Comes all my ſafety and defence.

3 Better than to a rock or fort,
I to thy cuſtody reſort.

4 Break by thy pow'r the intangling net
My treach'rous enemies have ſet.

5 My life I to thy care commit,
Who haſt ſo oft redeemed it.

6 I'll never to diviners run,
Nor ask the ſtars what I muſt ſhun;
(All heathen cheats to be abhorr'd)
My truſt's intirely in the Lord.

7 His ſure protection makes me glad;
Who, in ſtraits ſuch care of me has had:

8 Ready to fall into their trap,
He made a way my foes t' escape.

9 In mercy, Lord, thy servant own,
Into new difficulties thrown:
Who lie dispirited and faint,
Pined with grief, and pinch'd with want.

10 My life thus spent, must quickly end,
Too weak to hold, if God contend.
11 Reproaches from my foes I hear,
My friends all shun me out of fear.

Part II.

12 Unminded like the dead am I,
Who in the grave neglected lie:
As pieces of a broken pot
Are thrown away, so I'm forgot.

13 The slanders by so many spread,
Show the designs I ought to dread:
For when rebellion is my guilt,
It's time, say they, my blood were spilt.

14 This they devise; God's my defence,
My trust, and Judge of m' innocence.
They have not leave yet to destroy
A life, which sorely they annoy.

Rescue it still, O Lord, from those
My cruel persecuting foes.
16 O make thy face on me to shine,
In mercy save me, who am thine.

17 Lord, may no disappointments shame
My hopes who call upon thy name:
But let the wicked's death prevent
Their troubling of the innocent.

8 Stop thou their mouth, laid in the duſt,
Who openly defame the juſt:
Whom they with higheſt crimes traduce,
And all they plead with ſcorn abuſe.

Part III.

9 O what great joys reſerved be,
For thoſe that fear and truſt in thee;
Whoſe goodneſs now ſo little known,
For all the world the Lord will own.

10 Sometimes they're forc'd in caves to hide
Themſelves from perſecuting pride:
God's favour makes this dark retreat,
A lightſome, ſafe and quiet ſeat.

11 God's love to me do's ſtill abound:
In a ſtrong city compaſs'd round,
I lay inclos'd as in a trap,
Yet he made way for my eſcape.

12 When in a haſty flight, I ſaid,
I'm loſt without all hopes t' evade;
My humble pray'r again he heard,
And reſcu'd me from what I fear'd.

13 Love God, ye ſaints, for by his care
The faithful ſtill preſerved are:
And when the proud inſult the moſt,
God's wrath will plague them to their [coſt,

14 Let no afflictions then prevail
So far to make your courage fail,
Firmly to God if you adhere,
He'll ſtrengthen you to perſevere.

PSALM XXXII.

[*As the* 100 *Psalm.*]

1 O HAPPY man! whom God forgives,
And hides what he has done amiss;
2 Owns him as if he had not sinn'd,
Whose heart sincere and upright is.

3 My woes increas'd, whilst I suppress'd
My guilt no quiet I could get:
4 Thy wrath did press me like a weight,
And scorch'd me like the summer's heat.

5 I then resolved to disclose
My crimes, and open all my wound;
I humbly did confess my sins
To thee, and easy pardon found.

6 This mercy shall invite good men
In season to inplore thine aid;
Then tho' their troubles like a flood
Should rise, they need not be afraid.

7 Thou, Lord, shall be my safe retreat;
To thee I'll fly in all distress:
Thou wilt preserve me; and in songs
Of victory I'll thee confess.

8 I'll counsel sinners to obey;
9 And not be like the horse or mule,
Whose fury, till they're broke or tam'd,
No rein can guide, no curb can rule.

10 Such sinners meet with heavy stroaks:
11 Whilst those that trust in God, shall prove
The happy men: then let the just
Rejoyce and triumph in his love.

Another

[*Another Metre.*]

1 O Blessed man! whom God forgives,
And hides what's done amiss:
2 On whom no sin is charg'd; whose heart
Sincere and upright is.
3 When I suppress my inward guilt,
No quiet could I get:
4 Thy hand did press me down, thy wrath,
Scorch'd me like summer's heat.

5 I then resolved to disclose
My crimes, and ope' my wound;
I humbly did confess my sins,
And easy pardon found.
6 This mercy shall in season draw
Good men t' implore thy aid:
Then tho' the floods of trouble rise,
They need not be afraid.

7 Thou art my refuge, Lord, to thee
I'll fly in all distress;
Thou wilt preserve me, and my songs
Thy mercies shall confess.
8 I'll teach proud men t' obey, and not
Be like the horse and mule;
9 Whose fury, till they're broke, no rein
Can guide, no curb can rule.

10 Such meet with heavy stroaks, while those
That trust in God, shall prove
11 The happy men: then let them joy
And triumph in his love.

PSALM XXXIII.

[*As the* 100 *Psalm.*]

1 YE righteous in the Lord rejoyce,
And let his praise be your delight;
For praise is lovely and becomes
The lips of those that are upright.

2 Joyn th' harp and other instruments
T' express and to excite your joys,
3 And let your songs be new, and play
With skill and with a chearful noise.

4 God's word is like its Author, good;
His laws from all injustice free;
His promise sure, and all his works
Are done in truth and equity.

5 Works that are right and just, secure
His favour, and his pleasure are;
The earth with various blessings fill'd,
To us his goodness do's declare.

6 The vast extended orbs of heav'n
By his commanding word were made,
And all its numerous host, from his
Creating breath their beings had.

7 The sea's proud waves within the shores,
To which they are confined, keep:
Whose waters safely are laid up
In the great store-house of the deep.

8 To this great Lord by men on earth
Let fear and due regard be shown;
May all the world his awful pow'r,
By humble adorations own.

9 For

9 For as he ſpake all things were made,
All fix'd as he commandment gave :
10 And a whole nation's deep deſigns,
Without him no ſucceſs ſhall have.

11 What God decrees none ſhall defeat,
Nor can his orders countermand ;
But every age, what he reſolves,
Will ſee immoveably ſhall ſtand.

Part II.

12 Bleſt land! whoſe fear and ſervice ſhows
That God its choſen ruler is ;
And happy they, whom God declares
By's ſpecial favour to be his.

13 Th' Almighty on the ſons of men
Looks down from his celeſtial throne,
14 And all the dwellers on the earth
Views from his glorious manſion.

15 He equally did make them all,
Their hearts he faſhion'd one by one;
And all their inmoſt thoughts to him
Better than to themſelves are known.

16 No numerous hoſt a king can ſave,
Nor ſtrength a mighty man ſecure ;
17 No horſe's force or ſwiftneſs makes
The rider's preſervation ſure.

18 The Lord on thoſe that fear his name
Looks with a favourable eye ;
He ne'er will fail their hopes, that on
His goodneſs ſtedfaſtly rely.

19 When plagues without diſtinction kill,
Their lives he'll reſcue from the grave ;

In

In time of famine due supplies
All their necessities shall have.

20 Now, Lord, we wait for thee, thou art
Our succour and our sure defence:
21 Whate'er befalls us, we may trust
In thee with chearful confidence.

22 So let thy mercies, Lord on us
Descend, like a refreshing show'r,
As all our hopes and joys depend
Upon thy favour and thy pow'r.

[*Another Metre.*]

1 REJOYCE ye righteous in the Lord,
And praise him with delight:
For thankfulness becomes the lips
Of those that are upright.

2 Join the harp and other instruments,
T' excite and tell your joys:
3 Sing a new song, and play with skill,
And with a chearful noise.

4 His word is good, and all his laws
Are from injustice free:
His promise sure and all his ways
Are truth and equity.

5 Works that are just secure his love,
As they his pleasure are:
The earth with blessings fill'd, to us
His goodness do's declare.

6 Th' extended orbs of heav'n by his
Commanding word were made;
And from his breath its num'rous hosts
Their several beings had.

7 The

7 The sea's proud waves within the shore's
Confined limits keep;
Whose waters are laid up within
The store-house of the deep.

8 Let all men fear the Lord, to him
Let due regard be shown:
May all the world his awful pow'r
By humble worship own.

9 For as he spake all things were made,
All fix'd by laws he gave.

10 No nation's counsels, without him,
Tho' deep, success shall have.

11 God's purpose none can defeat,
Nor orders countermand:
But every age, what he resolves,
Will see shall firmly stand.

Part II.

12 Blest land! whose service shows that God
Its chosen ruler is:
And happy they, whom God declares
By's care, that they are his.

13 God on the sons of men looks down
From his celestial throne:

14 Views all the dwellers on the earth
From his bright mansion.

15 He made them equally, their hearts
He fashion'd one by one.
More clearly all their thoughts to him,
Than to themselves are known.

16 Great hosts can save no king, nor strength
A mighty man secure.

17 No horse's force or swiftness makes
The rider's safety sure.

18 The

18 The Lord on thoſe that fear his name,
Looks with a gracious eye;
And ne'er will fail their hopes, that on
His goodneſs do rely.
19 When plagues without diſtinction kill,
He'll reſcue from the grave
Their lives, in time of dearth their needs
All due ſupplies ſhall have.
20 Now, Lord, we wait for thee, who art
Our help and our defence.
21 In all eſtates we'll truſt in thee
With chearful confidence.
22 Lord, let thy grace on us deſcend
Like a refreſhing ſhow'r;
For all our hopes and joys depend
On thine almighty pow'r.

PSALM XXXIV.

1 GOD, who my kind preſerver is,
I will at all times bleſs;
My tongue ſhall daily be employ'd,
His goodneſs to confeſs.
2 In God my ſoul ſhall boaſt, good men
Shall hear it and rejoyce;
3 And to exalt his glorious name
Join both in heart and voice.
4 I ſought the Lord in my diſtreſs,
And graciouſly he heard;
His timely ſuccours did prevent
The threatning harm I fear'd.
5 In all their ſtraits good men ſhall look
To him and be relieved;

Nor

Nor in their hopes they place in God
Shall ever be deceiv'd.

6 I'm that poor man, who deſtitute
Of help, God's ſuccours crav'd;
He heard my cry, and out of all
My troubles I was ſav'd.
7 Bleſt angels which on God attend,
Yet wait t' encompaſs ſuch
As fear him, to preſerve them ſafe,
When danger's near approach.
8 O taſte and ſee as I have done,
And then you muſt confeſs,
That God alone is good, and them
That truſt in him will bleſs.
9 O fear the Lord, ye ſaints, be ſure
You in good ways abide,
He'll ſee in all your wants, you be
With needful things ſupply'd.
10 Young lions that for hunger roar,
For lack of prey may faint;
But thoſe that wait on God ſhall have
All good he knows they want.

Part II.

11 Come ye, who are diſpos'd to learn,
And with attention hear;
I'll give you wiſe inſtructions,
How ye the Lord ſhould fear.
12 What man would have years prolong'd,
And happy days would ſee?
13 Refrain thy tongue and lips from all
Deceit and injury.

14 From

14 From all unrighteous ways depart,
From doing good ne'er ceaſe;
Seek all mens quiet, and purſue
The things that make for peace.
15 God loves the righteous, and on them
He caſts a gracious eye;
His ear's attentive to their ſuits,
And open to their cry.

16 The Lord's an enemy to thoſe
Whom wicked works employ;
In his fierce wrath, them and their race
He'll utterly deſtroy.
17 The righteous never cry in vain;
God's help in ſtraits they have:
18 He will draw near to broken hearts,
And contrite ſpirits ſave.

19 Tho' good men oft afflicted are,
At length God ſets them free:
20 His care does to their bodies reach,
No bone ſhall broken be.
21 Bad men ſhall periſh when they're plagu'd
With all that hate the juſt:
Whom God will keep, and never fail
Their hopes that on him truſt.

PSALM XXXV.

[*As the* 100 *Pſalm.*]

1 MAINTAIN, O Lord, my injur'd [rights,
And take my part againſt my foes,
2 I need thy buckler and thy ſhield
Againſt their fierce aſſaults t' oppoſe.

3 When

3 When I am forc'd to fly their rage,
Draw out thy ſpear and ſtop their way;
And that my courage may not fail,
I'll be thy ſure deliverer, ſay.

4 Whoe'er deviſe my hurt, and ſeek
My ruin, all their hopes defeat:
Their warlike preparations turn
T' a ſhameful and confus'd retreat.

5 Chas'd by thy angel let them be
Diſpers'd, like chaff before the wind
6 Vengeance purſue 'em where no path
But a ſteep precipice they'll find.

7 For unprovok'd they lay their toils,
And hunt me like ſome ſavage beaſt;
Would treacherouſly deſtroy my life,
Who have not injur'd them the leaſt.

8 Let ruin ſeize him unawares,
(A fit reward for ſuch a foe)
And caught in his own wiles himſelf
Suffer the ſame he thought to *do*.

9 This wonderful deliverance
My joys to th' higheſt pitch ſhall raiſe:
10 Thy goodneſs all my pow'rs poſſeſs,
And all ſhall triumph in thy praiſe.

Thy mercy I'll aloud proclaim,
Thy pow'r to be beyond compare:
Who ſav'd the poor from violence,
And wrongs of thoſe that ſtronger are.

Part III.

11 Falſe witneſſes lay to my charge
Things that ne'er came into my mind:

12 Ev'n

12 Ev'n those would now destroy my life;
To whom I had before been kind.

13 But as for me, when they were sick,
My clothing spoke that I was sad;
My fasts and pray'rs repeated show'd,
If they did well, I should be glad.

14 A friend or brother's dangerous case,
Seem'd not to be a sadder cross;
Nor had my looks been more cast down,
Had I bewail'd a mother's loss.

15 But when afflictions me befell,
Together to rejoyce they flock;
The vilest objects meet, and make
My miseries their laughing-stock.

16 With them are joyn'd the wretched crew
Of trencher-flatterers at feasts;
Whose rage could eat me up, and there
Fall on me with abusive jests.

17 Lord, look not always on: at length
Rescue me from their unjust pow'r;
Who, when destroy'd in goods and name,
My life like lions would devour.

18 Then will I give thee thanks and praise:
And when I've liberty to go
Into the assemblies of thy saints,
All shall thy pow'r and goodness know.

19 Let not my causeless enemies
Rejoyce that they the day have won;
Nor shew by winking signs, their rage
Is satisfy'd, and I'm undone.

Part III.

5 My foes all concord hate, and strive
By devis'd falshoods to encrease
Hatred to those who fain would live
Under the government in peace.

1 With open mouth they me traduce,
And a false traitor boldly call:
To all they meet rejoycing say,
So, so, we've now discover'd all.
[they,

2 Thou know'st me better, Lord, than
And how I'm wrong'd, do not neglect
3 To do me right, but own my cause,
And me without delay protect.

4 No partial favour, Lord, I crave;
To thy known justice I appeal.
According as thou find'st, with me,
Not as they falsely charge me, deal.

5 Prevent the wicked's joys, who will
Applaud themselves and prouder grow
To see me ruin'd: ah, they'll cry,
Now things, as we would have them, go.

6 Let those that are glad to see me low,
And longing wait to see me lost;
Blush at their disappointed hopes,
Hang down their heads and no more
[boast.

7 Let those that own my righteous cause,
Triumph for joy and loudly sing,
Blessed be God who *David* saved,
And made him a victorious king.

8 As for my tongue, 't shall be imploy'd
Thy truth and goodness to proclaim;

And

And whilſt I live ſhall never fail,
To bleſs and praiſe thy holy name.

PSALM XXXVI.

1 WHEN I behold a wicked man
All righteous laws deſpiſe;
I muſt conclude there is no fear
Of God before his eyes.
2 Tho' he by craft and falſe diſguiſe
May be conceal'd a while;
He'll when his ſin's found out, appear
Hateful to all, and vile.

3 His kind profeſſions are all frauds
To cover ill deſigns;
He will not know what's juſt, much leſs
To practiſe good inclines.
4 To muſe on miſchief's his delight,
His ſleep he'll break for this:
So ſet on evil, none that ſerves,
His ends can come amiſs.

5 Beyond the limits of the sky
Thy mercy, Lord, extends:
Thy faithfulneſs the narrow bounds
Of ſpace and time tranſcends.
6 Mountains may be remov'd, before
Thy truth ſhall fail the leaſt;
Thy judgments none can fathom;
Preſerveſt man and beaſt.

Part II.

7 Lord, who can prize enough that love
Thou beareſt to the juſt
Under whoſe providence and care
Good men ſecurely truſt.

8 They

8 They to the plenty of thy houſe
For all ſupplies ſhall look;
And freely of thy pleaſures drink
As from a running brook.

9 For all the ſprings of joy and life
Derived are from thee;
From thy continued favour flow
All our felicity.

10 To thoſe that thus eſteem thy love,
Thy kindneſs ſtill impart;
And all thy promiſes fulfill
To men of upright heart.

11 Let him not tread me down, whoſe pride
Is equal to his hate.
Nor let the wicked's pow'r combin'd
Subvert my quiet ſtate.

12 I ſee them fall, and their deſign
Againſt me ruin'd lies:
By ſuch a pow'rful hand caſt down,
They never more ſhall riſe.

PSALM XXXVII.

[*As the* 100 *Pſalm.*]

LET none be envious when he ſees
The wicked's proſperous eſtate;
Nor tempted by their good ſucceſs,
Grow bold their crimes to imitate.

For ſo the graſs is freſh and green,
Before the mower cuts it down;
And beauteous flow'rs within a while,
Are wither'd by the ſcorching ſun.

3 He's

3 He's wise that's always doing good,
And on God's goodness do's rely:
4 Thus thy enjoyments he'll secure,
And all thy just Desires supply.

5 Leave thy concerns unto his care,
In firm dependance on him live;
He'll either grant what thou would'st have
Or what he knows is better give.

6 Tho' slanders and detracting tongues,
Like clouds, thy righteousness obscure;
He'll clear thy innocence, the light
At noon shall not appear more pure.

7 In silence patiently expect
God's mercies; but by no means fret,
To see men thrive by wicked arts,
And what they have a mind to get.

8 If anger in thy breast arise,
Suppress it when it first begins;
Lest it boil up to wrath, and thou
Be hurried to commit their sins.

9 They shall possess who wait on God,
The good things of his promis'd land;
But evil doers have their doom,
To be cut off by God's just hand.

Part II.

10 The wicked's ruin in a while
Thou'lt see; and if the place thou mind,
Where once thou saw'st him flourishing,
Nothing remaining of him find.

11 Then shall the meek, whom they oppress'd
Possess the land; and with increase.

Of

Of all good things their lives be bleſt,
And nothing ſhall diſturb their peace.

12 The wicked in miſchievous plots,
Enrag'd againſt the juſt, combines:
13 But God, who ſees his ruin near,
Derides both him and his deſigns.

14 Tho' he ſtands ready arm'd to ſlay
The poor and harmleſs innocent:
15 His arms ſhall turn againſt himſelf,
And ſerve for his own puniſhment.

16 Think not mere wealth makes happy men:
That little which contents the poor,
Is better far than wicked mens
Ill got, or ill employed ſtore.

17 The wicked's pow'r, tho' ne'er ſo great,
God will in pieces ſurely break;
But good men by his potent arm,
Shall be upheld, tho' ne'er ſo weak.

18 The days which they in ſorrow paſs
And patient waiting God regards;
And with his promis'd happineſs,
Them and their children he rewards.

19 In evil times, they ſhall not bluſh
That all their hopes on God rely'd:
In days of famine by his care,
They ſhall be ſure to be ſupply'd.

Part III.

20 God's enemies when thriving moſt,
Shall periſh by his angry ſtroke;
Like fat of lambs on th' altar laid,
Conſume and vaniſh into ſmoak.

21 These freely borrow to grow rich,
Never intending to restore:
The righteous man as freely lends,
And parts with wealth, to help the poor.

22 The blessings of the promis'd land
By them and theirs shall be enjoy'd;
The other, follow'd with God's curse,
Be rooted out and quite destroy'd.

23 The Lord directs a good man's steps,
And he delighteth in his way;

24 He is not ruin'd by his falls,
God's pow'r is his support and stay.

25 In all the experience of my life,
That lib'ral man I ne'er could see,
Whose alms expos'd himself to want,
Or brought his race to beggary.

26 He's ever merciful and lends,
And thus his seed a blessing gains;

27 Wouldst thou in peace and safety dwell?
Do good, and from all sin abstain.

28 For God, whose nature's good and just,
Those who are like himself will own;
They shall continue, when the race
Of wicked men is overthrown.

Part IV.

29 Sure title to the promis'd land
The good and just can only plead:
And to their pious seed intail
Its blessings after they are dead.

30 Wise and just precepts he instills,
Mens minds to form, and manners guide:

31 And

31 And since God's law he loves, and makes
His rules his goings shall not slide.

32 The wicked plots against the just,
And lies in wait to ruin them:
33 God will not leave them in his pow'r,
Nor as he judges them condemn.

34 Wait then on God and keep his way,
So shall his promis'd blessings be
Thy portion; and when thou art rais'd,
The wicked's ruine thou shalt see.

35 I've seen the wicked rise to pow'r
Flourish like laurels ever green;
36 But suddenly their ruin came,
And no remainder could be seen.

37 Mark but the good and perfect man,
And him that's upright in his ways;
Mercy attends his happy life,
And quiet peace concludes his days.

38 But bold transgressors shall not long
Escape God's sad but righteous doom,
Whose utter extirpation
At last shall with a vengeance come.

39 Mean while the Lord will never fail
The good and just to save and bless;
Who may securely on his strength
Rely for succours in distress.

40 He'll surely help them in their need,
And be their rescue from th' unjust:
His truth and honour is ingag'd,
To save them, for in him they trust.

[*Another Metre.*]

1 LET none be troubled to behold
The wicked's prosperous state:
Nor by their good success grow bold
Their crimes to imitate.

2 For grass is fresh and green, before
The mower cuts it down;
And beauteous flow'rs, within a while,
Are wither'd by the sun.

3 He's wise that's doing good, and on
God's goodness do's rely:

4 Thus thy enjoyments he'll secure,
Thy just desires supply.

5 Leave thy concerns to him, in firm
Dependance on him live;
He'll either grant what thou wouldst have,
Or what is better give.

6 Tho' slanderous tongues should like a cloud,
Thy righteousness obscure;
He'll clear thy innocence, the light
Shall not appear more pure.

7 In silence for God's mercies wait,
Thy self by no means fret;
Tho' bad men thrive, or by ill arts,
What fain they would have, get.

8 If anger in thy breast arise,
Check it, when't first begins;
Lest it boil up to wrath, and thou
Be hurried to their sins.

9 They shall possess who wait on God,
Good things i'th' promis'd land;

But

But evil doers are doom'd to be
Cut off by God's juſt hand.

Part II.

10 Soon ſhall the wickd's ruin come;
And if the place thou mind,
Where once thou ſaw'ſt him flouriſhing,
Nothing remaining find.
11 Then ſhall the injur'd meek poſſeſs
The land, and with increaſe
Of all good things their lives be bleſt,
And none diſturb their peace.
12 The wicked in miſchievous plots
Againſt the juſt combines:
13 But God who ſees his ruin near,
Will laugh at his deſigns.
14 Tho' he ſtand ready arm'd to ſlay
The poor and innocent:
15 His arms ſhall wound himſelf, and ſerve
For his own puniſhment.
16 Think not mere wealth makes happy men
For what contents the poor,
Is better than bad mens ill-got
Or ill employed ſtore.
17 God will the wicked's pow'r, tho' great,
In pieces ſurely break;
But good men by his arm ſhall be
Upheld, tho' ne'er ſo weak.
18 Their patient waiting and their days
Of ſorrow, God regards;
And with his promis'd happineſs
Them and their ſeed rewards.
19 They ſhall not bluſh, that in ill times
Their hopes on God rely'd:

In days of famine by his care,
They shall be still supply'd.

Part III.

20 God's enemies, when thriving most,
Shall perish by his stroke;
Like fat of lambs consume away,
And vanish into smoke;
21 These freely borrow to grow rich,
Not meaning to restore:
The righteous man as freely parts
With wealth, to help the poor.

22 The blessings of the earth, by them
And theirs shall be enjoy'd,
The other, curs'd of God shall be
Cut off, and quite destroy'd.
23 The Lord, that guides the good man's [steps,
Delighteth in his way:
24 He is not ruin'd by his falls,
God's pow'r will be his stay.

25 In all my life I never yet
That lib'ral man could see
Whose alms expos'd himself to want,
Or race to beggary.
26 He mercifully lends, and thus
His seed a blessing gain:
27 If thou wouldst safely dwell, do good,
And from all sin refrain.

28 God, that is good and just will those,
That him resemble own.
They shall continue, when the race
Of bad men is o'erthrown.

Part

29 Sure title to the promis'd land
The juſt can only plead,
And to their pious ſeed entail
Its bleſſings when they're dead.
30 Wiſe precepts he inſtills, mens minds
To form, and manners guide:
31 And ſince he makes God's law his rule,
His goings ſhall not ſlide.

32 The wicked plots againſt the juſt,
And wait to ruin them:
33 God will not leave them in their pow'r,
Nor as they judge, condemn.
34 Wait on the Lord, and keep his way;
His promis'd good ſhall be
Thy portion; and when thou art rais'd,
The wicked's ruin ſee.

35 I've ſeen the wicked riſe, and ſpread
Like laurels freſh and green:
36 But when his haſty ruin came,
No remnant could be ſeen.
37 But mark the perfect man, and him
That's upright in his ways;
Mercy attends his happy life,
And peace concludes his days.
38 But bold tranſgreſſors ſhall not long
Eſcape God's righteous doom;
Whoſe utter extirpation
Shall with a vengeance come.
39 Mean while the Lord will never fail,
The juſt to ſave and bleſs:
Who may ſecurely on his pow'r
Rely in all diſtreſs.

40 He'll help them in their need, and be
Their rescue from th' unjust,
His truth to save them is engag'd
Because in him they trust.

PSALM XXXVIII.

[*As the* 100 *Psalm.*]

1 LORD, thy rebukes I can endure,
When thou with kindness dost chastise;
But thy fierce wrath I cannot bear,
If this unmix'd with favour rise.

2 I feel how sharp thine arrows are,
How fast they stick in a deep wound;
The heavy load thy hand lays on,
Presses me down unto the ground.

3 My unsound body tells how sad
It is, th' almighty to displease:
And how provoking are my sins,
I know, by pains that have no ease.

4 A flood of overwhelming woes,
Threaten to sink me every hour,
Too great a load for me to bear,
Unless sustained by thy power.

5 Ulcers and noisome sore have fill'd
My body, and my follies show:
6 Distorted and with trouble bent,
I bowing like a mourner go.

7 For fiery boils my loins inflame,
Ill humours run thro' every part:
8 Feeble and worn away with pain,
I roar, for anguish of my heart.

9 I'll

9 I'll add no more; for, Lord, to thee,
Both what I want, and how I groan,
10 My troubled thoughts, and reſtleſs mind,
Decays of ſtrength and ſight, are known.

Part II.

11 My friends and lovers, who I thought
Some pity to me would expreſs,
All left me, and my neareſt kin
ſtood afar off in my diſtreſs.

12 Mean while my foes, on miſchief bent
Againſt my life, they ne'er give out;
This they diſcourſe and this contrive
By fraud and lies to bring about.

13 Like one amaz'd, I ſilent ſtood;
Or like a man both deaf and mute;
14 Who neither knew their calumnies,
Nor their reproaches could confute.

15 Thus I behav'd myſelf, in hopes
The Lord, that heard my cauſe would [plead;
16 Nor ſuffer them, when I was low,
T' inſult, and proudly raiſe their head.

17 My weak and ruinous eſtate,
Gives a ſad proſpect to my view:
18 My ſins, which I with grief deplore,
Have made theſe puniſhments my due.

19 Mean while mine enemies are ſtrong,
Live in proſperity and peace;
And, by the falſe reports they raiſe,
Making me odious, they increaſe.

20 Ev'n they, to whom kind offices
I've done, againſt me all combine,

Cause I the common good pursue,
Which they as studiously decline.

21 But, O my God, in this distress
Forsake me not as they have done:
Defer no longer my relief,
Whose safety lies in thee alone.

PSALM XXXIX.

[*As the* 100 *Psalm.*]

1 RESOLV'D I was with care t' observe [tongue;
My ways, and chiefly watch my
To stifle passionate complaints, [wrong.
How much they thriv'd who did me

2 Neither good words nor bad I spake,
But like a dumb man held my peace;
Tho' whilst I thus deny'd all vent,
My inward grief did more increase.

3 My musing thoughts pent in, grew hot;
My stifled sorrows wanted ease;
The kindled flame at length brake forth,
Into such words to God as these.

4 Lord, teach me when my latter end,
And number of my days I view,
To measure right myself and them;
How I am frail, and they are few.

5 My days extent is but a span,
Mine age is nothing unto thee!
Man in his flourishing estate
Is altogether vanity.

6 A shadow's all that he pursues,
But his vexations real are;

He

He heaps up wealth, and knows not who
Shall reap the profit of his care.

Part II.

7 Let others foolishly expect
How kind the flatt'ring world will prove;
I'll seek my God alone to please,
And be ambitious of his love.

8 Forgive me all my heinous sins,
And then remove thy smarting rod;
Lest fools should fancy me cast off,
And laugh at all my trust in God.

9 As yet I've silently ador'd
Thy justice in my punishment:
10 Remove thy heavy stroke, for else
My strength to bear it will be spent.

11 How weak and nothing we appear,
When God for sin do's man chastise;
Like garments fretted by the moth,
So all his beauty ruin'd lies.

12 My earnest pray'r, O Lord, regard,
And to my mournful cry give ear:
A wandring stranger here on earth
I am, as all my fathers were.

13 Lord, my decaying strength repair,
And spare me yet a while, that I
May make my peace with thee, before
I go away from hence, and die.

[*Another Metre.*]

1 I was resolv'd t' observe my ways,
And chiefly watch my tongue;

To

To ſtifle all complaint, how much
They thriv'd, who did me wrong.
2 Neither good words nor bad I ſpake,
As dumb I held my peace;
Tho' whilſt I thus deny'd all vent,
My grief did more increaſe.

3 My muſing thoughts grew hot, my griefs
Thus ſtifled wanted eaſe:
The kindled flame at length brake forth
Into ſuch words as theſe:
4 Lord, teach me, when my end and days
I have to live, I view;
To know myſelf and them, how I
Am frail, and they are few.

5 My days are but a ſpan, mine age
Is nothing unto thee;
When man is in his beſt eſtate,
He's only vanity.
6 A ſhadow he purſues, but his
Vexations real are; [reap
Gets wealth, and knows not who ſhall
The profit of his care.

Part II.

7 Let others fooliſhly expect
How kind the world will prove;
I'll ſeek to pleaſe my God, and be
Ambitious of his love.
8 Forgive me all my ſins, and then
Remove thy ſmarting rod;
Leſt fools think me caſt off, and laugh
At all my truſt in God.

9 Thee I have ſilently ador'd,
In my juſt puniſhment:

10 Remove

10 Remove thy ſtroke, or elſe my ſtrength
To bear it will be ſpent.
11 How weak alas! we are when God
For ſin do's man chaſtiſe;
Like garments fretted by a moth,
His beauty ruin'd lies.
12 My mournful ſtate, O Lord, regard,
And to my cry give ear;
I am a ſtranger here on earth,
As all my fathers were.
13 Repair my ſtrength, O God, and ſpare
Me yet a while, that I
May make my peace with thee, before
I go from hence and die.

PSALM XL.

1 'TIS good with patience to attend,
And on the Lord rely:
When other ſuccours fail'd, to him
I pray'd, who heard my cry.
2 I, that in miſery was plung'd,
Surrounded with deſpair;
Am ſafely plac'd above my fears,
And firm my goings are.
3 And now I'll chearful praiſes ſing
To God who ſet me free;
Whilſt this thy goodneſs do's invite
Others to truſt in thee.
4 O happy man! that truſts in God,
And can the proud deſpiſe;
With the deceitful arts of ſuch
As turn aſide to lyes.

5 Thy

5 Thy wondrous works, and thoughts of love
To us so many are;
If I would tell them they exceed
My thoughts and value far.
6 When sacrifices, Lord, to thee
No longer grateful were;
And when obedience thou before
Burnt offerings didst prefer.
7 Instead of these that I should come,
Thy sacred books recite:
8 Thy law is in my heart, and I
To do thy will delight.
9 Within thy courts I have made known
How great thy mercies are;
Thy truth and faithfulness, my tongue
To publish shall not spare.
10 These are too great and good to lie
In private thoughts conceal'd;
What all are so concern'd to know,
To all I have reveal'd.

Part II.

11 O let my preservation speak
How true thou art and kind;
And those compassions I proclaim,
Lord, let me ever find.
12 I never needed more thy help,
With dangers round beset,
Nor wonder at it when my sins,
So many are and great.
Their number I no more can tell
Than th' hairs upon my head:
My heart is quite depress'd and seiz'd
With horror and with dread.

13 Lord,

13 Lord, since my troubles with such haste
To ruin me advance;
O do not stay, but come as fast
To my deliverance.

14 Let those who would destroy my life
Their own confusion meet;
And when they attempt my hurt, with shame
Be forced to retreat.

15 Let such as make my griefs their sport,
Themselves unpitied be;
Those who deride my trust in God,
Reward with infamy.

16 To all true worshippers, who seek
Their God alone to please,
Do thou thy favour, Lord, express,
And make their joys t' increase.
Let those whose hopes on thee depend,
And thy salvation love,
Ever have cause and hearts to say,
Praised be God above.

17 O look upon my state oppress'd
With misery and grief:
Thou art my saviour and my help,
Lord, send me quick relief.

PSALM XLI.

[*As the* 100 *Psalm.*]

1 BLEST is the man, whose tender sense
Is touched with another's grief;
Who when he hears the poor man's cry,
Affords him pity and relief.

God

God will his charity repay;
In time of need will be his friend:
When troubles to his lot shall fall,
He'll make 'em have an happy end.

2 Threatened by danger or disease,
His life he'll rescue from the grave;
Prosper his state on earth, and from
His foes and all their malice save.

3 He'll strengthen him upon his bed
Of languishing infirmity:
Secure of God's compassions,
His weary limbs will softer lie.

4 Wounded and sore oppress't with guilt,
I cry'd for pity and for ease;
Lord, let thy mercies heal my soul,
Whose sins are only less than these.

Part II.

5 My foes t' afflict me more, my name
With defamations strive to blot;
They wish'd me dead, and then they hope,
To see my reputation rot.

6 He seems, when present, to condole
With me, but all's deceit and fraud;
He picks up matter for his lyes,
And spreads them, when he goes abroad.

7 In close assemblies they conferr
Who hate me, and my hurt devise:
8 An ill disease sticks to him fast,
He's laid, say they, ne'er more to rise.

9 Yea my familiar friend, in whom
I put the greatest confidence,

Who

Who to my family retain'd,
Spurns at me with ſtrange inſolence.

10 But, Lord, in mercy raiſe me up,
And once more ſet me on my throne,
That by juſt puniſhments I may
Repay, what wickedly they've done.

11 Thy kindneſs to me by thy care
I know, which thou doſt not recall:
That I'm in ſafety, and my foe
Has miſs'd his triumph in my fall.

12 With thankfulneſs to thee, I own,
Thou haſt ſuſtain d my innocence;
And as to ſerve thee I'm advanc'd,
Will be for ever my defence.

13 Bleſt be that Majeſty above,
Whom all true worſhippers adore;
Let every age conſent, and ſay,
Amen, till time ſhall be no more.

PSALM XLII.

[*As the* 100 *Pſalm.*]

1 O GOD, the ſpring of all my joys,
For thee I long, to thee I look:
No chaſed hart do's pant ſo much
After the cooling water-brook.

2 Leſs grief it is to be exil'd [thine;
From mine own houſe, O Lord, than
O how I wiſh t' approach that place,
Where all thy glories uſe to ſhine.

3 The ſorrows of my baniſhment
Increaſe, and tears become my food,

Whilſt

Whilst mine insulting foes reproach
My faith, and say, Where's now thy God?

4 Past joys renew my grief, to think
How to thy house in troops we came;
What chearful feasts we kept, and sang
Praises in consort to thy name.

5 Why should I cherish these sad thoughts,
Whence nothing but disquiet flows?
Since you procure not what I wish,
Why should you hinder my repose?

I've learnt this remedy at last;
To keep my passions calm and still,
I'm nearer help by hope in God,
And resignation to his will.

6 While thus exil'd I wander from
This mountain to the other hill,
Grief do's oppress me: but the thoughts
Of thy great goodness, chear me still.

Part II.

7 Into deep miseries I'm fall'n,
Where one the other seems t' invite;
Tos'd in a sea, where every wave,
Threatens to overwhelm me quite.

8 God's kindness still will give me cause
To sing his praise both night and day;
I'll thus commend myself to him,
The Author of my life, and pray.

9 " O God my refuge, why so long
" Do I thus unregarded lie?
" Why do I mourn without relief,
" Oppressed by mine enemy?

10 " This

10 " This wounds me deeply like a sword,
" To hear my trust in thee with scorn
" Reproach'd, by them who flouting ask,
[forlorn?
" Where's now thy God? thou wretch

11 Why should I cherish these sad thoughts,
Whence nothing but disquiet flows?
Since you procure not what I wish,
Why should you hinder my repose.

I've learnt this remedy at last,
To keep my passions calm and still:
I'm nearer help by hope in God,
And resignation to his will.

[*Another Metre.*]

1 BLEST Fountain of my joys, for thee
I long, to thee I look;
No chased hart do's pant so much
After the water-brook.

2 Less grief it is to be exil'd
From mine own house, than thine;
O how I wish t' approach the place,
Where all thy glories shine.

3 This makes my sorrows to increase,
And tears become my food;
To hear my foes reproach my faith,
And say, Where's now thy God?

4 Past joys renew my grief to think
How to thine house we came
In troops to feast, and praises sang
In consort to thy name.

5 Why should I cherish these sad thoughts,
Whence nought but trouble flows?

Since

Since you procure not what I wish,
Hinder not my repose.
I've learnt this remedy, to keep
My passions calm and still;
I'm nearer help by hope in God,
And a resigned Will.

6 While thus exiled I wander from
This to the other hill, [God's
Grief casts me down, but thoughts of
Great goodness chears me still.

Part II.

7 Deep are my miseries, and one
Another seems t' invite:
Toss'd in a sea, where every wave
Threatens to drown me quite.

8 Thy kindness, Lord, will give me cause
To praise thee night and day:
I'll thus commend myself to thee,
God of my life, and pray.

9 " O God, my refuge, why do I
" So long forgotten lie?
" Why do I mourn without relief,
Oppress'd by th' enemy?

10 " This wounds me like a sword to hear
" My trust reproach'd with scorn, [now
" By them, who flouting ask, Where's
" Thy God? thou wretch forlorn!

11 Why should I cherish these sad thoughts,
Whence nought but trouble flows?
Since you procure not what I wish,
Hinder not my repose.
I've learnt this remedy, to keep
My passions calm and still; I'm

I'm nearer help by hope in God,
And a resigned will.

PSALM XLIII.

[*As the* 100 *Psalm.*]

1 THOU righteous Judge of all the world,
Be thou my gracious advocate;
And clear mine innocence from those
Whose craft is equal to their hate.

2 Why, Lord, dost thou with-hold that pow'r
On which my soul alone relies?
And look'st not on my mournful state,
Oppress by cruel enemies?

3 Thy mercy and thy truth display;
That by the conduct of thy light,
Thy courts I may attain, and there
May have of thee a fuller sight.

4 T' approach thine altar would revive
My soul and all my gladness raise:
Where I thy goodness would proclaim
With all the instruments of praise.

5 Why should I entertain sad thoughts,
Whence nothing but disturbance flows?
Since they procure not what I wish,
Why should they hinder my repose?

I've learnt this remedy at last,
To keep my passions calm and still:
I'm nearer help by hope in God,
And resignation to his will.

[*Another*

[*Another Metre.*]

1 GREAT Judge of all the world, be thou
My gracious Advocate; [craft
To plead my cause 'gainst those, whose
Is equal to their hate. [pow'r,

2 Why, Lord, dost thou with-hold that
On which my soul relies?
And look'st not on my state oppress'd
By cruel enemies?

3 Thy mercy and thy truth display,
That guided by thy light,
I may attain thy courts, and have
Of thee a fuller sight.

4 T' approach thine altar would revive
My soul, my joys would raise:
Where I, thy goodness, would proclaim
With instruments of praise.

5 Why should I entertain sad thoughts,
Whence nought but trouble flows?
Since you procure not what I wish,
Hinder not my repose.
I've learnt this remedy, to keep
My passions calm and still;
I'm nearer help by hope in God,
And a resigned will.

PSALM XLIV.

[*As the* 100 *Psalm.*]

1 THE wonders, Lord, thou didst of old,
We've often heard our fathers tell;
2 To plant thy people in their land,
How thou the heathen didst expel.

3 Their

3 Their speedy conquests were not gain'd
By their own valour or their sword:
But by the presence of thy pow'r,
And special favour of the Lord.

4 O God my King, save *Jacob's* seed,
Whose pow'rful word alone can do;
5 Then shall our foes before us fall,
And we shall tread them under-foot.

6 It is not by our sword or bow
We hope to conquer, but by thee:
7 By whom so oft we have been saved,
And they oft made with shame to flee.

8 In God we glory and we praise
9 Thy name; yet now our case deplore:
Thy presence is withdrawn, that us'd
To head our armies heretofore.

10 Cast off by thee, our courage fails.
Our enemies with ease us foil;
We turn our backs, and they come on
With greedy haste to take the spoil.

11 Like sheep design'd for slaughter, some
Fall into cruel butchers hands;
Others led captive are dispers'd
In far remote and heathen lands.

12 Disown'd by God; by all despis'd,
Like vilest slaves they're sold and bought;
And being priz'd as little worth,
Their owners part with them for naught.

13 We're to our neighbours a reproach,
To all about a laughing-stock:

14 The

14 The heathens by-word when they ſpeak,
When ſigns they only make their mock.

Part II.

15 The ignominy of our ſtate,
Confounds me with perpetual ſhame:
16 To hear the ſcoffs wherewith our foes
Reproach us, and blaſpheme thy name.

17 Our only comfort is, tho' all
Theſe miſeries are our ſad lot,
We've not been falſe unto our God,
Him or his covenant forgot.

18 We have not entertain'd worſe thoughts,
Nor thy religion leſs have lov'd;
Nor hitherto our ſteps have balk'd
Thy way, nor we apoſtates prov'd.

19 Tho' broke and ſhatter'd, where not men
But dragons rather fury breathe;
Our ſtate is utterly forlorn,
And diſmal like the ſhades of death.

20 Had we to worſhip God forgot,
Or pray'd to their falſe deities;
21 God's vengeance we had not eſcap'd,
Who all our ſecret thoughts eſpies.

22 That for thy ſake we're daily kill'd
Like butcher'd ſheep, is ſeen by all;
When rather than forſake our God,
We chuſe his ſacrifice to fall.

23 Awake and riſe for our defence,
Thy long neglected people own:
24 No more diſpleaſure ſhow, when we
Under ſuch ſad oppreſſions groan.

25 Lower

25 Lower we cannot lie; the ground
And we one body seem to make:
26 Rise for our help, and raise us up;
Oh save us, for thy mercies sake.

PSALM XLV.

[*As the* 100 *Psalm.*]

1 DIVINELY now inspir'd I'll sing
The praises of a mighty King:
What I recite, shall flow so fast,
No scribe's quick pen can make such hast.

2 O glorious King! thy form divine,
Created beauties do's out-shine:
All graces on thy lips are pour'd,
On thee eternal graces showr'd

3 Girt thy bright sword upon thy thigh
The ornaments of majesty;
Like an illustrious prince appear,
And shew how great thy glories are.

4 Ride on in triumph and maintain
The vertues that adorn thy train;
Wrong'd meekness, truth and equity,
Look only for support from thee.

Thine enemies amazed stand,
Struck with the terror of thy hand;
5 Who needs must fall, since thy keen darts
Will find a passage to their hearts.

6 Thy throne, O God, is fixed sure,
Thy kingdom ever shall endure,
Thy laws, the sceptre in thy hand,
Oppress not those whom they command.

7 Sin thou doſt hate, but juſtice love;
Therefore thy glories far above
Thy fellows ſhine; thy God has ſhed
More oyl of gladneſs on thy head.

Part II.

8 None ever did appear ſo glad
In nuptial garments richly clad,
So fragrant from th'ivory rooms,
As if made up of mere perfumes.

9 Daughters of kings did not diſdain
T'attend among the princely train:
The royal bride at thy right hand,
In pureſt gold array'd did ſtand.

10 Great queen! thou wilt be happier yet,
If thou'lt thy country's rites forget:
11 The King will prize thy beauty more;
For he's that Lord thou muſt adore.

12 Rich *Tyre*, and thoſe of greateſt port,
With preſents ſhall thy favour court.
13 Thy mind all graces do's unfold,
More ſplendid than thy cloth of gold.

14 She to the King in raiment wrought
With rich embroid'ry ſhall be brought;
Her maids of honour after go
Attending in the pompous ſhow.

15 Whom they with forward joy ſhall bring
Into the palace of the King.
16 Inſtead of parents, from thy womb,
Princes to rule the earth ſhall come.

17 And this my ſong ſhall make thy name
Survive, great King, and ſpread thy fame.

Thee

Thee future ages shall adore,
And praise, till time shall be no more.

PSALM XLVI.

1 THE almighty Lord is our defence,
The strength whereby we stand;
When troubles their approaches make,
His help is still at hand.
2 Our faith may then remain unmov'd,
Tho' th' earth should be displac'd;
Or tho' into the sea's vast gulph
The mountains should be cast.

3 Altho' the ocean's troubled waves
A frightful noise should make;
Should rise and swell unto the clouds,
And cause the hills to shake.
4 There is a quiet stream makes glad
The city of the Lord:
5 His presence shall secure her peace,
And timely help afford.

6 The nations rage and threaten war,
But God is on our side;
7 One word of his dissolves their force,
And daunts their swelling pride.
8 See what his hand has done, it draws
The sword out of its sheath;
Which, while he gives it leave, triumphs
In slaughter and in death.

9 Then by another word he makes
Destructive wars to cease;
He breaks their arms, the bow and spear,
And crowns the earth with peace.

10 Ceaſe then, fond man, to ſtrive with
Whoſe pow'r is over all; [God,
For fear he ſhould exalt himſelf
In your unpitied fall.

11 This is our glory, that the Lord
Of hoſts is on our ſide;
We in his care, as in a fort,
In ſafety ſhall abide.

PSALM XLVII.

1 O ALL ye people clap your hands,
And make a joyful noiſe;
With acclamations to your God,
Declare your inward joys.

2 His high perfections do proclaim
Him greatly to be fear'd;
This King of all the world commands
Your honour and regard.

3 By him o'er warlike nations we
Our conqueſts do advance:

4 And he this happy land has choſe
For our inheritance.
Here he reſides too, and in this
All people we excell:
A ſignal token 'tis of love
When God with us will dwell.

5 In a triumphant ſtate our Lord
T' his holy place aſcends;
Loud noiſe of trumpets all the while
our ſhouts of joy attends.

6 Sing chearful praiſes to our God,
Sing praiſes to our King.

7 He's

7 He's Lord of all the earth, his praiſe
With underſtanding ſing.

8 He makes the heathen feel his pow'r,
And him their Sovereign own;
He ſeats himſelf upon the ark,
As on his holy throne.

9 Rulers and people at ſet times
Do all aſſemble here;
And whilſt they worſhip *Abr'ham*'s God,
From foes no danger fear.

God, who their ſafety undertakes,
Superior is to all:
His rule extends o're thoſe whom men
The *earth's defenders* call.

PSALM XLVIII.

[*As the* 100 *Pſalm.*]

1 GREAT praiſes to the greateſt Lord,
Are due from none ſo much as thoſe
Of his own city, in that mount
He for his ſolemn worſhip choſe.

2 For ſituation the whole land
None ſo delightful do's afford;
Seen northward of *Jeruſalem*,
The city of our mighty Lord.

3 As in a royal palace, there
God keeps his ſolemn reſidence:
His divine preſence makes it ſafe,
No fort can give it ſuch defence.

4 The forces of confed'rate kings
Drew near this city to attack:

5 They saw it, and like men amaz'd
In great confusion hasted back.

6 Terror and fear seiz'd all their host:
No child-bed throws come on so fast:
7 Such as the mariners feel, whose ships
Tost by fierce tempests, break at last.

8 God's city has such wonders seen,
As heretofore our fathers told:
His mercy which has sav'd us now,
Will still protect, and it uphold.

Part II.

9 Not trusting to our alms or forts,
We to thy temple did repair;
Thought on thy love, and waited there,
What God would do, by humble pray'r.

10 Thy name's the Lord of hosts, we found
Thee so, in our deliverance:
And all the world thy glorious pow'r
In chearful praises will advance.

Thy hand for works of mercy, Lord,
As well as justice is renown'd:
11 Let *Sion* then begin her songs,
Follow'd by *Judah*'s cities round.

12 Go round the holy mount; her tow'rs,
13 Her palaces and bulwarks view;
All are entire; and with what care
'T has been by heav'n preserved, shew,

14 Record it too, that after-times
May trust in God, whom we have try'd:
Then he, who now our guard has been,
Will ever be our God and Guide.

PSALM

PSALM XLIX.

[*As the* 100 *Pſalm.*]

1 LET all the people round the earth,
Their ears with great attention bow,
To words that equally concern
2 Both rich and poor, both high and low.

3 Wiſe and grave maxims I lay down;
4 And with attention quick and ſharp;
Myſelf will liſten, while they're ſung
To the ſoft muſick of my harp.

5 Why ſhould the man who truſts in God,
Affright himſelf with needleſs fear
In days of evil; when old-age
Approaches, or when death draws near.

6 Vain men applaud their ſtores, yet none
7 His brother can from dying ſave;
8 Lifes purchaſe is too great; no wealth
9 Can buy our freedom from the grave.

10 The aſhes of the wiſe and good
With fools together mingled lie:
The rich, tho' loth to go, muſt leave
The world, with all their wealth, and die.

Part II.

11 Some think on houſes that they build,
Their fame eternally ſhall ſtand;
And to preſerve their memory,
Give their own names unto their land.

12 Death levels all their ſtate with beaſts,
Makes all their ſplendid titles fade;

13 Yet their posterity approves
The follies and mistakes they made.

14 Driv'n to the grave like sheep, their [strength
And beauty quite consum'd away;
15 They in death's folds shall lie inclos'd,
Till the great resurrection-day.

A day in which the just shall reign,
And o'er the bad dominion have:
Then I shall be received to bliss,
After I'm raised from the grave.

16 Be not concern'd when one's made rich
Or honour'd here; for when he dies,
17 Naked he goes away from hence,
And stript of all his glory lies.

18 Tho' whilst he liv'd he bless'd himself,
And other men are apt to praise
His prudent management, who strives
His wealth or family to raise.

19 It's folly all; since he must tread
The path his fathers went before;
And in the place where now he dwells,
Never see light or comfort more.

20 Man that to honour is advanc'd,
And with true wisdom is not blest;

Tho' pleas'd with false and flatt'ring [hopes,
shall die and perish like a beast.

[*Another Metre.*]

1 ALL people round the earth, your ears
With heedful list'ning bow:
2 My words concern both rich and poor
Alike, both high and low, 3 Wise

3 Wiſe and grave maxims I compoſe,
And with attention ſharp
4 Myſelf will liſten, whilſt they're ſung
To my melodious harp.

5 Wherefore ſhould he that truſts in God
Affright himſelf with fear
In evil days; to ſee old-age
Approach, or death draw near?
6 Men boaſt their ſtores, and yet none can
7 From death his brother ſave:
8 Life's purchaſe is too great, to buy
9 Our freedom from the grave.

10 The aſhes of the wiſe with fools
Together mingled lie;
The rich, tho' loth, muſt leave the world
With all their wealth, and die.
11 Some think on houſes that they build
Their fame ſhall ever ſtand;
And that their names may not be loſt,
They give them to their land.

12 Death levels all their pomp with beaſts,
Makes all their titles fade;
13 Yet their poſterity approves
All the miſtakes they made.

Part II.

14 Driv'n to the grave like ſheep, mens
And beauty fades away; [ſtrength
And there ſhall lie incloſed, till
The reſurrection-day.
Then ſhall the juſt men reign, and o'er
The bad dominion have;
15 Then I ſhall be receiv'd to bliſs,
When raiſed from the grave.

16 Envy not him that's glorious here,
Or rich, for when he dies,
17 Naked he goes away, and ſtript
Of all his glory lies.
18 Tho' whilſt he liv'd he bleſs'd himſelf;
And men are apt to praiſe
That prudent management, which wealth
And families do's raiſe.

19 It's folly all, for he muſt go
Where others went before;
And never, where he now do's dwell,
See light or comfort more.
20 Man that is honour'd here, and with
True wiſdom is not bleſt;
Tho' pleas'd with flatt'ring hope, ſhall die,
And periſh like a beaſt.

PSALM L.

1 THE mighty God, and Lord of all,
Calls the whole land to hear;
And ſummons all from eaſt to weſt
Before him to appear.
2 *Sion*'s the beauteous palace, where
God keeps his reſidence;
He'll go in greateſt ſplendor forth
And kingly ſtate from thence.

3 All ſhall have notice of it, when
Lightnings devouring flame,
And thundring tempeſt round about
His coming ſhall proclaim.
4 So publick, that both heav'n and earth
His witneſſes ſhall be;
And all the world the equity
Of his proceedings ſee.

5 He'll

5 He'll give ſtrict charge to gather all
His ſaints to this aſſize;
Who have a ſolemn covenant made
Confirm'd by ſacrifice.

6 Conſpicuous as the heav'ns themſelves
His juſtice ſhall appear;
Since God himſelf, the righteous Judge,
Will paſs the ſentence there.

7 O *Iſrael*, hear to what my charge
Againſt thee do's amount;
It is thy God, who gave the laws,
Now calls thee to account.

8 But I'll not charge thee with neglects
Of legal ſacrifice;
The ſmoak of whoſe burnt offerings
Daily to heav'n do's riſe.

9 Think not by ſtore of theſe, amends
For other ſins to make:
I need not bullock or he-goats
From thy ſhort ſtores to take.

Part II.

10 The cattle on a thouſand hills,
The beaſts both wild and tame;

11 Fowls of the mountains by me known,
All as mine own I claim.

12 Could I be hungry, I'd not ask
Thee to provide me food;
Since all the earth to me belongs,
With its full ſtores of good.

13 Nor cauſe the fleſh and blood of beaſts
Are on mine altar, think
I have ſuch appetite, as craves
Supply of meat and drink.

14 Offer

14 Offer to God thy thanks, and pay
Thy vows to the Moſt High:
15 In trouble pray to him; when ſav'd
Him only glorify.

16 But, wicked wretch, why doſt thou name
God's covenant in thy talk?
Urge others to obſerve his laws,
17 Which thou doſt ſlight and balk?
18 Thou canſt allow and ſhare with thefts,
And foul adulteries:
19 Slanders imploy thy tongue, thy mind
Contrives deceit and lyes.

20 Thy calumnies ſpare not ſo much
As thine own mother's ſon; [born,
21 Thou thought'ſt too, 'cauſe ſo long for-
I lik'd theſe things thou'ſt done.
But I'll correct thee, and in view
Thy ſins in order ſet.
22 You're warn'd, and now conſider well
All ye that God forget.

Abuſed patience will make
His wrath the more ſevere,
And none have pow'r to reſcue thoſe
Whom he'll in pieces tear.
23 Know then, that whoſo offers praiſe,
Pleaſes and honours me;
And he who orders right his ways,
Shall my ſalvation ſee.

PSALM LI.

[*To the Tune of the Lamentation, Or, as the* 100 *Pſalm.*]

1 LORD, look upon my ſinful ſoul,
That unto thee for mercy flies;

As

As thy compaſſions boundleſs are,
So blot out mine iniquities.

2 O waſh me throughly from my crimes,
For thou alone can'ſt make me clean:
3 With tears I now confeſs my guilt,
Amaz'd to ſee how vile I've been.

4 None elſe will call me to account,
But thy tribunal, Lord, I fear;
For if arraign'd and judg'd by thee,
I muſt be caſt, and thou be clear.

5 I was conceiv'd and born in ſin,
Too prone and bent to do amiſs;
6 But inward purity to thee,
And truth of heart moſt pleaſing is.

7 Lord, ſhew me thou art reconcil'd,
As thoſe with hyſſop ſprinkled know
They are abſolv'd; thy grace can waſh
And make me whiter than the ſnow.

8 My ſins have forfeited the joys
And inward peace that once I had;
Thy pard'ning voice would heal again
My broken bones and make them glad.

9 No longer, Lord, behold my ſins
With a ſevere and angry look;
O take their ſtains out of my ſoul,
And blot their guilt out of thy book.

* *To thee, O Father, to the Son*
And Holy Ghoſt, whom we adore;
Be glory, as it was of old,
Is now, and ſhall be evermore.

* *This may be here added, when the tune of the Lamentation is uſed.*

Part

Part II.

10 Create in me, O God, a heart
Clean and unſpotted in thy ſight;
Renew a well compoſed mind,
Unmov'd from goodneſs, and upright.

11 Lord, do not caſt me from thy ſight,
As one whom thou no more canſt love;
Nor let thy Spirit, whoſe grace I need,
Tho' griev'dtoo much, from me remove,

12 Its ſaving comforts and free aids.
T' uphold my feeble pow'rs, afford
13 Thus ſinners will be drawn t'amend
Their ways, and turn unto the Lord.

14 O ſave me from the crying guilt
Of blood, that ſin of crimſon dye;
Thy faithfulneſs I'll then proclaim,
And loudly ſing thy clemency.

15 My open lips ſhall ſpeak thy praiſe;
16 For this thou rather doſt deſire,
Than coſtly ſacrifice of beaſts
Conſumed wholly in the fire.

17 Thou, Lord, a broken contrite heart
Doſt more than bloody offerings prize;
This preſent now I humbly make,
Which God, I truſt, will not deſpiſe.

18 The people whom thou lov'ſt, delight
To bleſs, defend and ſuccour them;
Do good to *Sion*, Lord, and build
The walls of thy *Jeruſalem*.

19 The

19 The praiſes of the righteous then,
How kind thou art, ſhall loudly tell;
And all their choiceſt offerings laid
Upon God's altar, pleaſe him well.

[*Another Metre.*]

1 BEHOLD, O Lord, my ſinful ſoul
To thee for mercy flies;
Thy boundleſs mercy can blot out
All mine iniquities.

2 O waſh away my crimes, for thou
Alone canſt make me clean:

3 I now confeſs my guilt, amaz'd
To ſee how vile I've been.

4 Tho' none can call me to account,
Thy ſentence, Lord, I fear;
If judg'd by thee, I know I muſt
Be caſt, and thou be clear.

5 I was conceiv'd and born in ſin,
Too prone to do amiſs;

6 But purity and truth of heart
To thee moſt pleaſing is.

7 Shew thou art reconcil'd, as thoſe
With hyſſop ſprinkled know
They are abſolv'd; thy grace can waſh,
And make me white as ſnow.

8 My ſins have forfeited the joys
And peace that once I had;
Thy voice would heal my broken bones
Thy pardon make them glad.

9 No longer, Lord, behold my ſins
With a diſpleaſed look:
O take their ſtains out of my ſoul,
Their guilt out of thy book.

Part II.

10 Create in me, O Lord, a heart
Unspotted in thy sight;
Renew in me a mind unmov'd
From goodness, and upright.
11 Lord, do not cast me from thy sight,
As one thou canst not love;
Nor let thy Spirit, tho' griev'd too much,
Its grace from me remove.

12 Its comforts and free aids t' uphold
My feeble pow'rs afford:
13 Thus sinners will amend their ways,
And turn unto the Lord.
14 O save me from the guilt of blood,
That sin of crimson dye;
Then I'll proclaim thy faithfulness,
And sing thy clemency.

15 My opened lips shall speak thy praise;
For this thou dost desire,
16 Rather than sacrifice of beasts
Consumed in the fire.
17 Thou dost a broken contrite heart
More than all offerings prize:
This present now I humbly bring,
Which God will not despise.

18 Delight to bless thy people, Lord,
Defend and succour them;
Do good to *Sion*, build the walls
Of thy *Jerusalem*.
19 The praises of the righteous then,
How kind thou art, shall tell;
And all their offerings laid upon
God's altar, please him well.

PSALM LII.

[*As the* 100 *Psalm.*]

1 VAIN mighty man! to vaunt it so
That thou canst mighty mischief do?
Unlike to God, who's not inclin'd
By almighty power to be less kind.

2 Thou hypocrite! malice did whet
Thy tongue, like razor newly set;
The first mischievous instrument,
Prepar'd to slay the innocent.

3 Tho' truth and right are spoke with ease,
Evil and lyes thee better please.
4 Thy calumnies, false tongue, have pow'r
At once a city to devour.

5 Thou canst not God's just doom avoid,
Thy turn is next to be destroy'd:
He'll pluck thee from thy dwelling-place,
And root out all thy curs'd Race.

6 The just shall dread to see thy fall,
Yet thus express their joys withal
7 " See here the wretched end, ye just,
" Of one that made not God his trust.

" Who meant by treach'rous arts and lyes,
" By wicked practises to rise;
[thought
" And strengthned by great wealth he
" Himself secure; he's brought to nought.

8 Whilst I, design'd for ruin, stand;
Supported by the Almighty's hand;
And flourish like an olive-tree:
God's mercy still my trust shall be.

9 What

9 What God has done, I'll celebrate,
For what h' has promis'd ever wait;
Tho' other ways bad men propound,
This the beſt courſe his ſaints have found.

PSALM LIII.

[*As the 25 Pſalm.*]

1 THE fools believe no God
Do's mind th' affairs below:
For tho' they ſpeak it not aloud,
They live as if 'twere ſo.
All are corrupt and vile,
Their actions hateful are;
They're only skilful to do ill,
From good eſtranged far.

2 God from his throne look'd down,
And took a ſtrict ſurvey,
What men did ſeek and know the Lord,
And his juſt laws obey.

3 All were degenerate,
With loathſome ſins o'er-grown;
What was religious, juſt and good,
None practis'd, no not one.

4 Strange madneſs! that they ſhould
Like bread the poor devour;
And neither own thee by their pray'rs,
Nor dread thy mighty pow'r.

5 Where all their fears were vain,
Great terrors ſeiz'd them there;
God who deſpis'd them, made their fall
As ſhameful as their fear.

6 Delay not, Lord, to ſet
Thy captive people free: When

When thy salvation shall appear,
Great will their triumphs be.

PSALM LIV.

1 SAVE me, O God, thy glorious name,
Thou righteous Judge, advance:
2 O hear my pray'r, and shew thy pow'r
In my deliverance.
3 For enemies to me unknown,
And strangers to thy fear,
Seek to betray me, and to take
Away my life, draw near.

4 See how my gracious God appears,
And brings unlook'd for aid:
Since he my threatned life secures,
I'll be no more afraid.
5 God will repay their wrong contriv'd
With such malicious fraud:
When thy just vengeance on them falls,
All will thy truth applaud.

6 My free and grateful sacrifice
Of praise to God I'll bring;
His pow'r and wisdom celebrate,
His goodness ever sing.
7 For now I'm safe from all my fears,
And I with pleasure see
Mine enemies retreat with shame,
Who gloried over me.

PSALM LV.

[*As the* 100 *Psalm.*]

1 LORD hear my pray'r, and do not hide
Thyself from thy poor suppliant:
2 Consider how I mourn, and make
A doleful noise in my complaint.

3 My wicked foe has war proclaim'd,
And now reduce me to sore straits;
And loading me with forged crimes,
With rage pursues me, whom he hates;

4 Sore anguish pains me to the heart,
I feel even death's strange agonies:
My danger threatens me so loud,
5 That trembling horrors on me seize.

6 O who will lend me wings, as swift
As doves, who have their innocence,
That to a safe and quiet place
I might retire, by flying hence.

7 I'd chuse to wander any where,
Or to some unknown desart go:
8 I'd hasten my escape, nor stay
'Till this fierce tempest did o'erblow.

9 May all their counsels disagree,
And their destruction spring from thence;
The city's with contention fill'd,
By rapine caus'd and violence.

10 These, day and night go round the walls,
Mischief and woe keep centry there:
11 Iniquity, deceit and guile
In th' head of every street appear.

12 I

12 I was not by an open foe
Reproach'd, one made by quarrels fierce;
I could have born it then, or else
Been safe, by shunning his converse.

13 But thou perfidious wretch, wast one
Belov'd, my counsellor, my friend;
14 With whom my hours, both at my own
And at God's house, I oft did spend.

Part II.

15 Let them be seiz'd by sudden death,
And sink alive into a grave:
For else, where'er they go or stay,
Mischievous plots a place will have.

16 But I intend to call on God,
Who'll rescue me from what I fear;
17 Evening and morning, and at noon,
I'll cry aloud, and he will hear.

18 He'll settle me in peace, my life
In battle save from cruel hands:
Tho' they in number far exceed,
God's presence for an army stands.

19 God, who the same abides, their pride
Will humble, and my pray'rs will hear;
Who prosp'ring hitherto in sin,
Change not, nor God's just vengeance fear.

20 He who all laws of friendship, all
Oaths of fidelity has broke,
21 Gave words as smooth as oil, when just
Ready to give a mortal stroke.

22 Cast all the burden of thy cares
On God, who will support his own;

They,

They, tho' ſore ſhaken for a while,
Shall not be utterly caſt down.

23 But proſperous iniquity
Prepares men for a fearful end;
Whom God, when they are moſt ſecure,
Will headlong to deſtruction ſend.

How ſeldom do the men of blood
And treachery live half their days;
I truſt, I ſhall mine age conclude
In peace, and long God's goodneſs praiſe.

PSALM LVI.

1 RESCUE my life in mercy, Lord,
For man would me devour;
His hot and cloſe purſuit affords
No truce to breathe an hour.

2 My foes that for my ruin gape,
And wait my ſteps t' enſnare;
As well in number as in pow'r
To me ſuperior are.

3 But tho' a ſudden danger may
Some preſent frights create;
My truſt in thee will never fail
My fears to diſſipate.

4 Then by God's help I'll celebrate
With praiſe his faithful word;
And vanquiſh all my fears of men,
By truſting in the Lord.

5 When I would conquer their ill-will,
By being innocent;
They wreſt my words, and to my hurt
Their thoughts are wholly bent.

6 For

6 For this they frequent counſels hold,
And ſnares in ſecret lay:
Watch all my motions and their time,
To take my life away.

Part II.

7 Shall crafty wickedneſs prevail,
And ſcape without God's frown?
Repreſs their haughty inſolence:
With vengeance caſt them down.
8 Forced to wander here and there,
Thou know'ſt how oft I weep;
A kind remembrance of my tears,
And of my troubles keep.

9 I know my pray'r ſhall now prevail
To quell my foes, whoſe pride
Will make my victory more ſure,
Since God is on my ſide.
10 Then by God's help I'll celebrate
With praiſe his faithful word;
11 And vanquiſh all my fears of men,
By truſting in the Lord.

12 I'm bound by vows to praiſe my God,
Ev'n to my lateſt breath;
Who, when in utmoſt danger left,
Reſcu'd my life from death.
From falling by the wicked's pow'r
If God will me defend;
My feet his paths ſhall tread, my life
I'll in his ſervice ſpend.

PSALM LVII.

LORD, since I trust in thee alone,
Mercy to me extend;
1 I fly for shelter to thy wings,
Till all my troubles end.
2 To him whose pow'r is over all,
In my distress I'll cry;
Since thou hast sav'd heretofore,
Thy help will still be nigh.
3 He will employ his heav'nly aids,
And save me by his pow'r;
Put those to shame, who would my life
With greedy haste devour.
God's mercy and his truth's engag'd
For my security:
4 Tho' rather among cruel beasts
Than men, encies'd I lie.
[spears,
They breath mere flames, their teeth are
Their tongue a sharpned sword:
5 Exalt thyself 'bove heav'n and earth
In my deliv'rance, Lord.
6 When with the fowler's treach'rous arts,
My ruin was prepar'd
Their pits occasion'd their own fall,
Their gins themselves insnar'd.
7 My heart, O God, is now prepar'd,
And this my tongue shall raise;
8 Which with my harp shall early sing
A consort to thy praise.
9 The great salvation thou hast wrought
I'll to the world proclaim;

The

The ſcattered nations ſhall aſſiſt
My ſongs to ſpread thy fame.

10 Thy mercy reaches to the heav'ns,
Thy truth unto the skies;
11 Then let thy glories, Lord above,
Both earth and heaven riſe.

PSALM LVIII.

[*As the* 100 *Pſalm.*]

1 YE that adminiſter affairs,
And judges in great councils ſit,
Do ye juſt ſentences pronounce,
And righteous men with care acquit;

2 So far from this; when all things ſhould
In equal balances be weigh'd,
You practice open violence,
By your corrupt affections ſway'd.

3 But 'tis no wonder; ſince you were
Deprav'd, almoſt as ſoon as born;
A wicked brood, train'd up to lye,
To flatter, and all truth to ſcorn.

4 Your venom'd tongues ſtrike at my life;
No ſerpent deadlier poyſon bears;
To all true information deaf,
The aſp, its ſaid, thus ſtops her ears.

5 In vain on that which will not hear,
Charmers employ their Magick-skill;
And all reproofs on you are loſt,
Who are unjuſt by ſtubborn will.

6 But tho' there's nothing can correct,
Yet, Lord, their wickedneſs diſarm;
When they like lions fiercely rage,
Leave them no pow'r to do me harm.

Part II.

7 May all the wicked's power fail,
Like haſty ſhow'rs as quickly ſpent;
Their arrows prove like broken reeds
Whene'er their bow's for miſchief bent.

8 Like ſnails ſo let them melt away;
Or thoſe untimely births, begun
With painful throes the mothers feel,
Which die before they ſee the ſun.

9 You're ready to devour the poor,
Like thorns prepar'd to ſeeth a pot;
When by a furious tempeſt rais'd,
All's ſwept away, before it's hot.

10 This righteous vengeance ſhall provoke
The joys and triumphs of the good,
As ov'r the ſlain with victory
They paſs, and dip their feet in blood.

11 And all that ſee it will confeſs,
That God mens actions do's regard;
And will not fail, as they deſerve,
Either to puniſh or reward.

PSALM LIX.

[*As the* 100 *Pſalm.*]

1 LORD, ſave me from mine enemies,
From thoſe that now againſt me riſe;

2. Workers

2 Workers of wickedneſs, whoſe rage
Blood muſt, and only mine, aſſwage.

3 Lo! how the mighty men are met,
And with ſtrong guards my houſe beſet;
To take away my life they wait,
Who by no crime deſerve their hate.

4 Thou ſeeſt how buſily they run, [done;
And, Lord, thou know'ſt I've nothing
Thou who haſt oft my helper been,
Behold what dangers I am in.

5 What's all their force, who thus combine,
Lord God of hoſts, compar'd with thine?
Spare not theſe heathens, who profeſs
They're thine, but wickedly tranſgreſs.

6 When I their malice ſcape by day,
They come at evening for their prey;
Which they like growling dogs do watch,
And hunt the city round to catch.

7 Their malice burſts out with their words,
They talk of nought but death and ſwords:
For who, ſay they, minds what we do?
8 Thou Lord; and wilt deride them too.

Expos'd to all mens ſcorn they'll be,
Who ſhall their hopes defeated ſee.
9 Tho' ſtrong they are, on God I'll wait,
Who will defend me from their hate.

Part III.

10 My gracious God will now prevent
My ruin, upon which they're bent:
And, by my ſtrange eſcape, compleat
My wiſh, in their as ſtrange defeat.

11 I wish not they at once were slain,
This would be soon forgot again:
If only scatter'd and brought low,
Their lasting shame thy pow'r would show.

12 Since their audacious blasphemies,
Their execrations, oaths and lyes,
Are sins whereof their mouths are full;
Just vengeance on their heads they'll pull.

13 Thus wandring let them pine and wast,
And perish in thy wrath at last;
That there's a God then all will know,
Who governs every thing below.

14 Now let them come as heretofore,
Watch like a growling dog, my door,
Or hunt me round in every street;
A plague like to it let them meet.

15 Forc'd like a dog that fain would eat,
To wander up and down for meat,
And pass whole nights in sad complaints,
That none do's satisfy their wants.

16 But whilst they make a howling noise,
I'll early raise my praising voice,
Proclaim God's care and providence,
In straits my refuge and defence.

17 I'll praise thee now my danger's o'er,
My strength to whom I pray'd before:
Thy mercy ever sing and shew,
To which my life and safety's due.

PSALM LX.

IN just displeasure for our sins
Deserted we have lain: Our

Our pow'rs all broken and diſpers'd,
Lord turn to us again.

2 Our land by ſad diviſions torn,
Do's ſtrange convulſions feel;
The breaches by our folly made,
Thy hand can only heal.

3 So heavy have our ſorrows been,
And ſuch amazement wrought;
As if of deadly wine w' had drank
A ſtupifying draught.

4 But God, his promiſe to fulfil,
An enſign do's advance,
To which the righteous may repair,
And find deliverance.

5 That thy beloved may obtain
A Saviour in their need,
In anſwer to my fervent pray'rs
Thy timely ſuccours ſpeed.

Part II.

6 God's ſacred promiſe paſs'd, now make
My hopes depend on thee:
The land that round *Samaria* lies,
Submits itſelf to me.

7 The reſt of *Iſrael*'s Tribes unite
To own my righteous cauſe:
Ephraim's my chiefeſt ſtrength for war,
Judah ſupports my laws.

8 *Moab* and *Edom*, as vile ſlaves
To ſerve me will be glad;
Philiſtia meet her conquering Lord,
And to his triumphs add.

9 Who then will lead me to that hold
On *Edom*'s frontiers lies,
So ſtrongly fenc'd 'gainſt all aſſaults,
Which all my force defies?

10 The Lord will do't, who heretofore
Refus'd our arm to bleſs:
He'll undertake our conduct now,
And crown it with ſucceſs.

11 Man's weakneſs helps in vain, may we
Thine aids in trouble meet:
Our hands ſhall do great acts, our foes
Lie conquer'd at our feet.

PSALM LXI.

[*As the* 100 *Pſalm.*]

1 REGARD, O Lord, my pray'r and cry;
2 Tho' forc'd to fly in this diſtreſs
T' th' utmoſt corner of the land,
Yet thou canſt hear and help no leſs.

My heart's with ſorrow overwhelm'd:
Be thou to me a ſafe retreat:
Where plac'd above my foes and fears
I may enjoy a quiet ſeat.

3 In all aſſaults thou ſtill haſt been
To me a ſhelter and ſtrong tow'r.
4 I ſhall be ſafe where thou doſt dwell,
Truſting in thy protecting pow'r.

5 Since thou haſt heard my vows, and I
Thy peoples heritage poſſeſs:
6 With a long life and happy reign,
Thy king, I hope, thou ſtill wilt bleſs.

7 May he for ever in thy love
And fear, O Lord, abide; and send,
That truth and goodneſs better far,
Than ſtrongeſt guards may him defend.

8 So will I chearful praiſes ſing,
And thy great name for ever bleſs;
And carefully perform thoſe vows
I made to God in my diſtreſs.

PSALM LXII.

[*As the 25th Pſalm.*]

1 MY ſoul doth wait on God,
My rock and my defence:
2 Tho' you diſturb my peace, I'm ſafe
Under his providence.
3 Why ſhould you ſeek your own
Deſtruction in my fall?
Like a looſe fence you'll tumble down,
Or like a bowing wall.

4 They're buſie to ſupply.
With lies, what wants in force
To ruin me; they ſpeak me fair,
Whom inwardly they curſe.
5 Thy duty, O my ſoul,
Do not to God neglect:
Wait on him ſtill, from whom alone,
Deliv'rance I expect.

6 He only is my rock
And my ſalvation:
He's my defence; it's not their pow'r,
Can thruſt me from my throne.

7 Safety and honour both
On God alone depend:
He, like a rock or fort, shall me
'Gainst all my foes defend.

Part II.

8 Ye people trust in God,
Whene'er you are afraid;
He'll be your refuge in distress,
When you implore his aid.
9 The men of low degree
Are vain; great men a lye:
Both in the balance laid appear
Lighter than vanity.

10 Wealth makes not happy men,
'Tis vain in this to trust:
Then seek not to enrich yourselves
By ways that are unjust.
If riches should abound,
By heav'ns blessing sent,
Take heed they do not gain your hearts
Nor make you insolent.

11 That all may know from whence
Their help they should derive:
Thou, Lord, has oft declar'd that pow'r,
Is thy prerogative.
12 That mercy flows no less
Abundantly from thee:
So that according to mens works,
Their due reward shall be.

PSALM LXIII.

1 EARLY, O Lord, my fainting soul
Thy mercy do's implore;

No

No traveller in defart lands
Can thirſt for water more.

2 I long t' appear as I was wont,
Within thy holy place;
Thy pow'r and glory to behold,
And to obtain thy grace.

3 For life itſelf without thy love,
No reliſh do's afford;
No other joy can equal this,
To ſerve and praiſe the Lord.

4 I'll therefore make my pray'rs to him,
And praiſe him whilſt I live:

5 This, like the choiſeſt dainties, will
Both food and pleaſure give.

6 When others ſleep, my wakeful thoughts
Preſent thee to my mind;
And in the night I think, how good
My God has been and kind.

7 Since thou alone haſt been my help,
To thee alone I fly:
And on thy watchful providence
With chearfulneſs rely.

8 In all my ſtraits I run to thee
With ſpeed, and ſafety gain;
When I keep cloſe to God, his care
And pow'r will me ſuſtain.

9 But they ſhall loſe their own, who ſeek
My life to take away:

10 And their ſlain carkaſes become
Food for the beaſts of prey.

11 The king ſhall joy in God, and all
That ſwear by his great name.

Shall glory; when perfidious men
Shall silenc'd be with shame.

PSALM LXIV.

1 LORD hear me, and from wicked foes,
Be thou my life's defence:
2 Protect me from their secret plots,
And open violence.
3 Whose malice whets their tongues, to wound
Deeper than sharpest swords:
Who 'stead of poyson'd arrows, use
Cruel and slanderous words.

4 A secret mischief they intend
Against the innocent;
Which fear of God will not restrain,
Nor yet man's care prevent.
5 Confirm'd in malice, and combin'd
In secret leagues they hide
Such undiscerned snares they think
By none can be descry'd.

6 Nothing that diligence can work,
Or wicked skill find out,
They unattempted leave, to bring
Their villanies about.
7 But all in vain: for that just God
Whose vengeance they provoke,
Shall ruin all their plots, and wound
Them by a sudden stroke.

8 Their wicked counsels and false tongues
Shall on themselves return:
And left by all, o're their lost hopes
They shall unpitied mourn.

9 All

9 All that behold this work poſſeſs'd
With awful fear, ſhall own,
It was an hand divine, not chance
Threw theſe proud ſinners down.

10 The juſt will truſt in God the more,
And loudly tell their joys;
Who makes them glorioufly triumph
O're wicked craft and lies.

PSALM LXV.

[*As the* 100 *Pſalm.*]

1 PRAISES in *Sion* wait for thee,
And there the vow perform'd ſhall be:
2 To thee, O God, that heareſt pray'r,
All fleſh ſhall chearfully repair.

3 Our ſins may juſtly put a ſtop
To all that good from thee we hope;
Thy mercy do's thoſe fears allay,
For this will purge our ſins away.

4 O happy they! that may draw near
To thee, and in thy courts appear;
For theſe ſhall all refreſhments have
Thy houſe can give, or they can crave.

5 By thine amazing wonders thou
Thy kindneſs to the good doſt ſhow;
The ends of th' earth in thee confide,
And th' iſles that in the ſea reſide.

6 Mountains, that ſeem to touch the ſky,
Gain from thy ſtrength ſtability:
7 The roaring ſeas God do's aſſwage,
And ſtills the peoples madder rage.

Part

Part II.

8 O'er all the earth the nations ſpread,
Thy works of pow'r and anger dread;
And all adore thy goodneſs great,
Where'er the ſun do's riſe or ſet.

9 Thy care prevents a threatning dearth,
Thou viſiteſt the thirſty earth;
Show'rs to enrich her barren womb,
From thy full ſprings above do come.

Thy bounty do's that food provide,
By which our needs are all ſupply'd.
10 The hardned ridges of the field,
Wat'red with ſhow'rs, are ſoft and yield.

Its ſeed, by clods thus gently preſs'd,
Spring up, and by after rains is bleſs'd.
11 The fruitful year rich bleſſings crown,
And plenty from the clouds drop down.

12 The wilderneſs refreſht with rain,
Tho' parch'd before, now ſprings again:
The little hills new garments wear,
And in their youthful green appear.

13 Flocks are the cloathing of the plain,
The vales are cover'd o'er with grain:
All nature ſeems to ſhout and ſing,
To welcome in the hopeful ſpring.

[*Another Metre.*]

1 PRAISES in *Sion* wait for thee,
The vow there paid ſhall be:
2 To thee, O God, that heareſt pray'r,
All gladly ſhall repair.

3 Our

3 Our sins may justly put a stop
T' all from thee we hope;
Thy mercy will those fears allay,
And purge our sins away.

4 O happy they that may draw near,
And in God's courts appear;
Refreshments in thy house they'll have
Of what their souls can crave.

5 By thine amazing wonders, thou
Kindness to us dost show:
In thee the ends of th' earth confide,
Isles that i' th' sea reside.

6 The tow'ring mountains, by thy hand
Fixt and unmoved stand.

7 The roaring seas God do's asswage,
And peoples madder rage.

Part II.

8 Thy pow'rful works, the nations spread
So widely, see and dread:
All where the sun do's rise or set,
Adore thy goodness great.

9 Thy care prevents a threatning dearth,
Thou visitest the earth:
Show'rs from above, t' enrich her womb
Like flowing rivers come.

By food thy bounty do's provide,
Our needs are all supply'd

10 The hardned ridges of the field,
Softned by show'rs, yield.

11 Its seed, by clods thus gently press'd
Springs up, by fresh rain bless'd.
The fruitful year rich blessings crown
Which fatning show'rs drop down.

12 The

12 The wilderneſs refreſht with rain,
Tho' parch'd, now ſprings again.
The little hills new garments wear,
In youthful green appear.
13 Flockt are the cloathing of the plain,
The vales ſpread o'er with grain,
All nature ſeems to ſhout, and ſing
Welcome t' a hopeful ſpring.

PSALM LXVI.

1 LET all the earth with joy reſound,
To God their voices raiſe:
2 Extol him in their ſongs, and make
Him glorious by their praiſe.
3 Proclaim his mighty works, in which
Such terror do's appear;
As makes his foes to crouch and feign
Obedience thro' their fear.

4 Ev'n all the earth ſhall worſhip thee,
And ſing unto thy name:
5 Who ſee the wonders thou haſt done
To raiſe and ſpread thy fame.
6 He turn'd the ſea into dry land;
The ſwelling flood made way
For *Iſrael* to paſs, who there
His glories did diſplay.

7 He views the nations, and his rule
Do's o'er the world extend;
Then let not men rebel, for pride
Will in their ruin end.
8 Let all the people bleſs the Lord,
And loudly ſing thy praiſe:

9 Thou

9 Thou great preſerver of our lives,
And guide of all our ways.

Part II.

10 Through ſevere tryals we have paſs'd,
In grievous ſtraits diſtreſs'd:
11 Like beaſts of burden have been us'd,
With heavy loads oppreſs'd.
12 Inſolent tyrants, as vile ſlaves
Have trod us under feet:
But through all dangers we are brought,
Where eaſe and plenty meet.

13 I'll go into thine houſe, O Lord,
And thankful offerings lay
14 Before thine altar, and the vows
I made in trouble pay.
15 To honour him, from whom all good
Do's come, Ill ſpare no coſt;
I'll offer what he do's require,
And what will pleaſe him moſt.

16 Ye that are pious come and hear
What God for me has done:
His mercy ſhew'd to me, will be
For your inſtruction.
17 When I with grief oppreſt, to him
My fervent cries did raiſe;
He heard me graciouſly, and turn'd
My ſighing into praiſe.

18 God will not favour me, if I
Iniquity regard:
19 But he inclin'd his ear to me.
And my petitions heard.
20 O let the glorious name of God
Be ever magnify'd;

Who

Who neither did reject my pray'r,
Nor his own grace deny'd.

PSALM LXVII.

[*As the 25th Psalm.*]

1 SHEW mercy to us, Lord,
Bless us with gifts divine;
O let the glories of thy face,
On us thy servants shine.

2 May thy hid ways be known,
Thy fear on earth abound;
And thy salvation over all
The heathen world resound.

3 Let all in psalms of praise
Their grateful thoughts express;
Let all the people round the world
Thy mighty name confess.

4 The nations now may sing
Their joys, since God do's reign:
He rules with wisdom, this great Judge
Will righteousness maintain.

5 Let all in psalms of praise
Their grateful thoughts express:
Let all the people round the world
Thy mighty name confess.

6 Then shall th'enriched earth
With plenty overflow;
And God on all his other gifts,
His blessings will bestow.

7 His blessings showr'd on us,
Our happy days shall crown:
His pow'r and goodness all the world
With humble fear shall own.

PSALM LXVIII.

[*As the* 100 *Psalm.*]

1 LET the great God arise, and then
His scattered foes will flee for fear;
2 Vanish like smoke, and melt like wax
Before the fire, when he draws near.

3 But let the just rejoyce, and praise
4 His name, to which all pow'r belongs;
He rides on high above the clouds,
Let him be rais'd too in your songs.

5 He pities orphans, widows wrongs
6 He rights, brings chained pris'ners out;
He for the desolate provides,
But plagues the rebels land with drought,

7 Lord, when thou brought'st thy people
From *Egypt* with a mighty hand: [forth
And led'st them thro' the wilderness,
To bring them to the promis'd land.

8 The heav'ns before thy lightnings dropt,
The earth did with thy thunder quake;
Mount *Sinai*, when the Lord came down
Did from its firm foundation shake.

9 In that dry wilderness thou sent'st
A plenteous rain at their complaint;
Ev'n bread was rained down from heav'n,
For their refreshment who were faint,

10 Thy numerous people with their flocks,
Found a convenient dwelling there;
And by thy bounty, Lord, the poor
With all things needful furnish'd were.

Part

Part II.

11 When God had giv'n them victories,
A female army ('twas their use)
Met the returning conquerors,
And in their songs thus told the news.

12 " All the great captains of their hosts,
" Have left the field with hasty flight;
" And left rich spoils, all shar'd by us
" Women, who were too weak to fight.

13 " Tho' you in *Egypt*'s servile works,
" Sully'd among the pots have lien;
" Your armies wings, like those of doves,
" Victorious now, shall brightly shine.

14 And so it was; for when the kings
On this side *Jordan* conquer'd were,
They as illustrious as the snows
On *Salmon*'s hill, did then appear.

15 And when on th' other side, the Lord
Your conquests also did advance;
Th' high hill of *Basan* then became
A part of God's inheritance.

16 But be not proud, ye lofty hills,
As if God meant with you t'abide:
Sion's the hill which he hath chose
Therein for ever to reside.

17 Thousands of angels there attend,
And God is where that host appears:
Sinai had once his presence, now
To *Sion* th' honour he transfers.

Part

Part III.

18 Like a great conqueror, our God
Ascended is above the skies;
And after him in triumph draws
As spoils, his captiv'd enemies.

He scatter'd his various gifts
Around, to make his bounty known;
Ev'n rebels had a share, 'mongst whom
He dwells, and they his kindness own.

19 God that heaps daily benefits
On us, shall have our praising songs:
20 He is our Saviour, to whom
The pow'r of life and death belongs.

21 In his just vengeance he shall wound
The heads of all that him resist;
On whom no methods of his love
Prevail, who still in sin persist.

22 God is resolv'd the victories
Of former ages, he'll renew;
As great as those in *Bashan*'s land,
And the red-sea, his people knew.

23 Thine arms shall so victorious be,
And such a slaughter shall be made,
That in thine enemies blood the dogs
[wade.
Their tongues may dip, and thou may'st

24 All know the pomp with which God made
His entrance to the holy place:
25 Singers and players, virgins too
With timbrels the procession grace,

26 Who as they went along, all joyn'd
Their voices, and this song they sung,

" In your assemblies bless the Lord,
" All ye that are from *Jacob* sprung.

27 The tribes all, with their princes, came;
Judah and *Benjamin* lay near,
But the remote too, *Zebulun*
And *Nepthali*, attended there.

Part IV.

28 This union which thy God has made,
O *Israel*, has made thee strong:
Confirm it, Lord, and what's begun
So happily, continue long.

29 Such blessings on *Jerusalem*
Shall from thy temple there come down,
That, by rich presents thither brought,
Kings shall themselves thy subjects own.

30 Check the fierce prince, like a wild beast
With rage to war against us bent,
With captains furious as bulls,
Soldiers as heifers insolent.

Prancing in silver plated arms,
He unprovok'd comes out to fight:
Scatter his forces and destroy
All that in war and blood delight.

31 *Egypt*, to make a league with thee,
Princely Ambassadors shall send;
And *Æthiopia* to God
Her hands in gifts and pray'rs extend.

32 Praise him, ye kingdoms of the earth;
33 Who governs all the heav'nly spheres:
From thence he thunders with his voice,
Which every creature dreads that hears.

34 Give

34 Give him the glory of his pow'r
Illustriously to *Israel* shown:
Its wonders in the heav'ns appear,
And thence by all the world is known.

35 They that behold his majesty
In holy places, are amaz'd:
'Tis God who giveſt strength and pow'r
Unto his saints; his name be ever prais'd.

PSALM LXIX.

[*As the* 100 *Psalm.*]

1 SAVE me, O God, or else I'm drown'd;
2 Plung'd in deep mires I find no ground;
Into deep waters I am led,
Whose swelling waves o'erflow my head.

3 So long for help to thee I cry'd,
I scarce can speak, my throat's so dry:
Mine eyes, (with looking long in vain,)
I scarce can lift to heav'n for pain.

4 My foes are numberless and strong,
Who unjustly to destroy me long:
Tho' of all quarrels to be rid,
I've paid for wrongs I never did.

5 God knows, who all my faults do's spy,
I never did them injury.
6 Let none trust less in God, nor shun
Well doing, seeing me undone.

7 For 'tis for thy sake I have born
Reproach, and suffer'd so much scorn:
8 Deserted by familiars been,
Nor own'd by those of nearest kin.

9 Zeal for the honour of thy name
And houſe, conſumes me like a flame:
All the reproaches thrown at thee,
I felt as if they'd aim'd at me.

10 If faſting I bewail their ſpite,
They call me a leud hypocrite;
11 If I wear ſackcloth when I'm ſad,
I'm look'd on as a fool or mad.

When the grave judges do me wrong,
12 No wonder I'm the drunkards ſong,
13 I'll only pray, that this may be
Thy time, O Lord, to favour me.

Part II.

Hear me, and now in my diſtreſs
Thy promis'd goodneſs, Lord, expreſs,
14 Reſcue me from that dangerous ſtate
I'm brought into by cruel hate.

15 I'm loſt amidſt theſe floods of woe,
If I ſtill ſink, they o'erflow:
This heap of waves, unleſs thou ſave,
Will riſe ſo high, they'll be my grave.

16 Lord, let my pray'r be heard above,
Whoſe only comfort is thy love;
As thou to pity art inclin'd,
Let me thy tend'reſt mercies find.

17 Diſown me not; who am not leſs
Thy ſervant, 'cauſe in ſuch diſtreſs:
But as my troubles greater are,
Require thy ſpeedier help and care.

18 Thy pow'r to ſave me interpoſe,
Whoſe life is ſtruck at by my foes:

Who

Who when I'm ruin'd will aloud
Proclaim their joys, and grow more proud.

19 Thou know'ſt with what diſhonour us'd,
With what reproaches I'm abus'd:
Both who are my ſworn enemies,
And what they plot, before thee lies.

20 To have no guilt, and thus to ſmart
Under reproaches, breaks my heart:
I find no partner in my grief,
As far from pity as relief.

21 They bitterly my ſorrows treat,
And give me gall inſtead of meat:
And when to quench my thirſt, I think,
They gave me vinegar to drink.

Part III.

22 Like vengeance, Lord, for them prepare,
And let their table be their ſnare:
Their proſp'rous ſtate without miſhap,
Be for their ruin a ſure trap.

23 Let darkneſs ſeize their eyes, and make
Their loins continually to ſhake:
24 Let thy ſevereſt vengeance haſte
To overtake and hold them faſt.

25 They and their race be ſo deſtroy'd,
Their houſes may be waſte and void.
26 For whom God wounds, him they purſue,
His grief whom he afflicts, renew.

27 Let ſuch more wicked daily grow,
And then no mercy to them ſhow:
28 Cut off, may they no bleſſings ſhare,
Which to the righteous promis'd are.

29 But,

29 But, Lord, tho' I dejected lie,
Save me, and set me up on high.
30 My songs of praise shall then declare,
Thy grace and pow'r how great they are.

31 The Lord will more this sacrifice
Than fairest ox or bullock prize:
32 And every pious heart that's sad,
This will revive and make it glad.

33 He his poor servants hears and saves,
Whom men ill treat, and use as slaves.
34 Let all the world his goodness raise,
Since one tongue's not enough for praise.

35 For God will *Sion* save and build
Cities with *Judah*'s people fill'd:
36 Their race that serve and love him well,
Shall there reside and safely dwell.

PSALM LXX.

[*As the 25th Psalm.*]

1 BEHOLD my troubles, Lord,
How they with with haste advance;
O do not stay, but come as fast
To my deliverance.
2 Let those that seek my life
Their own confusion meet:
When they attempt my hurt, with shame
Be forced to retreat.

3 Let such as make my griefs
Their sport, unpitied be;
Those that deride my trust in God,
Reward with infamy.

4 But

But where true worſhippers
Do ſeek their God to pleaſe.
Thy favour towards them expreſs,
And make their joys increaſe.

Let thoſe that hope in thee,
And thy ſalvation love,
Ever have cauſe and hearts to ſay,
Praiſed be God above.

Look on my ſtate oppreſt,
With miſery and grief;
Thou art my Saviour and my Help,
Lord ſend me quick relief.

PSALM LXXI.

[*As the 25th Pſalm.*]

My ſoul on God relies,
Let none diſgrace my truſt:
Lord, hear and ſave me when I call,
As thou art good and juſt.
Be thou my ſure defence,
Whereto I may reſort;
Make good thy gracious promiſes, Lord,
Be thou my rock and fort.

Save me from cruel men,
And thoſe that are unjuſt;
Thou, Lord, alone haſt been my hope,
And from my youth, my truſt.
Thou took'ſt me from the womb,
When my firſt breath I drew:
Thou haſt ſuſtain'd me ever ſince,
All praiſe to thee is due.

7 Many with wonder gaze
On me, as one forlorn;
8 But by my praiſes and thine aid,
I ſhall confute their ſcorn.
9 Lord, when my ſtrength decays,
And when my years decline,
Do not forſake or caſt me off,
But own me ſtill for thine.

10 Thoſe that to ruine me
Conſpire, theſe counſels pleaſe.
11 "Whom God has left he will purſue,
"Take and deſtroy with eaſe.
12 Let their preſumption, Lord,
Incline thee to draw near,
And make thine aids with greater ſpeed
For my relief appear.

13 Lord, diſſipate the force
Of my confounded foes;
And diſappointed of their hopes,
To open ſhame expoſe.

Part II.

14 In God I'll place my hopes,
Him with more praiſes crown:
15 His truth and mercies I'll proclaim,
Whoſe meaſures are unknown.
16 To no ſupports I'll fly,
But to the ſtrength divine;
No other goodneſs ſhall be nam'd,
Or faithfulneſs but thine.

17 Theſe from my youth I've learn'd;
And hitherto declar'd

Thy

Thy wond'rous works : forſake me not
18 When I become grey-hair'd.
Till I have further ſhown
Thy pow'r, and taught thy fear
Both to the preſent age, and thoſe
That after ſhall appear.

19 Thy goodneſs, Lord, is great,
Thy works illuſtrious are ;
All thy perfections have no bounds,
None can with thee compare.
20 Thou ſhalt again revive
My ſoul with grief depreſt
21 Thou, Lord, wilt raiſe my low eſtate,
Comfort and give me reſt.

22 Then to proclaim thy truth
I'll all my pow'rs raiſe ;
And to improve my ſongs will add
Sweet inſtruments of praiſe.
23 My chearful tongue and lips,
Shall loudly bear a part
In praiſing thee, when tun'd and rais'd,
By a moſt thankful heart.

24 This ſhall be my great work,
To celebrate thy fame ;
Who haſt redeemed me, and brought
Mine enemies to ſhame.

PSALM LXXII.

[*As the* 100 *Pſalm.*]

1 LORD, may the king, with mighty skill
And grace to judge aright be bleſs'd.

2 Then equal juſtice ſhall have place,
And the poor injur'd be redreſs'd.

3 Then ſhall the happy people, peace
And undiſturbed quiet gain;
When rulers high and low, their rights
And their juſt liberties maintain.

4 He the beſt uſe of pow'r ſhall learn,
To cruſh the proud oppreſſors might;
And ſave the helpleſs poor from thoſe
Who in their miſeries delight.

5 Thy never-ceaſing righteous rule,
Thy laſting honour ſhall procure;
And all ſhall thee obſerve and fear,
As long as ſun and moon endure.

6 By his mild government on all
Such welcome bleſſings ſhall come down,
As ſhow'rs on thirſty ground diſtill,
Or gentle rains on graſs new-mown.

7 The righteous in his days ſhall thrive;
The moon itſelf ſhall ſooner ceaſe
To fill and wain, than his juſt reign
Fail to be bleſt with laſting peace.

Part II.

8 His empire ſhall not be confin'd
Within *Judah*'s bounds, but ſtretch
Itſelf from ſea to ſea, as far
As th' earth's inhabitants do reach.

9 Dwellers in loanſome deſarts, ſhall
To own and do him homage meet;

His

His enemies shall lick the dust,
By low prostrations at his feet.

10 The kings of *Tharsis* and the isles
Tho' distant far, shall presents bring;
Princes from happy *Arabs* land,
With gifts shall honour this great King.

11 Ye by all kings of th' earth, shall he
With low submissions be ador'd;
All nations tributaries be,
And serve him as their sov'reign Lord.

12 Mercy shall gain him this regard,
As a known Patron of the poor;
Who saves them, when they cry in vain
To other helps, and his implore.

13 He'll spare them, and their case forlorn
14 Will pity; and when subtle spite
Or violence their ruin seeks,
Dear shall their blood be in his sight.

Part III.

15 His reign shall long and prosp'rous be;
The East rich offerings shall present;
All men shall pray for his long life,
And praise his righteous government.

16 Plenty shall every where abound,
The corn on barren mountains sown,
Shall spring so thick, the fruit shall shake
And make a noise like *Lebanon*.

The earth thus blest, the people too
Shall fruitful be and flourishing;

The cities numbers ſhall increaſe
Like graſs or flowers in the ſpring.

17 Whilſt the ſun's brightneſs laſt, his fame
In all ſucceſſion ſhall ſurvive;
All nations ſhall him bleſſed call,
And bleſſings all from him derive.

18 Bleſs'd be the ſov'reign Lord, the God
Of *Iſrael*, whoſe ſtupendious acts
Of pow'r our wonder, and whoſe grace
Our love and gratitude attracts.

19 Oh, may the glorious name of God
For ever be advanced then:
His glories fill the earth, and all
Joyn in his praiſe, and ſay, *Amen.*

PSALM LXXIII.

[*As the* 100 *Pſalm.*]

1 CERTAIN it is, that God is kind,
To thoſe that are ſincerely good:
2 But yet my faith was at a loſs,
My feet did ſtagger where I ſtood.
3 I ſaw the wicked's proſperous ſtate,
My envy at thoſe fools did riſe:
4 That when a healthful age was paſt,
A quiet death ſhould cloſe their eyes.

5 Exempt from plagues and miſeries
That others ſeek t' eſcape in vain;
6 They're cover'd o'er with violence,
And pride ſurrounds them like a chain.

7 Pamper'd

7 Pamper'd with eaſe and luxury,
Their body thrives, looks freſh and fair;
Their wealth rolls in with a full tide,
Beyond their hopes, without their care.

8 Such is their lofty pride, to oppreſs
They make no ſcruple, feel no ſhame;
9 Dare heav'n itſelf with blaſphemies,
And freely blaſt the good man's name.

10 This gives diſturbance to his mind,
And paſſion makes his tears to flow;
11 Doubts riſe within him, whether God
Diſcerns or minds things done below.

12 The ungodly are the proſp'rous men,
Thrive in the world, and riches gain.
13 I've waſh'd mine hands in innocence,
And cleans'd my heart, ſays he, in vain.

14 For every morn renews my plagues,
And I whole days in ſorrow ſpend:
15 But ſtay: thus ſpeaking I againſt
The faith of all good men offend.

Part II.

16 I oft conſider'd with myſelf
The unequal ways of providence;
I found them hard to be reſolv'd,
And doubts long kept me in ſuſpence.

17 At God's houſe I at laſt enquir'd,
And there did my miſtakes amend:
Before I only view'd their way,
But now I underſtood their end.

18 I saw the slippery precipice, [plac'd:
On which their tottering feet were
19 And with what terrors they were seiz'd,
When down to sudden ruin cast.

20 Their happiness was like a dream,
Which waking quickly vanishes:
21 Lord! what a stupid beast was I,
22 To vex myself at their success.

23 For all this while I was thy care,
By thee sustain'd, tho' suffering;
24 Thy counsels here shall guide me still,
And afterwards to glory bring.

25 Lord, there is none in heav'n or earth,
On whom I can rely like thee;
26 For when my heart and hopes here fail,
My stay and portion thou wilt be.

27 But those that are from God estrang'd,
Or unto hateful idols bow,
Shall surely their own ruin meet,
And a deserved overthrow.

28 God is my chiefest Good; 'tis best
To keep me to my God most nigh:
Then I his mercy and his truth
Shall praise, when I on him rely.

[*Another Metre.*]

1 IT's sure, that God is kind to those
That are sincerely good:
2 But yet my faith was at a loss,
I staggger'd where I stood.

3 Viewing

3 Viewing bad men, tho' fooliſh, here
To proſper, envy roſe;
4 To ſee an eaſy death, an age
Of health and vigor, cloſe.

5 From troubles freed, that other men
Strive to eſcape in vain;
6 They boaſt in violence, and pride
Surrounds them like a chain.
7 Pamper'd with luxury and eaſe,
Their looks are fat and fair:
Their wealth flows in beyond their hopes,
And oft without their care.

8 To oppreſs the weak, their lofty pride
No ſcruple feels, nor ſhame:
9 They dare heav'n to blaſpheme, and blaſt
Freely the good man's name.
10 This gives diſturbance to his thoughts,
And makes his tears to flow:
11 And now he doubts, whether God knows
Or minds what's done below.

12 Th' ungodly are the proſp'rous men,
Grow rich and thrive amain.
13 I've waſh'd my hands in innocence,
And cleans'd my heart in vain.
14 For every morn my plague's renew'd
In grief whole days I ſpend.
15 But ſtay: ſuch words againſt the faith
Of all good men offend.

Part II.

16 I oft debated with myſelf
God's ways of providence;

I found the search too hard, and doubts
Long kept me in suspence.
17 Till coming to God's house, I there
Did my mistakes amend:
Before I view'd their way, but now
I understood their end.

18 I saw the slippery precipice,
On which their feet were plac'd:
19 And with what terrors seiz'd, when down
To sudden ruin cast.
20 Their happiness was like a dream
Which waking vanishes.
21 Lord! what a beast was I, to vex
22 Myself at their success.

23 For still I was thy care, by thee,
Sustain'd, tho' suffering.
24 Thy counsels they shall guide me here,
And hence to glory bring.
25 There's none in heav'n or earth, on whom
I can rely, like thee.
26 When heart and hopes here fail, my stay
And portion thou wilt be.

27 But those that are from God estrang'd,
Or unto idols bow;
Shall meet thy fierce displeasure here,
And utter overthrow.
28 God is my chiefest good: it's best
To keep to him most nigh:
His truth and mercy I shall praise,
When I on him rely.

PSALM LXXIV.

[*As the* 100 *Psalm.*]

1 WILL God for ever caſt off thoſe [choſe?
Whom for his own, we know, he
For ever ſhall his anger ſmoak
Againſt his once beloved flock?

2 Let not thy purchaſe, Lord, thy lot
So dearly bought, be quite forgot:
But thy old dwelling call to mind,
Sion, to which thou haſt been kind.

3 Viſit with ſpeed, and view with pity
The laſting ruins of our city;
Or in thy holy houſe alone.
What miſchief th' enemy has done.

4 Where we were wont thy name t' adore,
With rage they impiouſly rore:
Their banners they ſet up we ſee,
In token of their victory.

5 As men in lopping off their boughs,
So here they freely deal their blows.
[ſhown,

6 Carv'd work, in which ſuch skill was
An axe's ſtroke at once hewn down.

7 Thy houſe, by being God's, that claims
To be untouch'd, they turn to flames;
And level with the ground, thus lain,
Is made by wicked hands profane.

8 They have deſign'd, ſuch is their ſpite,
To root out our religion quite;

Our

Our synagogues for this imploy'd,
Not one is left, but all destroy'd.
9 And, as if God had left us, we
No token of his presence see;
No prophet now to us do's send,
To tell us when our woes shall end.

Part II.

10 How long wilt thou bear with those,
Who *trust in thee* to scorn expose?
And hear'st what blasphemies they spake,
That thou to save us art too weak.

[draw,
11 Why, Lord, dost thou that hand with-
That kept thine enemies in awe?
Exert thy pow'r, and all will see
Their folly, who contend with thee.

12 We thy protection seem to claim,
Of old our King, and still the same.
What strange salvation in times past
Has this land seen, that now lies waste?

13 The parted sea retir'd in haste,
Op'ning a way thro' which we pass'd;
On its return the *Egyptian* host,
Stern as sea monsters, all were lost.

14 *Phar'oh* and all his captains drown'd
And spew'd out, no grave they found.
But in the bellies of wild beasts,
[feasts.
And fowls, which on them made their

15 From an hard rock, cleft by a rod,
[God:
Streams flow'd, and shew'd the pow'r of
Again, a flowing stream do's stop,
And a great river's dried up.

Part

Part III.

16 The regular changes that we see
Of day and night were made by thee:
The proper light that either needs,
From sun and moon by turns proceeds.

17 Th' earth's limits, and its various climes,
Diff'rence of seasons and of times;
The summer's heat, and winter's cold,
That fruitful, this decay'd and old.

These changes wisely order'd were,
So'r those in our condition here.

18 But fools still prosp'rous, grow so proud,
They now blaspheme thy name aloud.

19 Oh may thy church, thy turtle-dove:
Mournful, yet chaste, thy pity move:
To birds of prey expose her not,
Tho' poor, too dear to be forgot.

20 Thy cov'nant made to us respect,
Can'aan to give and to protect.
Now all its dwellings doleful lie,
With rapine fill'd and cruelty.

21 O let not the oppress'd complain,
Their pray'rs and trust in God are vain;
T'a good estate the helpless poor,
That they may praise thy name, restore.

22 Delay not, Lord, much less decline
To plead our cause, since ours is thine;
For these fools scoff at our distress,
Reproach thy providence no less.

23 Forget not then th' insulting cries
And tumults of thine enemies;

Whose

Whose pride, if it unpunish'd go,
Their insolence will higher grow.

PSALM LXXV.

1 WE'LL never cease to thank our God
For his preserving care:
For that thy pow'rful help is near,
Thy wondrous works declare.
2 What good men long so much to see,
When settled in my throne,
Disorders then shall be reform'd,
And equal justice done.

3 The land's confusions had dissolv'd
The peoples hearts with fear;
The pillars of the government
By me supported were.
4 The fools I caution'd not to be
So madly insolent;
5 Nor stifly proud, as if t'out-brave
Even heav'n itself they meant.

6 Promotion comes not from this coast,
Nor that, by lucky chance:
7 God, the great Sov'reign, puts one down
Another to advance.
8 He deals out plagues to men; his hand
Pours out a dreadful cup,
Full of strange mixture, and with sad
Ingredients made up.

Some bitter drops the good may taste,
But God reserved hath,

For

For wicked men the bottom dregs,
And larger draughts of wrath.
9 But I will celebrate and sing
For ever, Lord, thy praise;
And more cut off the wicked's pow'r,
And that of good men raise.

PSALM LXXVI.

[*As the* 100 *Psalm.*]

1 NONE knows like *Judah* God so well,
Nor his renown, like *Israel.*
2 *Jerusalem*'s his place of rest,
And *Sion* with his presence blest.

3 There lay the arrows broke, the shield,
The sword, and arm that did it wield.
4 Thou, for the slaughter of that day,
Are more renown'd than hills of prey.

5 They that with courage us'd t'invade,
Themselves a prey to us are made.
[withstands,
Seiz'd with death's sleep, which none
Their mighty men could find no hands.

6 Chariots and horse their ruin prov'd,
Both at thy check remain'd unmov'd.
7 When God is wroth, men think in vain
Courage or conquest to maintain.

8 When he from heav'n his sentence pass'd,
And rose to save the meek in haste;
9 Th' approach our foes with terror fill'd,
And all their rage becalm'd and still'd.

10 Thus man's outragious wrath and ſpite,
Raiſes God's praiſe t'a greater height;
All whoſe remains not yet expreſs'd
Shall at his pleaſure be ſuppreſs'd.

11 Vow then to God, as well as pray:
And what you vow with conſcience pay:
Let all around their preſents bring
T' expreſs their fear of this great King.

12 Mens height no privilege can plead,
He'll humble them, or ſtrike them dead:
Monarchs that to the world give law,
Before him ſtand with trembling awe.

PSALM LXXVII.

[*As the* 100 *Pſalm.*]

1 IN my diſtreſs, my pray'rs and cries
2 To God, that heard me, I renew'd:
And in the night, when others reſt,
With hands ſpread out to him I ſu'd.

3 All comforts I refus'd, my thoughts
Of God (how kind h' had been before,
And what our miſeries now were)
Diſturb'd and overwhelm'd me more.

4 Mine eyes to ſleep I could not cloſe,
Tho' grief had lock'd my lips up faſt:
5 All I could do, was to recount
Thy wonders wrought in ages paſt.

I call to mind the ſongs of praiſe
I made, from former dangers freed;

Debated

Debated with myself how well
God's past and present ways agreed.

7 Will God, said I, quite cast us off?
Nor follow us with one kind thought?
8 Are all his springs of goodness dry?
And must his promise stand for nought?

9 Has mercy lain so long diffus'd,
That God to shew it has forgot?
Or 's so provok'd, our miseries
To look on, but regard them not?

10 This pain'd me sore; that such a change
In God's proceedings did appear;
That the hand which formerly did save,
Its strokes should now be so severe.

11 But I'm resolv'd God's former works
And wonders I will think upon:
12 Repeat no longer my complaints,
But talk of all that thou hast done.

Part II.

13 The methods of thy providence
Perfectly just and holy are,
Tho' far above our reach; whose pow'r
And greatness are beyond compare.

14 The wonders thou hast done, thy name
Above all other Gods have rais'd;
The world has seen thy pow'r so far
Exceeding theirs, and been amaz'd.

15 Thy care so wond'rously preserv'd,
Jacob and *Joseph* saw: their seed
Beheld th' effects of thy strong arm,
When from th' *Egyptian* bondage freed.

16 The

16 The sea down to its bottom felt
Th' approach of God, and frighted was;
Fled in such, the depths were left
A way, through which on foot to pass.

17 A storm of rain and thunder fill'd
The air with noise, thy foes with fears;
[down,
Strange hail, like pointed stones, came
And clatt'ring flew about their ears.

18 God's thundring voice was heard above,
The lightnings in their faces flash'd;
And whilst the earth trembled and shook,
Th' amazed people stood abash'd.

19 Thou thro' the seas deep water mad'st
A path, which none before had trod;
And none with all their utmost skill,
Can trace the footsteps of our God.

20 *Moses* and *Aaron* led thy flock
With tender care and gentle hand;
And fed them in the desart, till
They came unto the promis'd land.

PSALM LXXVIII.

[*As the* 100 *Psalm.*]

1 MY people, to my words give ear;
[hear;

2 They are not vulgar things you'll
But passages of old remark,
Passing all skill in riddles dark.

3 To us, things by our fathers known,
Have surely been conveyed down.

4 We

4 We to conceal them think not fit,
But t' after-ages will transmit.
That they may learn God's pow'r to praise,
For wond'rous works of former days.
5 This, God who gave our law, enjoyn'd,
We should acquaint the race behind;
6 And they the next, that they might set
7 Their hope on God, and not forget
His works, which pow'rful motives are
T' observe his precepts with due care.
8 And warnings too not to rebel,
For which their stubborn fathers fell:
Whose hearts were not prepar'd t' obey,
Or if inclin'd, soon fell away.
9 The *Ephraimites* well arm'd with bows,
Like cowards fled before their foes;
10 God left them, when they did forsake
His guidance, and his covenant brake.
11 His wonders they forgat too soon,
The works they knew his hand had done:
12 Th' amazing things that wrought had been
In *Egypt*, by their fathers seen.
13 By him the sea divided was,
And thro' it on dry ground they pass;
The fluid waters swell and stand
Like a firm wall on either hand.

Part II.

14 He led them by a glorious cloud;
Both night and day their way is show'd.
15 Rocks in the wilderness he clave
The thirsty drink in plenty gave.
16 Streams

16 Streams from the rock, like rivers ſent,
After them in their Travels went.
17 All nature chang'd, but theirs has been,
Which durſt ev'n in that deſart ſin.

18 With what God ſent not ſatisfied,
By a new proof his pow'r they try'd;
Meat now, not for their want, they crave,
But ſuch as wanton Luſt would have.

19 Diſtruſt they openly declare,
Both of God's pow'r, and of his care;
" In ſuch a deſart what loud call
" Can bring in food to feaſt us all?

20 " Streams from the rock guſh'd out good [ſtore
" Which lodg'd perhaps within before;
" But can he bread enough beſtow
" Here, where no corn did ever grow?

" Can fleſh be had for all to eat?
" Their hunger had not need be great.
21 This language did inflame God's wrath,
22 Shewing diſtruſt and want of faith.

23 And yet their faith lack'd no ſupport,
Whoſe food was of a wond'rous ſort:
He made the clouds his granary,
Well fill'd with ſtores for their ſupply.

24 Theſe doors above when opened wide,
Manna ſhowr'd down on every ſide:
Heav'ns corn was diet ready dreſt,
25 And men with Angels food did feaſt.

Part III.

26 Well fed they were; yet God ſtill more
Sham'd their diſtruſt, and ſhow'd his pow'r.
27 He

27 He brought by proper winds that blew,
A cloud of quails which thither flew.

28 This flesh to satisfy the lust,
Rain'd on their camp as dust;
And round their tents the heaped store,
Lay pil'd like sand on the sea-shore.

29 Cramm'd with this dainty fare, not cloy'd
Their longings they a while enjoy'd:
30 But these sweet morsels while they chew,
31 God's wrath the chiefest of them slew.

32 Nor this, nor wonders done before,
Make them sin less, or trust God more,
33 By a long march in unknown ways,
These sinners did consume their days.

34 They promis'd fair when some were slain,
And sought God's favour to regain:
35 They own'd all safety came from thence,
When the High God was their defence.

36 Thus they with flatt'ring words and lies
Would their hypocrisy disguise:
37 Their oft revolts made it appear
Their hearts were false and insincere.

38 Yet oft God's mercy did forgive
Those who deserved not to live:
His anger oft away he turn'd,
Or else with gentle flame it burn'd.

39 Their flesh he knew was frail, and must
Moulder e'er long and turn to dust:
Or like a blast of wind, when 'tis o'er,
Vanishes, and returns no more.

40 How oft did they provoke him in
The desart, and repeat their sin?

41 Their

41 Their unbelief now proofs propounds
And to God's pow'r will ſet new bounds.

42 Out of their minds or hearts 'twas gone,
What mighty things his hand had done:
What time the tyrant's cruel yoke
Of bondage from their necks he broke.

Part IV.

43 Strange plagues upon th' *Egyptians* ſent,
Thro' *Pharaoh*'s court and city went.

44 The river turn'd to blood did ſtink,
None its polluted ſtreams could drink.

45 Inſects and frogs in ſwarms abound,
Sent to deſtroy, to vex and wound.

46 The fruits, for which ſo long they toil'd,
Thick clouds of locuſts came and ſpoil'd.

47 Their fig-trees and their vines were loſt
By hail deſtroy'd, and unknown froſt.

48 Hail mix'd with dreadful lightnings, kill'd
Their flocks and cattle in the field.

49 By other ways they plagued were,
As tokens of God's wrath ſevere,
At length he evil angels ſent,
Sad meſſengers of puniſhment.

50 Wrath like a torrent makes its way,
All lives were made an eaſie prey

51 T'a plague, which all the firſt-born ſmote
Of beaſt, and children they begot.

The flow'r of youth one day did ſee
Cut off from *Cham*'s poſterity.

52 Then his own people forth were bro't,
And led like ſheep the way he taught.

53 Led

53 Led thro' the sea safe without fear,
And saw their foes o'erwhelmed there;
54 He brought them to the holy land,
To *Sion*, won by his strong hand.

55 He cast out th' old Inhabitants:
And in their room his tribes he plants:
The land divides to each by lot,
And settles them in what they got.

56 But still they tempting God, excite
His anger, whilst his laws they slight:
57 Just, as of old, they apostatize,
And all their promises are lyes.

In every crooked path they'd go,
Starting aside like a false bow:
58 High places heath'nishly they affect,
And hateful images erect.

Part V.

59 When God beheld this, he was wroth,
And greatly did his people loath.
60 Left *Shiloh*'s tent, where he had stay'd,
Which never more his presence had.

61 The ark, where his glories did repose,
Was carry'd captive by his foes:
62 Whose cruel sword his people slew,
When God, provok'd, his care withdrew.

63 Vengeance consum'd their youth re-[nown'd,
Their maids no nuptial garlands crown'd:
64 Their priests were slain, their widows dear
All publick wailings did forbear.

65 But

65 But as a warriour nothing minds,
When sleep of wine his senses binds;
But waking, calls to arms and shouts;
66 So God his foes with fury routs.

Their hinder parts he deeply wounds,
And with perpetual shame confounds,
67 Yet would he not the ark restore
To *Ephraim*'s tribe where 'twas before.

68 But *Judah*'s tribe and *Sion* chose,
A place belov'd for its repose.
69 There he on high his temple plac'd,
Fix'd, like the earth, for ever fast.

70 God for his king did *David* chuse,
71 From minding flocks and yeaning ews,
Took him his *Israel* to keep,
With equal care he'd done his sheep.

72 He faithfully discharg'd his trust,
Designing what was good and just:
His skill to govern was no less
Attended still with good success.

PSALM LXXIX.

[*As the* 100 *Psalm.*]

1 BEHOLD, O Lord, with savage rage
The heathen spoils thine heritage:
Thy temple's made profane and cheap,
Thy city turn'd t' a ruin'd heap.

2 Thy saints dead bodies made a feast
To every ravenous bird and beast:
3 Their blood around like water shed,
Enow scarce live to interr the dead.

4 Instead of pity, thus forlorn,
We meet from all reproach and scorn.
5 When shall thy wrath, O Lord, expire?
Thy jealousie that burns like fire?

6 On heathens let thine anger smoke,
Who neither know, nor thee invoke:
7 Who with devouring rage have raz'd
Our city, and our land laid waste.

8 Call not to mind our former sin,
Nor how provoking we have been:
But let thy tender mercies now
Prevent our ruin, tho' brought low.

9 Our sins thy glory to advance,
Pass by, and send deliverance.
10 Why should the insulting heathen say,
Where's now their God to whom they [pray?

Oh, may they know thee, and their guilt,
By thy revenge for blood they've spilt.
11 And, mov'd by sighing prisoners cry,
Save those, whom they've condemn'd to [die.

12 Repay seven-fold our neighbours scorn,
Which we for thy sake, Lord, have born.
13 Thy people then thy name shall raise,
And future ages sing thy praise.

[*Another Metre.*]

1 THE heathen, Lord, with savage rage
Invade thine heritage:
Thy temple's made profane and cheap,
Thy city's a ruin'd heap.
2 Dead bodies of thy saints make feasts
To rav'nous birds and beasts.
3 Enow scarce live to interr the dead;
Their blood's like water shed.

4 Instead of pity, thus forlorn,
We're made their sport and scorn.
5 When shall thy jealousy expire?
Thy wrath that burns like fire?
6 On such as know not God, nor pray,
Let thy fierce anger stay;
7 Who with devouring rage have raz'd
Our walls, and land laid waste.

8 Tho' justly thou provok'd hast been,
Visit not our past sin.
But let thy mercy, tho' brought low,
Prevent our ruin now.
9 Pass by our sins, thy grace t' advance,
And send deliverance.
10 Where's now their God, to whom they pray,
Why should the heathen say?

By thy revenge, for blood they've spilt,
They'll know God, and their guilt.

11 Save

11 Save those whom they've condemn'd to
Mov'd by the prisoner's cry [die,
12 Repay seven-fold our neighbour's scorn,
We for thy sake have born.
13 Thy people then thy name shall raise,
And thee all ages praise.

PSALM LXXX.

[*As the* 100 *Psalm.*]

1 GREAT Shepherd of good *Jacob*'s race,
[ear.
And *Joseph*'s wondrous Guide, give
Thou sittest between the cherubims,
Thence gloriously for us appear.
2 *Ephraim*, with th' other tribes, once saw
Thy conquests in the wilderness:
Now shew thyself, that they may know
Thy saving pow'r is still no less.

3 Oh, make an happy change, and us
Unto thy favour, Lord, restore:
For if our God be reconcil'd,
We shall be sav'd, and sigh no more.
4 Great God! how long wilt thou reject
Our pray'rs; when we thy help intreat?
[down,
5 Whilst we large draughts of tears drink
Tears that are mingled with our meat.

6 Our foes agreeing in our harm,
Strive only who shall spoil us most;
Laugh at our trust in God, too weak,
[boast;
They think, t'oppose the pow'rs they

7 Oh change our ſtate, and us again
Unto thy favour, Lord, reſtore:
For if our God be reconcil'd,
We ſhall be ſav'd and ſigh no more.

Part II.

8 From *Egypt* thou haſt brought a vine,
Tranſplanted hither by thine hand:
9 Expell'd the heathen, that its roots
Might farther ſpread and fill the land.

10 The hills were cover'd with its ſhade,
Its boughs o'er goodly cedars ſtretch'd:
11 So fruitful 'twas, it from the ſea
As far as to *Euphrates* reach'd.

12 Why is her fence broke down? her grapes
By every ſpoiler's hand are preſs'd:
13 The boar roots up her plants, her fruits
Devour'd by every ſavage beaſt.

14 Return, great God, look from above,
Viſit this vine forſook ſo long;
15 Thine own plantation, and the branch
Thou madeſt for thyſelf ſo ſtrong.

16 See what deſtruction's made, the fire
Has burnt already what's cut down;
And what remains will be conſum'd,
If God continue ſtill to frown.

17 Lord, ſave the king, whom thou doſt love,
And ſend him thine almighty aid;
Whom zealous for thine honour, thou,
And ſtrong for our defence haſt made.

18 From thee we never will revolt,
If thou wilt us again revive;

But

But worſhip thee, and never ceaſe
To praiſe thy goodneſs whilſt we live.

9 Oh change our ſtate, and us again
Unto thy favour, Lord, reſtore;
For if our God be reconcil'd,
We ſhall be ſav'd, and ſigh no more.

PSALM LXXXI.

[*As the* 100 *Pſalm.*]

PRAISE him, to whom all pow'r belongs,
With joyful and triumphant ſongs;
Join to the muſick of your voice
Sweet Inſtruments harmonious noiſe.

On the new-moon with trumpets ſound,
Proclaim the ſolemn feaſt around:
This was a ſtanding law, decreed
By *Jacob*'s God to *Jacob*'s ſeed:

For a memorial ordain'd
Of their remove from *Egypt*'s land:
Who after heard with fear and awe
God's unknown voice that gave the law.

5 His ſhoulder cruſh'd with loads I eas'd,
His hands from ſordid works releas'd.
7 You cry'd in trouble, and oft crav'd
My help, and I as often ſav'd.

The thundring cloud that terrify'd
Th' *Egyptians*, was your light and guide.
You prov'd at *Meribah*'s fam'd ſpring
My pow'r, and I your murmuring.

8 I will inſtruct my people ſtill,
If they will hear, and do my will.

9 Own them no foreign deity,
Nor worſhip any God but me.

10 I am thy God; 'twas my ſtrong hand
Which brought me out of *Egypt*'s land;
Open thy mouth, tho ne'er ſo wide,
Thy longings ſhall be ſatisfy'd.

11 But *Iſrael* would not hear my voice,
Nor make their God their only choice;
12 So they were led, as their luſts crav'd,
By counſels of a mind deprav'd.

13 Oh, had they made but God their guide,
And with his wiſe advice comply'd;
He all their foes would ſoon have quell'd,
His hand have all their force repell'd.

14 They who their malice would not quit,
Been glad to flatter and ſubmit:
While he his people would have bleſt,
With never-failing peace and reſt.

15 With plenty have enrich'd the field,
The fineſt wheat for food to yield:
And with the ſweet refreſhment fill'd,
Of honey from the rock diſtill'd.

PSALM LXXXII.

[*As the* 113 *Pſalm.*]

1 YE rulers of the world, that bear
God name, and repreſent him here,
Know that this Judge among you ſits.
2 If you enact unrighteous laws,
Or countenance a wicked cauſe,
Your guiltineſs no plea admits.

3 You

3 You act like God, when you defend
The poor, and your assistance lend
To helpless men that justice crave.
4 Absolve the innocent with speed,
Obnoxious only by their need,
And from th' oppressor's pow'r save.

5 They cry too oft to you in vain,
Who'll know no other right but gain,
[take
Whose eyes are blind by bribes you
Thus justice cannot take its course.
But laws neglected lose their force,
And all the land's foundations shake.

6 I said ye're gods; but you shall die,
And fall, tho' sons of the Most High,
7 As other men and kings have done.
Arise great Judge of all, and reign;
Fall'n justice then will rise again,
When God doth sit upon his throne.

PSALM LXXXIII.

[*As the* 100 *Psalm.*]

1 DO not, O God, in our distress,
An unconcern'd spectator be;
Nor deaf to all our loud requests,
Without regard, our ruin see.

2 For lo, thy hateful foes insult,
And a tumult'ous noise they make:
3 Against thy people close designs
They lay, and crafty counsels take.

4 Nothing their malice will content,
Unless the nation perish quite;

So that no memory may remain,
Nor mention of an *Iſraelite*.

5 Ten warlike nations are combin'd,
6 7 And all their joint endeavours bent,
8 T' extirpate thy religion,
And to ſubvert thy government.

9 Let *Midian*'s army's fate be theirs,
Their fall, like that of *Siſera*,
Or *Jabin*'s hoſt, by *Kiſon*'s ſtreams
Diſcomfited and ſwept away.

10 No other burial may they have
Than that of thoſe near *Endor* kill'd,
Whoſe carcaſes were ſpread to rot
Like dung, and ſerv'd t' enrich the field.

11 Let all their princes when they fight,
Fly with diſhonour and be ta'en,
As *Zeb* and *Oreb* were, and be
Like *Zeba* and *Zalmunna* ſlain.

Part II.

12 Theſe all deſign, as they of old,
Thy choſen people to oppreſs;
And there, where God among us dwells,
Cities and houſes to poſſeſs.

13 Lord, make them like a tumbling ball,
No where to reſt, or ſtand their ground;
But be diſpers'd, and fly like chaff,
By driving tempeſts ſcatter'd round.

14 As fire conſumes dry wood, the ſun's
Hot rays the parched mountains burn;
15 So by thy wrathful ſtorm purſu'd
And frighted, all their force o'erturn.

16 Lord,

16 Lord, let their disappointed hopes
In their dejected looks appear;
Cover their face with shame, till they
Thy favour seek and pow'r revere.

17 Let this defeat so seize their thoughts
With trouble, and their fears alarm;
That no more courage may remain
T' assail, nor pow'r to do us harm.

18 Thus men will readily confess,
That he whom we JEHOVAH call,
Is the great Ruler of the world,
In pow'r superior over all.

PSALM LXXXIV.

1 How beauteous is the place, where thou
Thy presence, Lord, dost grant;
2 Oh, how I long t' approach thy courts
Impatient of restraint.
3 The little birds those liberties
Enjoy, that I'm deny'd:
Near to thine altar they prepare
Their nest, and there reside.

4 O happy men! that may frequent
Thine house, to praise thee still:
5 Whose trust is in thine aid, whose heart
Devout affections fill.
6 They pass with joy thro' *Bacca*'s vale
So troublesome and dry:
Whose want of springs, refreshing show'rs
By heav'n bestow'd supply.

7 Thus with renew'd vigor they
Go on unwearied still;

And all present themselves before
The Lord, in *Sion*'s hill.
8 Great God of hosts, attend when I
My pray'r to thee address
9 Look graciously on mine estate,
And thine anointed bless.
10 A thousand joyous days elsewhere
Yield me not such content,
As one day's freedom in thine house,
And in thy service spent.
There let me have the meanest place,
And at the threshold lie;
Rather than all the wicked's state,
Without this liberty.
11 God is a glorious Sun, from whom
We light and life derive;
A shield for our defence, and he
Will grace and glory give.
No good thing will he with-hold from him
That's upright in his way.
12 O happy man! that makes the Lord
His only trust and stay.

PSALM LXXXV.

[*As the* 113 *Psalm.*]

1 THY mercy, Lord, has chang'd our [doom,
Thy captives to their land are come,
2 And all their sins are done away.
3 Thine anger which was fierce before,
Is now remov'd and flames no more,
4 O let it ever cease, we pray. [frain?
5 When wilt thou, Lord, from wrath re-
6 Raise and revive our joys again?

7 Thy

7 Thy saving mercies, Lord, restore.
8 I'll listen to the ways of peace,
Which God will to his saints express,
If they return to sin no more.

9 Surely thy saving health is near
To such as thee sincerely fear,
And glory to our land will bring.
10 Mercy and truth together meet,
Justice and peace each other greet:
11 And truth out of the earth shall spring.
From heav'n shall righteousness look down:
12 God's blessings will our labours crown;
Our land with plenty shall o'erflow.
13 He with great justice all things sways;
And men should eye his righteous ways,
To trace the steps where he does go.

PSALM LXXXVI.

1 LORD bow thine ear to my requests,
Tho' poor and in the dust:
2 O save my righteous soul; for, Lord,
In thee alone I trust.
3 Be merciful to me, O God,
And hear my mournful voice.
4 Daily my soul to thee ascends;
Oh, make it to rejoyce.

5 Thou, Lord, art gracious and good,
To pardon sins inclin'd;
6 And all that humbly thee implore,
Shall plenteous mercy find.
To thee I call in my distress,
In hope thou wilt attend;

7 On thee with patience wait, till thou
A gracious anſwer ſend.

8 Tho heathens boaſt of other gods,
And talk of pow'rs divine;
There's none that can compare with thee,
Nor any works like thine.
9 All the deceived lands at length
Their Maker ſhall adore;
Shall glorify thy name, O Lord,
And celebrate thy pow'r.

10 When they behold how great thou art,
What wonders thou haſt done;
Their idols they'll diſown, and ſay,
That thou art God alone.

Part II.

11 Lord, guide my ſteps, that from the way
Of truth I ne'er may err:
My looſe affections ſo unite,
That I thy name may fear.
12 With all my ſoul I'll praiſe the Lord,
His glories ever tell;
13 By whoſe great goodneſs I have been
Freed from the loweſt hell.

14 Numbers of proud and cruel men,
O God, againſt me riſe;
They ſeek my life, and have no fear
Of thee before their eyes.
15 Thou, Lord, art pitiful and kind,
To puniſh ſinners ſlow;
Goodneſs and faithfullneſs from thee
Abundantly do flow.

16 Thy

16 Thy merciful regard I need.
And ſtrength from thee I crave;
From all deſigned miſchiefs, Lord,
Thy helpleſs ſervant ſave.
17 Some ſignal mark of favour ſhew,
Which all my foes may ſee,
And at their malice bluſh; when thou
Doſt help and comfort me.

PSALM LXXXVII.

[*As the* 100 *Pſalm.*]

1 PLAC'D on the holy hills, God's ſeat
For beauty and for ſtrength is great.
2 God none of *Jacob*'s dwellings hates,
But none ſo loves as *Sion*'s gates.

3 Tho' other cities famous are,
Thy glories are without compare;
Of thee alone it can be told,
God here his reſidence do's hold.

4 *Egypt* and *Babylon* may ſhow
(And ſo may other countries too)
Some ſingle worthy, who deriv'd
His birth from them, and where he liv'd.

5 *Sion* vaſt numbers can return,
Of great and good men in her born;
Whoſe flouriſhing eſtate, ſhe's ſure,
God by his care will ſtill ſecure.

6 When God, who all diſcerns, ſhall view
The nations regiſter; how few
Noted for goodneſs will he place
Upon th' account of heathen race?

7 *Sion* has many ſuch enjoy'd,
Tho' in lower ſervices employ'd:
They one another here ſucceed,
As ſtreams ſtill flow which ſprings do feed.

PSALM LXXXVIII.

[*As the* 100 *Pſalm.*]

1 O GOD my Saviour, night and day
To thee I cry, to thee I pray:
2 Incline thine ear to my complaint,
In mercy my petitions grant.

3 Troubles my ſoul ſo filled have,
I dwell next door unto the grave.
4 My ſtrength's ſo ſpent, when look'd upon,
I am given o'er by all for gone.

5 Shut up from all ſociety,
Among the dead I'm only free:
Forgot, like thoſe in battle ſlain,
Like families without remain.

6 I'm thruſt into a diſmal cell,
Which deep and dark, reſembles hell:
7 Thy wrath will ſink me down at laſt,
Troubles, like waves, come on ſo faſt.

8 As if to another world remov'd,
I've no converſe with thoſe I lov'd:
Others to ſee me have no mind,
To ſuch a loathſome place confin'd.

9 Sorrow's the company I keep,
Who can do nothing here but weep;
Only my fervent cries implore
Thine aid, when I can weep no more.

Part

Part II.

10 Wilt thou ſhew wonders to the dead;
Shall they, to praiſe thee, raiſe their head?
11 What kindneſs can the grave declare?
What truth, when men deſtroyed are?

12 What pow'r appear, where light is not?
Or righteouſneſs, where all's forgot?
13 Thus, Lord, my cries to thee I've ſent,
My pray'rs the morning light prevent.

14 Why do I then deſerted lie?
Why frown'ſt thou on my miſery?
15 Affliction has my portion been,
E'er ſince my age was freſh and green;

From which if no releaſe I find,
Thy terrors will diſtract my mind:
16 And now thine anger fiercer grows,
Death only muſt conclude my woes.

17 Theſe daily, like a rolling tide,
Environ me on every ſide;
The waves together met in haſte
Will ſwell and ſwallow me at laſt.

18 Relief from friends and thoſe I lov'd
Is hopeleſs, all ſo far remov'd;
And all, who my acquaintance were,
Are loſt, or hide themſelves for fear.

PSALM LXXXIX.

1 WITH chearful heart I'll ever ſing
The mercies of the Lord;
To all make known how true he is,
And conſtant to his word.

2 Without

2 Without all change thy mercy do's
On firm foundations ſtay:
And ſooner than thy promiſe fail,
The heav'ns ſhall move away.

3 When God his ſervant *David* choſe,
To govern *Iſrael*,
This covenant with him he made,
And by his oath did ſeal:

4 " The throne I give thee, on thy ſeed
" For ever I entail;
" Which tho' thrown down; yet I again
" To raiſe it will not fail,

5 This wondrous love if we forget
With praiſes to proclaim,
The heav'nly angels ſacred quire
Shall celebrate the ſame.

6 Theſe never with the Lord compare,
Nor his commands conteſt;

7 But give attendance at his throne,
With awful fear poſſeſs'd.

Part II.

8 Great God! there's none that's arm'd with pow'r,
Or girt with truth like thee;

9 Thou, when the waves ariſe, doſt rule
And ſtill the raging ſea.

10 Thy arm alone brake *Egypt*'s pow'r,
And *Iſrael* did adore,
When they beheld the drowned hoſt
Lie ſcattered on the ſhore.

11 The world, with all therein, is thine,
Made by thy pow'rful voice:

12 With

12 With all the quarters of the earth,
Which in thy care rejoice.
13 Thy great uncontrouled power,
Can no reſiſtance fear:
14 Yet mercy, righteouſneſs and truth
In all thy Rule appear.

15 Bleſt are the men that underſtand
The joyful ſound of praiſe:
They, thro' thy favour ſhall enjoy
An age of happy days.
16 Th' expreſſions of thy wond'rous love
Will freſh delights create;
17 And thou, the glory of thy ſtrength,
Wilt raiſe their low eſtate.

Part III.

18 Our king and Guardian, is the Lord
Of *Iſrael*, ever bleſt:
19 Who to an holy prophet thus
His mind of old expreſt.
" I've found a man of worth and might
" For your deliverer;
" One from among the people choſe,
" I for your king prefer.

20 " *David*, my ſervant, to receive
" This honour I appoint;
" Go then, and to this Office him
" With holy oil anoint;
21 My pow'rful preſence I'll afford
T' aſſiſt him in diſtreſs:
22 Whom ſubt'leſt foes ſhall not deceive
Nor ſpightfulleſt oppreſs.

23 But he ſhall their united force
Broken in pieces ſee;

And all that hate him, by my pow'r
Plagu'd and deſtroy'd ſhall be.
24 To him my faithfulneſs I'll ſhow,
My favours on him ſhowre;
And whilſt he truſts in me, will raiſe
And ſtill enlarge his pow'r.

25 His empire, by his Victories,
Shall far and wide extend;
26 On God; as a kind father, he
For ſafety ſhall depend.
27 I'll own him for my firſt-born king
In higheſt honour plac'd:
28 My love for him I'll keep, with him
My Covenant ſhall ſtand faſt.
29 Succeſſion in his family
From failing I'll ſecure;
The regal pow'r therein ſhall laſt,
While th' Heavens do endure.

Part IV.

30 If *David*'s ſons mind not my law,
Nor in my judgments walk;
31 If they religion, and its rules
Of life, profanely baulk.
32 For theſe tranſgreſſions and neglects
Severely they ſhall ſmart:
33 But yet my love I'll not withdraw,
Nor from my word depart.

34 I will not break the Engagements made
To *David*'s royal blood:
35 What by my holineſs I've ſworn,
My truth ſhall ſtill make good.
36 His race ſhall never fail, his throne
While the ſun ſhines ſhall laſt;

37 Nor

37 Nor shall the moon, my pledge above,
Stand in her Orb more fast.

38 But, Lord, how shall we reconcile
Thy dealings with thy word?
Wroth with our king, he's now by thee
Rejected and abhorr'd.
39 As if with *David* thou hadst made
A covenant in vain;
His honours trampled under foot,
His crown is made profane.

40 All his defences are broke down
His forts in ruins laid;
41 A scorn t his neighbours, and a prey
To every spoiler made.
42 His foes, much stronger, triumph in
Their easie Victories:
43 His blunted sword cannot repel
Assailing enemies.

44 His former glory's quite eclips'd,
His kingdom's state o erthrown:
45 His reign is shortened, and disgrace
Has sullied his renown.

Part V.

46 How long shall we in this sad state,
By thee neglected mourn?
Till we are utterly consum'd,
Lord, shall thine anger burn?
47 O call to mind how short a time
At best, to live we have:
Shall it be said, we're made for nought
But sorrow and a grave;

48 Why should our foes destroy us thus:
When none's so firm and strong, But

But he must fall into the grave,
And yield to death ere long;
49 Lord, what's become of that old love
Thou didst to *David* bear?
To whom for ever to be kind
Thou faithfully didst swear?

50 Forget not, Lord, how we are made
The mighty peoples scorn:
I easier all my other griefs
Than their reproach have born.
51 Thy foes they are, and to reproach
Thy promise they intend;
As if *David*'s ruin'd house
His kingdom now should end.

52 But still we'll hope in thee, tho' scorn'd,
And praise thee tho' oppress:
And evermore will say, *Amen*,
Amen; the Lord be blest.

PSALM XC.

[*As the* 100 *Psalm.*]

1 LORD, every age and race has seen
Tho hast our help and refuge been.
2 Ere that the mountains had a birth,
Or ever thou hadst form'd the Earth;
Thou hadst a being long before,
And shalt abide when time's no more.
3 Thy first decree 'gainst man was just,
Bidding him *Turn again to dust.*

4 A Thousand years, if we could stay
In life so long, is but a day

Compar'd

Compar'd with thee, and in thy sight
Like the short watches of the night.

5 Death, like an overflowing stream,
Sweeps us away; our life's a dream.
6 As flow'rs i th' morning fresh and fair,
Cut down ere night and withered are.

7 Thine anger and our wickedness,
8 Makes the short term of nature less:
9 And thus our years to an end are brought,
As swiftly as the breath or thought.

10 Our age to seventy-years are set;
If to another stage we get,
And unto fourscour-years arrive,
We rather sigh and groan than live.

Part II.

11 Lord, who with due reflection hath
Thought on the terrors of thy wrath?
Wrath that is equal to our dread,
And strikes so often sinners dead.

12 Oh that the sense of our last end,
Th' uncertainties this life attend,
May more excite our fear of thee,
And a wise care of piety.

13 When, Lord, shall thy displeasure cease?
When wilt thou give our troubles ease?
Now we are humble and repent,
Shew pity to us, and relent.

14 Oh let that mercy come at last
We long impatiently to taste:
15 And in proportion to our tears,
Let gladness crown our future years.

16 Since

16 Since acts of grace thy glory are,
And pleaſe thee moſt; do thou appear
In theſe to us and to our race:
17 Shew us the beauties of thy face.

Afford thy light to guide our way,
That we may never go aſtray:
All our good undertakings bleſs,
And proſper with deſir'd ſucceſs.

[*Another Metre.*]

1 LORD, every age and race has ſeen
Thou haſt our refuge been.
2 Ere that the mountains had a birth,
Or thou hadſt form'd the earth,
Thou *waſt*, when nothing was before
Wilt be, when time's no more,
3 Thy firſt decree 'gainſt man was juſt,
Thou ſaidſt, *Return to duſt.*

4 A life prolong'd t' a thouſand years;
One day to thee appears;
As the ſhort watches of the night,
Which ſlept away, we ſlight.
5 Hurry'd away, by death's ſwift ſtream,
We vaniſh like a dream.
6 E're night, thus flow'rs i' th' morning fair
Cut down and withered are.
7 Thine anger and our wickedneſs
8 Makes life's ſhort term ſtill leſs.
9 And thus our years t an end are brought,
Swift as a breath or thought.
10 Our age to ſeventy-years is ſet;
If forward ſtill we get,
And unto foreſcore-years arrive,
We rather ſigh than live.

Part

Part II.

11 Lord, who with due reflection hath
Thought on thy powerful wrath?
Wrath that is equal to our dread,
And oft strike sinners dead.
12 O that our lives that swiftly spend,
And sense of our last end,
May more excite our fear of thee,
And care of Piety.

13 When, Lord, shall thy displeasure cease?
When give our troubles ease?
Now we are humble and repent,
Shew pity, and relent.
14 O let that mercy come at last
Our longing souls would taste:
15 And in proportion to our tears,
Joys crown our future years.

16 Since acts of pow'r and mercy are
Thy glory; Lord, appear
17 In these to us and to our race;
Shew us thy beauteous face.
Afford thy light to guide our way
Never to go astray:
All our good undertakings bless,
And prosper with success.

PSALM XCI.

[*As the* 100 *Psalm.*]

1 HE that has God for his retreat,
Has gain'd a safe and quiet seat:
For God's o'er-spreading providence
Will like a shade, be his defence.

2 To him, as to my fort, I'll fly;
On him, my powerful God, rely.
3 When noiſom plagues infect the air,
He'll ſave thee from the ſecret ſnare.

4 His care, like wings, ſhall ſafety yield,
His faithful promiſe be thy ſhield:
5 So that no dangers of the night
Shall ſeize thee with a ſudden fright.

6 Plagues that, like pois'ned Arrows, kill,
And all a-round with ſlaughter fill,
Walking unſeen both night and day,
Shall miſs their aim, or balk their way.

7 Thouſands ſhall fall on every hand,
And thou the while unhurt ſhalt ſtand;
8 And only with thine eyes ſhalt ſee
What ſhall the wicked's portion be.

Part II.

9 Since thou haſt made the Lord moſt high
Thy refuge and ſecurity;
10 No evil ſhall thy peace moleſt,
No plague thy dwelling ſhall infeſt.

11 Bleſt angels, charg'd to guard thy way,
To thee ſhall kind attendance pay.
12 Theſe in their hands ſhall thee ſupport,
Leſt thou ſhouldſt ſtumble to thy hurt.

13 The Lion thou mayſt ſafely meet,
Tread th' aſp and dragon under feet,
14 Since he has ſet his love on me,
From danger I will ſet him free.

Becauſe he knows and fears my name,
I'll honour him and raiſe his Fame.

15 When

15 When he invokes me in his need,
I'll hear and answer him with speed.
When he's in trouble I'll stand by,
To save, and set him up on high.
16 Give him long life, and when that's done
Will shew him my salvation.

[*Another Metre.*]

1 He who makes God his sure retreat,
Has gain'd a quiet seat;
For God's o'er-shadowing providence,
Will be his sure defence.
2 To him, as to my fort, I'll fly,
On him, my God, rely;
3 He'll save thee from the secret snare,
When plagues infect the air.
4 His care, like wings, will safety yield,
His promise be thy shield:
5 So shall no danger of the night
Seize thee with sudden fright.
6 Plagues that like poyson'd arrows kill,
And all with slaughter fill;
Walking unseen both night and day,
Shall miss, or balk their way.
7 Thousands shall fall on every hand,
Whilst thou unhurt shalt stand;
8 And what the wicked's fate shall be,
Only thine eyes shall see.

Part II.

9 Because thou'st chose the Lord most high
For thy security;
10 No evil shall thy peace molest,
Nor plague thy house infest.

11 Bleſt angels, charg'd to guard thy way,
Will kind attendance pay:
12 Theſe in their hands ſhall thee ſupport,
From ſtumbling to thy hurt.
13 Safe the aſp and dragon thou mayſt meet,
Tread lions under feet.
14 Since he has ſet his love on me,
From harm I'll ſet him free.

Becauſe he knows and fears my name,
I will advance his fame.
15 When he invokes me in his need,
I'll anſwer him with ſpeed.
In ſtraits, to ſave him, I'll be nigh,
And ſet him up on high.
16 And when a good old-age is paſt,
Bring him to heav'n at laſt.

PSALM XCII.

1 O WHAT a pleaſant work it is
To praiſe the Lord above:
2 Morning and evening to proclaim
His faithfulneſs and love.
3 Sweet notes of inſtruments to join
With an harmonious voice:
4 Thy gracious dealings with me, Lord,
Have made me to rejoyce.

5 Great are thy works and thy deſigns,
Contain the deepeſt ſenſe;
6 Tho' wicked men and fools miſtake
Thy ways of providence.
7 They ſpring and flouriſh like the graſs,
With good ſucceſs o'erjoy'd;
And duly grow to be mown down.
And utterly deſtroy'd. 8 Thou

8 Thou, Lord, moſt high, doſt ever live;
9 They cannot 'ſcape from thee;
All ſhall be ruin'd and diſpers'd
That work iniquity.
10 Still higher to exalt my pow'r
Thou, Lord, wilt thine employ;
And crown that pow'r and dignity,
With undiſturbed joy.

11 This pleaſure I ſhall have, by thoſe
My ruin had combin'd;
To ſee them ſtript of all their pow'r,
And their own ruin find.
12 But righteous men like fruitful palms,
Or ſtately cedars grow;
13 For planted in thy courts they're fed
With ſprings that ever flow.

14 There they are fair and ever thrive,
And ſtill more fruit ſhall bring:
Age that makes other things decay,
Makes them more flouriſhing.
15 Thus God appears to all the world
To be both good and juſt;
No falſeneſs can be charg'd on him
Who is my rock and truſt.

PSALM XCIII.

[*As the* 100 *Pſalm.*]

1 THE Lord does reign, and like a king
Puts on his robes of glorious light;
Tremble, thou earth, when he appears
Cloathed and girt about with might.

Under his rule the unquiet world
Will gain ſtability and peace:
2 Of old his empire did begin,
And, like himſelf, can never ceaſe.

3 In vain the world, rebellious pow'rs,
In tumults and commotions riſe;
Like troubled waters of the ſea,
That bid defiance to the ſkies.

4 Reſiſt not his unequal ſtrength,
That far above your threatning noiſe;
For ev'n the ſea's unruly waves,
Do calmly liſten to his voice.

5 Lord, as thy pow'r can never fail,
So all thy promiſes are ſure;
It's thy perfection to be true,
And theirs that ſerve thee to be pure.

[*Another Metre.*]

1 THE Lord do's reign, and cloaths [himſelf
With robes of glorious light;
Tremble, thou earth, when he appears
Girded about with might.
Now the unquiet world will gain
Stability and peace;
2 His empire was of old, and like
Himſelf, can never ceaſe.

3 In vain the world's rebellious powers
Combin'd in tumults riſe;
Like waters of the ſea that bid
Defiance to the ſkies.
4 Reſiſt not his unequal ſtrength,
That far above your noiſe; For

For even the sea's unruly waves
Are calmed at his voice.

5 Thy power, Lord, can never fail,
Thy promises are sure;
Thy glory's to be true, and theirs
That serve thee, to be pure.

PSALM XCIV.

1 THOU great Avenger of all wrongs,
At length thy justice shew;
2 Arise, and render to the proud
Rewards that are their due.
3 How long shall evil men triumph,
And boast their villanies;
4 Speak scornfully of God himself,
And providence despise?

5 Who, whilst the ruin of the poor
6 And innocent they plot,
7 Say, that the Lord do's not discern,
Or else regards it not.
8 When will these brutish sinners learn,
These senseless fools be wise?
9 Shall he not hear, that made the ears,
And see, that form'd the eyes?

10 He the rude nations do's instruct,
And teaches man his skill:
Shall he not know then, and chastise
Thy disobedient will?
11 O flatter not thyself, nor these
Impieties maintain:
God knows these very thoughts of thine
How false they are and vain.

12 Lord, he's a happy man, whom thou
By chaſtiſements haſt taught;
And thereby to a ſenſe of thee,
And of his duty brought.
13 God in his mercy will at length
From troubles ſet him free:
Whilſt vengeance ruins wicked mens
Short-liv'd proſperity.

Part II.

14 Tho' good men for a while chaſtis'd,
May under troubles groan;
God will not utterly forſake,
Nor caſt away his own.
15 Neglected judgment ſhall return
Again to act its part;
And then felicity ſhall crown
The men of upright heart.

16 T' oppoſe my wicked foes I call'd
To other aids in vain;
17 Without thy ſuccours, in the grave
I and my hopes had lain.
18 When I deſpair'd to keep my feet,
Thy mercy me upheld:
19 Thy comforts eas'd my troubled thoughts
And ſwelling paſſions quell'd.

20 Will ever God tyrannick acts
Of unjuſt thrones abett?
Who under forms of law, t' oppreſs
The righteous power get?
21 They meet in council, and reſolve
That ſuch mens lives they'll have;

And

And whom their ſentence does condemn,
No innocence can ſave.

22 But againſt ſuch unjuſt decrees
The Lord is my defence;
He'll be my refuge to ſecure
Me from their violence.
23 What miſchiefs they 'gainſt me deſign'd,
Their ruin ſhall confeſs;
For God will ſurely cut them off
In their own wickedneſs.

PSALM XCV.

[*As the* 100 *Pſalm.*]

1 COME, let us all unite our joys,
And to the Lord our voices raiſe:
2 Before his preſence let us come
With thankful hearts and pſalms of praiſe.

3 Our Lord is a great God and King,
Of mighty pow'r and eminent,
Above all gods; him angels ſerve,
And princes only repreſent.

4 The ſecret places of the earth,
And ſtrength of hills are in his hand.
5 He made the waters of the ſea,
And for their bound prepar'd dry land.

6 To him that made us let us kneel,
And humble adorations give:
7 Who are the people of his care
The ſheep that on his paſtures live.

8 To day let's hearken to his voice,
And not ſuch hardened ſinners prove;

9 As thoſe that in the wilderneſs
Provok'd and tempted God above.

They proved his pow'r, and ſaw his [works,
10 And griev'd his patience forty year;
Till, wearied with their murmuring,
That race he could no longer bear.

He did their ſtupid unbelief,
And baſe ingratitude deteſt;
11 And in his indignation ſware,
They ſhould not come into his reſt.

[*Another Metre.*]

1 COME, let us with united joys
To God our voices raiſe:
2 With thankful hearts before him come,
And loudly ſing his praiſe.
3 Our God is a great God and King,
In power eminent
Above all gods: him angels ſerve,
And princes repreſent.

4 The ſecrets of the earth, and ſtrength
Of hills are in his hand;
5 He made the waters of the Sea,
And, for their bound, dry land.
6 To him that made us, let us kneel,
And adorations give;
7 Who are his people, and the ſheep
That on his paſtures live.

8 To day let's hear his voice, and not
Such harden'd ſinners prove;
9 As thoſe that in the wilderneſs
Provoked God above.

They

They prov'd his pow'r, and saw his works,
10 And griev'd him forty year;
Till wearied with that murmuring race,
He could no longer bear.

He did their unbelief and base
Ingratitude detest:
11 And in his anger sware they should
Not come into his rest.

PSALM XCVI.

[*As the* 100 *Psalm.*]

1 LET all the earth their voices raise
To sing the choicest psalm of praise,
2 To sing and bless God's sacred name,
And all his saving works proclaim.

3 His glory let the heathen know,
His wonders to the nations show:
4 Let him be prais'd that is so high;
More fear'd than any deity.

5 To idols heathen worship paid,
Our Lord both th'earth and heavens made.
6 He in majestick splendour dwells,
In beauty and in strength excells.

7 Let every tongue and every tribe,
Glory and power to God ascribe:
8 The glory give that is his due,
Their off'rings in his courts renew.

There fall down humbly and confess
9 The beauty of his holiness.
Let all the earth the Lord revere,
And by their duty shew their fear.

10 Say to th' world, the Almighty reigns,
A Judge that equity maintains:
He'll make their wars and tumults ceaſe;
And bleſs the world with quiet peace.

11 Let heav'n and earth proclaim their joys;
The ocean by its roaring noiſe:
12 Fields by the fairneſs of their crops,
Trees by their fruits that crown their tops.

13 At his approach all nature's glad,
And only ſinners are afraid:
All whom he judges, will confeſs,
His equity and righteouſneſs.

[*Another Metre.*]

1 LET all the earth their voices raiſe
To a new ſong of praiſe:
2 Sing we, and bleſs God's ſacred name,
His ſaving works proclaim.
3 His glory let the heathen know,
To all his wonders ſhow,
4 And when his praiſe aloud is heard,
More than all gods be fear'd.

5 To idols heathens worſhip paid,
Our Lord, the heavens made.
6 His honour's great; beyond compare
His ſtrength and beauty are.
7 Let every tongue and every tribe
Glory to God aſcribe.
8 The glory give due to his name;
Whoſe courts your off'rings claim.

9 There fall down humbly and confeſs,
The beauty of his holineſs.
Let all the earth the Lord revere,
Let duty ſhew their fear. 10 Say

10 Say to the world, the Almighty reigns,
A Judge that right maintains:
He'll make their wars and tumults ceafe,
And blefs the world with peace.

11 Let heav'n and earth proclaim their joys,
Seas by their roaring noife.
12 Fields by the fairnefs of their crops,
Trees by their fruitful tops.
13 At his approach all nature's glad:
Sinners alone afraid.
All whom he judges fhall confefs
His truth and righteoufnefs.

PSALM XCVII.

[*As the* 100 *Pfalm.*]

1 LET th' earth rejoice fince God do's [reign,
2 For tho' thick darknefs do's furround
And cloud his ways of providence;
Yet perfect juftice is their ground.

3 When God prepares himfelf for wrath,
4 His lightnings flame around the skies;
A dreadful fire before him goes,
To burn up all his enemies.

Th'amazed earth fees this and quakes;
5 The hills like melted wax flow down:
6 The heav'ns his juftice do proclaim,
And men below his glories own.

7 Confounded be thofe worfhippers,
That to a graven image bow,
And boaft of idols: worfhip him
Angels above and gods below.

8 Good

8 Good men will hear the news with joy,
When judgments on these sinners fall;
[vain,
9 Which tell the world their gods are
And thou art high above them all.

10 All ye that love and serve the Lord,
Strictly preserve your innocence;
Then tho' the wicked seek your fall,
God will stand up in your defence.

11 Th' immortal seeds of light and bliss,
For truly pious men are sown:
A joyful harvest will at length
Their labour and their sorrows crown.

12 Then let your chearful temper show
The God you serve is good and kind:
Praise him for all his mercies past,
And wait with joy for those behind.

[*Another Metre.*]

1 GOD reigns, let all the earth rejoyce;
2 Tho' darkness may surround,
And cloud his ways of providence,
Yet justice is their ground.
3 Lightnings when God prepares for wrath,
Do flame around the skies;
4 A fire before him goes, to burn
Up all his enemies.

The earth sees this and quakes, the hills
5 Like melted wax flow down;
6 The heavens his righteousness declare,
And men his glories own.
7 Confounded be those worshippers,
That to an image bow,

And

And boaſt of idols : worſhip him
Angels above and gods below.

8 Good men will joy when puniſhments
Shall on theſe ſinners fall.
9 Which ſhew their gods are vain, and thou
Art high above them all.
10 All ye that love and fear the Lord,
Preſerve your innocence;
Then let the wicked ſeek your fall,
God will be your defence.

11 Th' immortal ſeeds of light and bliſs
For pious men are ſown :
A joyful harveſt will at length
Their works and ſorrows crown.
12 Then let your chearful temper ſhow,
The God you ſerve is kind;
Praiſe him for mercies paſt, and wait
With joy for thoſe behind.

PSALM XCVIII.

1 RENEW your ſongs to God, and tell
What wonders he has done ;
Let all proclaim the victories,
His pow'rful arm has won.
2 His mercy which was kept before
A ſecret and inclos'd;
Now to the clear and open view,
Of heathens is expos'd.

3 His promis'd goodneſs and his truth
Was firſt to *Iſrael* ſhown;
But now the ends of th' earth have ſeen
His great ſalvation.

4 Let

4 Let all the earth this welcome news
5 Applaud with loudeſt noiſe:
6 Join muſick to their hymns of praiſe,
To teſtify their joys.

7 Let ſwelling ſeas roar, and excite
The joys of neighbouring lands;
8 Let ecchoing hills the noiſe repeat,
And rivers clap their hands.
9 Whoſe nature well may feel a change,
When God's approach is nigh:
Who comes to judge and rule the world
With truth and equity.

PSALM XCIX.

[*As the* 100 *Pſalm.*]

1 THE Lord do's reign, and on his throne
Between the cherubims do's ſit;
Let the earth quake, and fear poſſeſs
The people that inhabit it.

2 God: who in *Sion* dwells, is great,
And high above all people rais'd:
3 O may his holy name by all
Adored be and ever prais'd.

4 Pow'r in this King, with equity
And juſtice mixt, will do all right;
He governs always by theſe rules,
Mercy and theſe are his delight.

5 Extol him in your praiſes then;
And proſtrate at his footſtool, ſhew
Your low ſubmiſſion to your God;
As he is holy: this is due.

6 *Moſes*

6 *Moſes* and other famous men
Of old, thus their addreſſes made;
Before the Lord fell down; and he
Gave gracious anſwers when they pray'd.

7 He from a cloudy pillar ſpake,
They underſtood from thence his will;
His teſtimonies they obſerv'd,
And all his orders did fulfill.

8 The Lord did their petitions grant;
And was propitious for their ſake
To great offenders upon whom
Juſt vengeance he began to take.

9 Extol him in your praiſes then,
And at his holy hill fall down;
By this ſubmiſſion ſhew that you
His holineſs and greatneſs own.

PSALM C.

1 LET all the nations of the earth,
To God their chearful voices raiſe;
2 With gladneſs worſhip him and come
Before his face with ſongs of praiſe.

3 Our Lord is God; 'twas he alone
Did to us all our beings give,
We are the people of his care,
The ſheep that on his paſture live.

4 Enter his gates with thankful hearts,
His praiſes in his courts proclaim:
And by his pow'rful love inflam'd,
Delight to bleſs his ſacred name.

5 For

5 For God is infinitely good,
His mercy is for ever sure;
And ev'ry changing age shall see
His truth will still the same endure.

[*Another Metre.*]

1 LET all that dwell on earth, to God
Their chearful voices raise:
2 Serve him with joy, and come before
His face with songs of praise.
3 The Lord is God, who did alone
To all their beings give;
We are his people, and the sheep
That on his pastures live.

4 Enter his courts with thankful hearts,
His praises there proclaim:
And by his love inflam'd, delight
To bless his sacred name.
5 For God is infinitely good,
His mercy ever sure:
And every changing age will see
His truth the same endure.

PSALM CI.

[*As the* 113 *Psalm.*]

1 MERCY and judgment, Lord, I'll sing:
That mercy, which has made me [king,
2 Shall wisely still direct my course.
Thy perfect law the guide I'll make
Of all my ways, and none shall take
Example by me to be worse.

3 State

3 State-reason and a private end
Serv'd by ill projects shall not bend
The law against the rule of right
4 The man whose forward heart is press'd
Ungodly counsels to suggest,
Sall never be my favourite.

5 The privy slanderer I'll not brook,
Nor on the proud vouchsafe to look,
Unless to note him for disgrace:
6 But men of clear integrity,
And unsuspected honesty,
Shall be advanc'd to highest place.

7 None shall by tricks and sly deceit,
By lies and little arts grow great,
Or be in mine affairs imploy'd.
8 Justice shall not Offenders spare,
But wicked doers by my care
Shall from God's city be destroy'd.

PSALM CII.

1 LORD, hear the pray'rs and mournful cries
Of mine afflicted state;
2 And with thy comforts chear my soul,
Before it be too late.
3 My days consume away like smoak,
Mine anguish is so great:
My bones are not unlike an hearth,
Parched and dry with heat.

4 This makes my vital spirits fail,
And flag like withered grass;
Mine appetite to food's so lost,
My meals I over-pass;

5 Such

5 Such is my grief, I little elſe
Can do, but ſigh and groan:
So waſted in my fleſh, I'm left
Nothing but skin and bone.

6 Like th' owl and pelican, that dwell
In deſarts out of ſight;
I ſadly do bemoan my ſelf,
In ſolitude delight.

7 The wakeful bird, that on houſe-tops
Sits without company;
And ſpends the night in doleful cries,
Lives ſuch a life as I.

8 My pleaſed enemies expoſe,
My miſeries to ſcorn.
So ſet againſt me with mad rage,
My ruin they have ſworn,

9 Th' aſhes I rowl in, when I eat,
Are taſted with my bread.
And with my drink are mix'd the tears
I plentifully ſhed.

10 Thy wrath againſt us ſo ſevere,
Does not remit at all:
By daſhing all the hopes thou'ſt rais'd,
I've had the ſorer fall.

Part II.

11 My days, like the declining ſhades,
Make haſt, and fly away:
As flowers before the ſcorching ſun,
They wither and decay.

12 But thou, Lord, ever ſhalt remain
The ſame thou ever waſt:
And the memorial of thy Truth
Shall to all ages laſt.

13 The

13 The years of *Sion*'s Puniſhment
Prefix'd, expiring are:
God's time to favour her's at hand,
Her ruins to repair.

14 Theſe hopes to ſee her built again,
Make us her ſtones to prize;
Her heaps of rubbiſh and of Duſt,
Are precious in our eyes.

15 The heathen kings who ſcorn us now,
Will then thy name revere:

16 Whoſe pow'r when *Sion* is reſtor'd,
Will glorioufly appear.

17 The captive poor that now bemoan
Their miſeries in vain,
Shall then be heard, and their loſt ſtate
And liberties regain.

18 This mercy to the following age
Shall ſtand upon record:
And their poſterity, though yet
Unborn, ſhall praiſe the Lord.

Part III.

19 The Lord, who in his heav'nly throne
Advanced is ſo high;
Yet caſts on our afflicted ſtate
A favourable eye.

20 He'll give that wiſh'd for liberty
The groaning priſ'ners crave;
And thoſe that look upon themſelves
As doom'd to die, will ſave.

21 That they the glories of thy name
May in his temple raiſe,
And in *Jeruſalem* aloud
His truth and goodneſs praiſe.

22 When

22 When all his saved people there
Shall meet with one accord;
And other kingdoms join with us
In worshipping the Lord.

23 But mine afflictions such decays
Of age and strength had made;
My hopes to see those happy days
Fell short, and thus I pray'd:
24 Lord, take me not away before
My better days be past;
Thine undeclining years beyond
All generations last.

25 Th' unknown foundations of the earth
Of old by thee were laid;
The fair and beauteous heavens shew
The works thy hands have made.
26 These all shall perish and wax old,
Like garments thrown aside;
But tho' they change, thy years ne'er fail,
27 Thou dost the same abide.

28 Thy kindness to the good is firm,
Thy word to them is sure: [world,
Tho' strange events may change the
Their race shall still endure.

PSALM CIII.

[*As the* 100 *Psalm.*]

1 BLESS thou the Lord, my soul, his name
Let all the pow'rs within me bless:
2 O let not his past favours lie
Forgotten in unthankfulness.

3 It's

3 It's he that pardons all thy sins;
He that in sickness makes thee sound:
4 It's he redeemed from the grave
Thy life, with love and Mercy crown'd.

5 It's he that fills thy mouth with good,
And all thy just desires supplies:
Who, like the eagles, make thine age
To a renewed youth arise.

6 From his strict justice, sure relief
Oppressed innocence will find:
7 *Moses* and *Israel* knew his ways,
And kind Intentions of his mind.

8 Abundant mercies flow from God,
Love is his nature and delight:
9 Slow is his wrath, and tho' he chides,
Intends not to destroy us quite.

His anger, in its rise and stay,
From rules of justice never swerves;
10 And when he punishes our faults,
The measure's less than sin deserves.

11 As heaven is far above the earth,
So his rewards exceed our love:
12 Farther than east is from the west
His pardon does our sins remove.

Part II.

13 A father's pity to his child,
Resembles God's, tho' shorter far;
14 For he considers our weak frame,
That only quickned dust we are.

15 Man's days are like the grass, or flow'r,
That in the field its beauty shows;

16 But

16 But fades with every blasting wind,
And then its former place none knows.

17 But God's eternal truth and love
Is to good men, and to their race,
18 Those that his laws and cov'nant keep,
His favour will embrace.

19 Circled with glorious light his throne
The Lord has plac'd in heaven above;
Whose mighty pow'r and sovereign rule
Extends o'er all that live and move.

20 Bless God, ye angels who in strength,
And ready services transcend:
21 Bless him, ye host and ministers,
Who all to do his will attend.

22 All ye his works that subject are,
In every place, to his controul,
Bless ye your maker; and with them
Join in his praises, O my soul.

[*Another Metre.*]

1 My soul, bless thou the Lord; his name
All pow'rs within me bless:
2 O never let his favours be
Lost in unthankfulness.

3 It's he forgives thy sins, and do's
Thy sickness remove:
4 It's he redeems thee from the grave,
And crowns thy life with love.

5 It's he that fills thy mouth with good,
Thy just desire supplies,
Who, like the eagles, makes thine age
To a new youth arise.

6 From

6 From his ſtrict juſtice, ſure relief
Wrong'd innocence ſhall find;
7 *Moſes* his ways, and *Iſrael* knew
Th' intentions of his mind.

8 The Lord is kind, and goodneſs is
His nature and delight.
9 Slow is his wrath, and though he chides,
Would not deſtroy us quite.
His anger, in its riſe and ſtay,
From juſtice never ſwerves;
10 And when he puniſhes our faults,
It's leſs than ſin deſerves.

11 As heav'n do's far exceed the earth,
So his rewards our love:
12 Farther than eaſt is from the weſt
He do's our Sins remove.

Part II.

13 A father's pity to his child,
Than God's is leſſer far:
14 For he conſiders our weak frame,
And knows that duſt we are.
15 Man's days are like the graſs or flow'r,
Freſh when its dewly blown;
16 But fades with every blaſting wind,
Whoſe place no more is known.

17 But God is true, and ever kind
To good men and their race:
18 Thoſe that his laws and cov'nant keep,
His favour will embrace.
19 Circled with light, the Lord has plac'd
His throne in heaven above;
Whoſe ſovereign empire do's extend
O'er all that live and move.

20 Bleſs

20 Bleſs God, ye angels, who in ſtrength
And ſervices tranſcend:
21 Bleſs him, ye hoſts and miniſters,
Who all his will attend.
22 All ye his works in every place,
Subjects to his controul,
Bleſs ye your Maker; and with them
Join in his praiſe, my ſoul.

PSALM CIV.

[*As the* 100 *Pſalm.*]

1 MY ſoul for ever bleſs the Lord,
To this his greatneſs do's invite;
Honour and majeſty's his robe;
2 His beauteous veſture ſplendid Light.
He, as a tent, the Heav'ns extends;
3 Whoſe rooms on liquid Waters ſtay:
Clouds as his chariot, and the winds [way.
With their wing'd wheels mete out his
4 Angels as ſwift as air, bright
As flames, with quick obedience move;
To publiſh and effect below
His pleaſure giv'n in charge above.
5 The earth's foundations are unknown,
No pillar's rais'd its weight to bear:
And yet no pow'r can make it move,
Tho' it hangs looſe in fluid air.
6 The earth's firſt cov'ring was the deep,
Whoſe waves the higheſt hills ſurpaſs'd:
7 Till at thy check and thunder's voice
They ſhrank and fled away in haſte.

8 The

8 The mountains by hid ways they climb,
Thence to the lower vales descend;
Till in the sea, from whence they came,
At last their winding courses end.

9 In vain the ocean's swelling pride
Threatens again the earth to cover;
Its fixed bounds no rising tides,
Without new leave can e'er pass over.

Part II.

10 He from the hills through secret veins,
Causes the chrystal springs to burst;
11 They glide thro' vallies, where the beasts
And the wild asses quench their thirst.

12 There birds are taught with curious art
Their nests in shady boughs to raise;
And by their chearful notes reprove
Our silence in our Maker's praise.

13 Nor can the higher grounds which gape
For thirst, complain that they're forgot:
Clouds big with show'rs on them distill,
And water every barren plot.

14 By his command th'enriched earth
Food for all creatures do's produce;
The grass springs up to serve the beasts,
And herbs for man's peculiar use.
15 Rich wine that chears man's heart, and oil
That makes his countenance look bright;
Bread, the support of life; all made
To serve our needs, or our delight.

16 Trees that on barren hills are plac'd,
Need to be watered by our care;

Where *Lebanon* do's higheſt riſe,
Cedars are ever freſh and fair.

17 There birds obtain ſecure retreat;
Storks for their dwelling chuſe the pine;
18 Wild-goats find refuge in the hills,
Conies in rocks they undermine.

Part III.

19 The moon, whoſe varied face we ſee,
Meaſures the ſeaſons of the year;
And having run his daily courſe,
The ſun knows when to ſet, and where.

20 Darkneſs, as well as day thou mak'ſt;
'Tis night that brings wild-beaſts abroad:
21 Fierce lions, roaring for their prey,
By hunger taught, ſeek meat from God.

22 At the ſun's riſe, theſe ſcatter'd beaſts
Croud to their dens with haſty flight,
23 Men ſhare the day, whoſe works begins
And ends together with the light.

24 Great God! how various are thy works,
Created all with wond'rous skill.
25 Thy bleſſings, Lord, enrich the earth,
And the ſea's ſpacious boſom fill:

Whoſe yielding waves the ſhips divide;
The fiſhes move of diff'rent ſize;
26 And there the great *Leviathan*
Do's play, and man's attempts deſpiſe.

27 Theſe all wait humbly to receive
Thine alms of ſeaſonable food:
28 And what thine opened hand beſtows,
They gather, and are fill'd with good.

Part

Part IV.

29 If God but in displeasure frown,
The whole creation needs must mourn:
If he with-holds his breath of theirs,
They die, and to their dust return.

30 His quick'ning Spirit when it breaths,
All things with life and joy endues;
His pow'rful word that made the earth
At first, its face again renews.

31 Whilst this world's frame and order last,
God's glory never can be less:
And what his wisdom made so good,
His favour will delight to bless.

32 But let not sinful man presume
God's dreadful anger to provoke:
Whose look can cause the earth to quake,
Whose touch make proudest hills to [smoke.

33 The great employment of my life
Shall be to praise this mighty Lord:

34 To meditate his love and works,
The sweetest pleasure will afford.

35 While sinners from the earth consume,
No place or thought regards them more;
Bless thou thy Maker, O my soul,
Let heaven and earth his name adore.

[*Another Metre.*]

1 BLESS thou the Lord, my soul, to this
His greatness do's invite;

2 Honour and majesty his robe,
His vesture splendid light.

3 He as a tent, the heav'ns extends
Whose rooms on waters stay:
Clouds are his chariot, and the wind's
Wing'd wheels mete out his way.

4 Angels as swift as air, as bright
As flames, attend and move,
His pleasure to effect below,
That's giv'n in charge above.

5 The earth's foundations are unknown,
Its weight no pillars bear;
Yet none can move it, tho' it hangs
Loose in the yielding air.

6 The earth's first covering was the deep,
Whose waves the hills surpass'd:
7 Till at thy check, and thunder's voice,
They shrank, and fled in haste.
8 The mountains by hid ways they climb,
Thence to the vales descend;
Till in the sea, whence first they came,
Their winding courses end.

9 In vain the ocean's swelling pride,
Threatens the earth to cover;
Its fixed bounds no rising tides
Can, without leave, pass over.

Part II.

10 He from the hills by secret veins,
Makes chrystal springs to burst;
11 The wat'red vallies give all beasts
Drink to allay their thirst.
12 These birds are taught their artful nests
In shady boughs to raise:
Whose chearful notes our silence shame
In our Creator's praise.

13 Nor

13 Nor can the higher grounds which gape
For thirſt, ſay, they're forgot:
Clouds big with ſhow'rs on them diſtill,
And water every plot.
14 By his command th'enriched earth
Do's food for all produce;
The graſs ſprings up to ſerve the beaſts,
And herbs for humane uſe.
15 Rich wine that chears man's heart, and oil
That makes his face look bright:
Bread, the ſupport of life; all ſerve
Our needs, or our delight.
16 The trees on barren hills will thrive,
Unwatered by our care:
Cedars i'th' heights of *Lebanon*,
Are ever freſh and fair.
17 There birds find ſure retreat, the ſtork
Dwells in the lofty pine;
18 Wild goats in hills, conies are ſafe
In rocks they undermine,

Part III.

19 The moon's oft-varied face do's ſhow
The ſeaſons of the year;
After his daily courſe, the ſun
Knows when to ſet and where.
20 Darkneſs as well as light thou mak'ſt,
Night brings wild beaſts abroad:
21 The hungry lions roar for prey,
And ſeek their meat from God.
22 At the ſun's riſing, to their dens
They croud with haſty flight:
23 Men ſhare the day, whole work's begun,
And finiſh'd with the light.

24 Great God! how various are thy works,
All made with wond'rous skill:
Thy bleſſings, Lord, enrich the earth,
25 And ſea's large boſom fill.
There go the ſhips, and there do move
Fiſhes of diff'rent ſize;
26 There great *Leviathan* do's play,
And man's attempts deſpiſe.

27 Theſe all wait to receive thine alms
Of ſeaſonable food;
28 They gather what thine hand beſtows,
And all are fill'd with good.

Part IV.

29 If God but in diſpleaſure frown,
All creatures needs muſt mourn;
If he with-holds their breath, they die,
And to their duſt return.
30 His quickning Spirit, when it breathes,
All things with life endues,
His pow'rful word, that made the earth,
Its face again renews.

31 Whilſt the world's frame and order laſts,
God's fame will ne'er be leſs;
And what his wiſdom made ſo good,
Will ſtill delight to bleſs.
32 But let not ſinful man preſume,
God's anger to provoke;
Whoſe look can cauſe the earth to quake,
His touch make hills to ſmoke.

33 My life's great buſineſs ſhall be this,
To praiſe this mighty Lord;
34 To meditate his love and works,
The ſweeteſt joys afford.

35 While

35 While sinners fron the earth consume,
No place regards them more;
Bless thou the Lord, my soul, his name
Let heaven and earth adore.

PSALM CV.

1 O LET us all give thanks to God,
And call upon his name;
His gracious and his mighty works
To all the world proclaim.

2 Let us in songs and sacred hymns
Our great Creator bless;
And what his pow'rful hand has wrought,
Our joyful tongues express.

3 Count it your honour that ye know,
And bear his sacred name;
And when you worship this great Lord,
Take pleasure in the same.

4 Within his sanctuary let
Your pray'rs to him be made;
Your hopes upon his favour rest,
And his almighty aid.

5 O let the works that he has done
Your admiration move;
Think on the judgments of his mouth,
And wonders of his love.

6 This charge to you belongs who are
Of faithful *Abr'ham*'s race;
And *Jacob*'s off-spring call'd, who stood
In God's especial grace.

7 We glory that the mighty Lord
Us for his people owns;

Whose judgments make th' amazed earth
To tremble when he frowns.
8 His cov'nant with his people made,
He ever call'd to mind;
And will his promises fulfill,
To ages still behind.

Part II.

9 That cov'nant which the Lord of old
With our first fathers made;
10 And oft by oath renew'd to them
And to their seed thus said:
11 "On thee, I *Can'an*'s land bestow,
(This which we now possess)
To bring into which, his care
Shew'd that he meant no less.

12 For tho' when first our fathers came,
One family they were?
Whose number too was very few,
And they were strangers there:
13 Tho' weak, who in a settled place
No fix'd estate enjoy'd;
But forc'd from this to th' other land,
Might soon have been destroy'd:

14 He suffer'd none to injure them,
When sojourners they were;
But kings that meant to do them wrong,
Met with rebukes severe.
15 Let none attempt these persons harm,
So dear to God, and great:
"Touch not, said he, my anointed ones,
"Nor prophets rudely treat.

16 When after this, in all the lands
A famine long prevail'd: And

And bread, the great support of life,
When corn was wanting, fail'd:
17 He sent out *Joseph* to provide
For *Jacob*, now grown old:
But he that was to save his house,
First as a slave was sold.

Part III.

18 To *Egypt* brought, and falsely charg'd,
Joseph in prison cast:
The calumny more pain'd him, than
The chains that held him fast.
19 There, by unfolding hidden fates,
Great fame he had acquir'd:
This *Phar'oh* hearing, try'd him too,
And found him one inspir'd.
20 He quickly set him free, and made
Him ruler of the land:
21 The management of all affairs
He 'ntrusted in his hand.
22 His greatest princes to command
And punish he had leave;
All the wise senators from him
Instructions must receive.
23 Now *Jacob*'s house to *Egypt* came
As *Phar'oh* did invite:
24 And grew so as t'exceed their foes
In number and in might.
25 This makes them jealous and to hate
Those they receiv'd with joy:
Whom first by subtle arts they would
Diminish, then destroy.
26 *Moses* and *A'ron* (when God saw
Their bondage heavier grow)

Were sent to *Phar'oh* with demand,
To let his people go.
27 The mighty works which they perform'd,
And wonders in that land;
Show'd that whate'er they said or did,
Was by divine command.

Part IV.

28 He three days darkness, black as hell
Over all *Egypt* drew;
In which, and all the other plagues,
God's order they pursue.
29 He turn'd their waters into blood,
Which all their fish destroy'd:
30 Numberless frogs o'erspread the earth,
And the king's rooms annoy'd.

31 Infinite swarms of flies and lice
O'er all the country came:
32 Instead of rain he gave them hail,
Mix'd with devouring flame.
33 This storm not only from the trees
Their pleasant fruits beat down;
But all their fig-trees too and vines
Were broke and overthrown.

34 By his command numberless hosts
Of various locust pass.
35 O'er all the land, and with strange haste
Devour'd their herbs and grass,
36 In the same night all their first-born,
Smote by an angel, die;
The prime of all their strength, and prop
Of every family.

Part

Part V.

37 Loaded with *Egypt*'s wealth, the land
In haſte the people quit;
Not one in all their tribe ſo weak,
For travel was unfit.

38 Gladneſs at their departure thence
Th' *Egyptians* hearts did fill;
For fear, as the laſt plague their ſons,
The next themſelves might kill.

39 He ſpread a cloud, which skreen'd them
The ſcorching ſun by day; [from
But was ſo bright withal, it ſerv'd
By night to ſhew their way.

40 He then provides delicious fare
For that vaſt multitude; [down
Great flights of quails and bread ſhowr'd
From heav'n to be their food.

41 An opened rock their drink ſupply'd;
Whence ſtreams guſh'd out ſo fait,
They ran and follow'd them thro' all
The parched ground they paſs'd.

42 The Lord theſe wonders, to make good
His word to *Abr'am* wrought;

43 When he from ſlavery his race
With joy and triumph brought.

44 He fix'd them in a quiet ſeat
In *Can'an*'s pleaſant land:
Stor'd with all good by others pains,
And planted to their hand.

45 That by his kindneſs thus oblig'd,
And bleſs'd ſo many ways;
His laws they might with care obſerve;
The Lord for ever praiſe.

PSALM

PSALM CVI.

[*As the* 100 *Psalm.*]

1 BY chearful praiſes to his name,
That God is good to all proclaim:
Whoſe ſhown mercies to ages paſt,
To all ſucceeding time ſhall laſt.

2 Who can the pow'r of God ſet forth,
Or praiſe his wonders to their worth?
3 They're happy, who with conſtant care
In righteous works employed are.

4 May I be one of thoſe, and find
God always good to me and kind:
When thou deliv'reſt thine elect
From dangers, do not me neglect.

5 Their good ſecured may I ſee,
And ſhare in their felicity;
And when thou doſt their ſtate advance,
Glory with thine inheritance.

6 We the degenerate off-ſpring are
Of fathers that great ſinners were:
7 Who thy great wonders minded not,
In *Egypt* wrought, or ſoon forgot.
Their unbelief, when newly ſav'd
At the *Red-ſea*, freſh wonders crav'd.
8 There God, his glory to advance,
Gave them a new deliverance.

9 The ſea's ungovernable courſe
He checkt by his word's greater force:
Their way thro' the vaſt deep was dry.
Such as thro' ſandy deſarts lie.

10 O'er

10 O'er their purſuing enemy,
He gain'd a noble victory.
11 The ſea return'd on *Phar'oh*'s hoſt
With violence, and all were loſt.

Payt II.

12 Then they ſang praiſes to the Lord,
And for a while believ'd his word.
13 They ſoon what he had done forgat,
And would not for his counſel wait.
14 But tho' from heav'n with bread ſupply'd
Tempting God's pow'r, for fleſh they cry'd
15 They ſurfeit on the quails he ſent,
Which prove their plague, not nouriſh-
[ment.
16 'Gainſt *Moſes* then they mutiny,
And queſtion his authority:
Both him and *A'ron*, whom God choſe,
As proud uſurpers they oppoſe.
17 The earth did under *Dathan* cleave,
And with an open mouth receive
Abiram's troop: Alive they fall,
And in one grave are buried all.
18 Lightning from heav'n the other crew,
Invaders of the prieſthood, ſlew.
19 A calf in *Horeb* too they made,
And to an image worſhip paid.
20 God's glory that appear'd ſo bright,
And wrought ſuch wonders, now they
[flight;
An image better pleaſing was
Of a dull ox that eateth graſs.
21 How kind a Saviour God hath been,
The wondrous works in *Egypt* ſeen.

22 The

22 The sea that drowned *Phar'oh*'s host,
All these are now forgot and lost.

23 God was provok'd to such an height,
He threatned to destroy them quite:
When *Moses* in the breach did stand,
And stay'd the vengeance of his hand.

Part III.

24 The promis'd land they set at nought,
Tho' to the borders of it brought;
They th' ill report some spies had made
More credit, than what God had said.

25 They murmur'd when they should obey,
And when he said *Go up*; they'd *stay*.
26 Then solemnly the Lord did swear,
These rebels never should come there.

Nor the despised land possess,
But perish in the wilderness:
27 And some by the heathen overthrown,
Be slain or scattered up and down.

28 *B'al Peor*'s service they embrace;
Moab's vile God, and their disgrace;
With them on sacrifices fed,
That had been off'red to the dead.

29 God was so angry at this sin,
A grievous plague at once broke in:
30 When *Phineas*, with zeal possess'd,
Slew a bold sinner, and it ceas'd.

31 This fact which rash and hasty seem'd,
Just and praise-worthy God esteem'd;
And it obtain'd this act of grace,
T'entail the priesthood on his race.

32 At

32 At *Meribah* God's wrath they move,
Where they for drink with *Moſes* ſtrove;
It went ill with him for their ſake,
33 Who things unfit, provoked, ſpake.

34 When they came in, they did not root
The nations out, tho' charg'd to do't:
35 Were mix'd, and dealings with them had,
And in their manners were as bad.

Part IV.

36 They learnt what they ſhould ever rue;
To ſerve *their* gods, and left the *true*.
37 T' infernal ghoſts they ſacrifice
Their children with unpitying eyes.

38 The blood of innocents thus ſlain,
Did all the land of *Can'an* ſtain. [vile
39 Themſelves too they with whoredoms
And other beaſtly luſts, defile.

40 Then God was with his people wroth,
Whom once he lov'd he now doth loath.
41 The heathens yoke again they bear,
42 By foes oppreſs'd, whoſe ſlaves they were.

43 Oft did he ſave them in diſtreſs,
Yet they provok'd him ſtill no leſs;
Their old Idolatries renew'd,
Which brought them low, by foes ſubdu'd.

44 Yet when their mournful cries he heard,
He did their miſeries regard;
45 His covenant he call'd to mind,
Left off to puniſh, and was kind.

46 Ev'n thoſe who hated oft they prov'd,
He, to take pity on them, mov'd;

And

And those by whom they conquer'd were,
Their extirpation did forbear.

47 Now, Lord, let our salvation come,
And bring thy scattered people home:
That praising thee we ever may,
With greatest joy and triumph say,

48 " Blessing to *Israel*'s God and King,
" And everlasting praises sing:
" And may his saints with one accord,
" All say, *Amen.* Praise ye the Lord.

PSALM CVII.

[*As the* 100 *Psalm.*]

1 LET all give thanks to God above,
So full of kindness and of love.
Whose mercy ages past have known,
And those that are to come shall crown.

2 May't ever be by them confess'd,
Whom he redeem'd when sore oppress'd.
3 And made the scattered people come
From all the lands to their own home.

4 They pass'd thro' deserts, where no way
They found, nor city where to stay;
5 No food, to ease their hunger's rage,
Nor water-springs their thirst t'asswage.

6 In their distress to God they cry'd,
Who prov'd their Saviour and their guide:
7 He, the right path where they should go,
[show.
And place where they should dwell, did

8 Let

8 Let all men praiſe God's goodneſs then,
His wonders to the ſons of men;
9 Whoſe bounty longing ſouls ſupplies,
Their craving hunger ſatisfies.

Part II.

10 Thoſe who are in dark priſon laid,
So nigh to death, they're in its ſhade;
On whom the ſorrows that they bear,
Sit heavier than the chains they wear.

11 Theſe having proudly God withſtood,
Contemn'd his counſels for their good.
12 He then reſolv'd with pain and ſmart
To quell the ſtoutneſs of their heart.

Before his ſtrokes they could not ſtand,
Nothing could raiſe them but his hand.
13 Then, to the Lord they're forc'd to fly,
To importune his clemency.

Who did regard their low addreſs,
And ſav'd them out of their diſtreſs.
14 He chang'd their gloomy ſtate to light,
And brake their bands in ſunder quite.

15 Let all men praiſe God's goodneſs then,
His wonders to the ſons of men.
16 His ſtrength that all things do's ſurpaſs,
Brake bars of ir'n, and gates of braſs.

Part III.

17 Fools to leud courſes wholly bent,
Prepare for their own puniſhment.
Sickneſs and loathſome maladies,
From luxury and luſt ariſe.

18 The

18 The glutton's appetite o'erthrown,
His tasteful meats will not go down.
Nature with heavy loads oppresst,
Beckons to death to be releas'd.

19 Then do these frighted sinners fly
To God for help; whose earnest cry
Mov'd a regard to their adddress,
Heaven sav'd them out of their distress.

20 No need of med'cines for their cure,
Their virtue's not so quick nor sure;
Death's sentence only he repeal'd,
He sent his word and they were heal'd.

21 Let all men praise his goodness then,
His wonders to the Sons of Men:
22 And by their grateful sacrifice
Declare his works and their own joys.

Part IV.

23 They whom the ships on th' ocean bear,
24 Do see God's works and wonders there,
25 For at his word fierce tempests rise,
And lift its waves unto the skies.

26 One while they mount to heav'n aloft,
They sink into the depths as oft.

27 The passengers strange Terrours feel,
Like drunkards to and fro they reel.

28 Lost to all hope, to God they cry
For help in their extremity;
He lends an ear to their address,
And brings them out of this distress.

29 For at his beck the storms asswage,
The furious waves depose their rage.

30 They

30 They welcome now the calm, and see
The haven where they wish'd to be.

31 Let all men praise God's goodness then,
His wonders to the sons of men;
32 Nor only private off'rings bring,
But in the church his glories sing.

Part V.

33 When God's provok'd, his pow'rful hand
Turns rivers to a desart-land;
34 Their fruitfulness to barren grounds,
When wickedness therein abounds.

35 Dry grounds by show'rs sent from above,
And flowing springs fair pastures prove.
36 Thither the poor for dwellings flow,
Which after to a city grow.

37 They sow the fields and vineyards plant,
Whose fruits supply their growing want.
38 Their race springs fast from fruitful stocks,
Their wealth increases with their flocks.

39 Thus are they blest; but when they sin,
They're punish'd and brought low again,
40 Ev'n princes are expos'd to scorn,
And wander in a state forlorn.

41 But he exalts the poor on high,
And spreads their num'rous family.
42 The just with gladness this shall see,
And wickedness shall silent be.

43 How few there are with care record
These wond'rous dealings of the Lord!
But wise observers still shall find,
That God is infinitely kind.

PSALM

PSALM CVIII.

1 MY heart, O God, is now prepar'd,
And this my tongue shall raise:
2 Which with my Harp shall early sing
A consort to thy praise.
3 The great salvation thou hast wrought,
I'll to the world proclaim,
The scattered nations shall assist
My songs to spread thy fame.

4 Thy mercy reaches to the heav'ns,
Thy truth unto the skies;
5 O may thy glories, Lord, above
Both earth and heaven rise.
6 That thy beloved may obtain
A Saviour in their need;
In answer to my fervent pray'rs
Thy timely succours speed.

7 God's sacred promise pass'd, now makes
My hopes depend on thee;
The land that round *Samaria* lies,
Submits it self to me.
8 The rest of *Israel*'s tribes unite
To own thy righteous cause;
Ephraim's my chiefest strength for war,
Judah supports my laws.

9 *Moab* and *Edom* as vile slaves
To serve me will be glad;
Philistia meet thy conqu'ring Lord,
And to his triumphs add.
10 Who then will lead me to that hold
On *Edom*'s frontiers lies,

So

So ſtrongly fenc'd 'gainſt all aſſaults,
Which all my force defies?

11 The Lord will do't who heretofore
Refus'd our arms to bleſs;
He'll undertake our conduct now,
And crown it with ſucceſs.

12 Man's weakneſs help in vain; may we
Thine aids in trouble meet;
Our hands ſhall do great acts; our foes
Lie conquered at our feet.

PSALM CIX.

[*As the* 100 *Pſalm.*]

1 LORD, ſince my glor'ing is in thee,
Be thou concern'd t'avenge my wrongs:
2 Who now am wickedly traduc'd
By lying and deceitful tongues.

3 By odious calumnies, cloſe ſiege
They to my reputation lay;
And unprovok'd with open force
Attempt to take my life away.

4 I have deſerved well of thoſe
Who now mine adverſaries are;
I ſought not ſafety by revenge
When off'red, but of God by pray'r.

5 Evil for good is my reward,
The more I love I'm hated more.
6 'Gainſt the chief author of thoſe wrongs
Thy juſtice therefore I implore.

By the worſt judge may he be try'd,
And by a dev'l in ſpite accus'd:

7 Be

7 Be pronounc'd guilty, and his pray'r
For pardon, as a ſin, refus'd.

8 By an untimely death cut off,
His Office let another take:
9 Want on his children be entail'd:
His wife a forlorn widow make.

10 May they a ſorry vagrant life,
By begging up and down maintain:
And their own houſes lying waſte,
Seek for a Lodging where they can.

Part II.

11 Let an exacting creditor
Seize his eſtate as lawful ſpoil;
And may a perfect ſtranger reap
The fruit of all their care and toil.

12 Let none t' his memory be kind,
No pity to his race be ſhown:
13 But let them periſh, and their name
Be in the following age unknown.

14 Viſit on him his parents crimes,
Since he in ſin would like them be:
15 To ſhew that they are not forgot,
Root out their curſed memory.

16 He, when the poor for mercy call'd,
Nothing but cruelty did breath;
And when their hearts were broke with [grief
He perſecuted them to death.

17 Let all the curſes that he wiſh'd
To others, on his own head light;
And may he, by a juſt reward,
Want all that bleſſing he did ſlight.

18 In

18 In curſing and malicious lies.
As in rich cloaths he took a pride;
And may its ſad effect, like drink,
Through all his veins and bowels ſlide.

19 Sinking into his bones like oyl,
Let it allow him no repoſe;
Cover him with it like a veſt,
As with a girdle bind it cloſe.

Part III.

20 This ſhall be their reward from God,
Whoſe ſpite is on my ruin bent;
And queſtion not to make it ſure,
By lies and ſlanders they invent.

21 But ſince thy honour is engag'd
And mercy too: Lord take my part:
22 O ſave me! when by all forſook,
And pierc'd with ſorrow to the heart.

23 I vaniſh like an evening ſhade,
Toſs'd like a locuſt, up and down:
24 My knees and all my joints are weak,
My body lean with faſting grown.

25 They add unto my miſeries
Reproach and all the ſigns of ſcorn;
26 Lord, let thy mercy interpoſe
To help and ſave me thus forlorn.

27 Force them to own herein thy pow'r,
28 Who curſe in vain whom God will bleſs:
Let me with joy ſee them aſham'd,
That their attempts had no ſucceſs.

29 Cloath'd with confuſion, may they wiſh
To hide themſelves from their own ſhame:

30 In

30 In full assemblies then I'll sing
The loudest praises to thy name.

31 God, the great patron of the poor,
Will as his advocate stand by,
Defend his cause, and save his life,
When he's unjustly doom'd to die.

PSALM CX.

[*As the* 100 *Psalm.*]

1 THUS spake the Lord unto his Son,
Sit thou advanc'd on my right-hand;
Till all thy conquer'd foes shall crouch,
And wait their doom from thy command.

2 From *Sion* shall thy word go forth,
Which like a sceptre thou shalt sway:
To bring the stubborn under rule,
And make them willingly obey.

3 The conquest shall be great that day;
The numerous Converts thou shalt view,
Shall make an army that exceeds
The chrystal drops of morning dew.

4 The Lord hath all his Truth engag'd
By Oath, which he can never break,
To make thee an eternal Priest,
Of th' Order of *Melchizedeck.*

5 And when he's raised to his throne,
Proud Monarchs that oppose his reign
6 Shall fall, and all the wicked world
That will not stoop to him, be slain.

7 Whilst he pursues this work, he'll stoop
To mean Refreshments in the way;

But

But with a glorious reward,
God will his sufferings repay.

[*Another Metre.*]

1 THUS spake the Lord unto his Son,
Sit thou on my right hand,
Till all thy foes shall crouch and wait
Their doom at thy command.
2 From *Sion* shall thy word go forth;
This sceptre thou shalt sway:
Under thy rule shall rebels come,
And willingly obey.

3 Thy conquests shall be great that day,
The converts thou shalt view;
Shall make an army that exceeds
The drops of morning dew.
4 The Lord hath all his truth engag'd
By an oath he cannot break;
Thou'rt ever priest of th'order made
Of great *Melchizedeck*.

5 And when he's raised to his throne,
Kings that oppose his reign
6 Shall fall; and all the heathen world
That will not stoop, be slain.
7 Whilst thus employ'd, he'll stoop to mean
Refreshments in the way:
But God with glorious rewards,
His sufferings will repay.

PSALM CXI.

1 MY soul's best pow'rs I will engage,
And with affection join

In thoſe aſſemblies, where the ſaints
To praiſe the Lord combine.
2 They that contemplate thy great works,
Will ſoon with pleaſure ſee
3 Thy pow'r how glorious it is,
How great thy purity.

4 The wonders of thy providence
They'll often call to mind;
With grateful hearts proclaim, that God
Is gracious and kind.
5 How in the wilderneſs he gave
Food with a liberal hand:
6 And made his people to poſſeſs
The heathens pleaſant land.

7 Faithful and juſt are all his works;
His word no leſs is ſure;
8 When once his promiſe is engag'd,
Performance is ſecure.
9 *Iſrael* from ſlavery redeem'd,
His holineſs did know:
Their foes the terror of his name
Felt in their overthrow.

10 To fear the Lord true wiſdom is;
And he that ſtrives to pleaſe
His Maker, underſtands him beſt;
Whoſe praiſe ſhall never ceaſe.

PSALM CXII.

[*As the* 100 *Pſalm.*]

1 BLEST is the man that fears the Lord;
Whoſe pleaſure 'tis to do his will:
2 His ſeed ſhall be renown'd on earth,
His happy race ſhall flouriſh ſtill.

3 His

3 His houſe with plenty ſhall be fill'd;
And as his wealth and ſtores increaſe,
His bounty is enlarg'd; no fear
Of future want do's make it leſs.

4 When troubles fall unto his ſhare,
They'll in his greater comfort end:
What kindneſs God on him beſtows,
The ſame to others he'll extend.

5 He lends aſſiſtance to the poor,
Diſcreetly orders all his way:
6 Nothing ſhall move this righteous man,
Or make his memory decay.

7 No news of threatning danger can
His confidence in God diſplace:
8 He with undaunted courage looks
His foes ſecurely in the face.

9 God his diffuſive charity
With ſuitable rewards will crown
Not only thoſe above beſtow,
But honour here and great renown.

10 Mean while the wicked ſhall repine
With indignation at his bliſs:
And melt away with grief to ſee
This man obtain what they ſhall miſs.

[*Another Metre.*]

1 O HAPPY man that ſerves the Lord,
And joys to do his will:
2 His ſeed ſhall be renown'd on earth,
His race ſhall flouriſh ſtill.
3 His houſe with plenty ſhall be fill'd;
And as his ſtores increaſe.

His bounty is enlarg'd; no fear
Of want do's make it less.

4 When troubles fall unto his share,
They'll in his comfort end;
What kindness God on him bestows,
To others he'll extend.

5 He lends assistance to the poor,
Discreetly guides his way:

6 Nothings shall move this man, or make
His memory decay.

7 His trust in God, no threatning news
Of danger can displace:

8 He with undaunted courage looks
His en'mies in the face.

9 God his diffusive charity
With great rewards will crown;
Both those above bestow, and here
Honour and great renown.

10 Mean while the wicked shall repine
With envy at his bliss;
Consume with grief to see this man
Obtain, what they shall miss.

PSALM CXIII.

1 YE servants, of th' eternal King,
To God your chearful praises sing
2 Whose name be blest for evermore.
3 His goodness over all is great,
Where e'er the sun do's rise or set,
Since all are blest, let all adore.

4 O'er

4 O'er all the earth the Lord does reign,
And heav'n's too narrow to contain
His Glories that are infinite.
5 Let not poor borrowed greatneſs dare
With his perfections to compare,
Who dwells in uncreated light.

6 He condeſcends ſo far to know
Th'affairs of mortals here below,
As well as thoſe in heav'n above.
7 To ſhew how he o'er all things ſways,
He from the duſt the poor do's raiſe
And from his vile eſtate remove.

8 From thence advances him on high,
To unexpected dignity,
And ſets him on a royal throne,
9 When age and nature doth deſpair,
He makes the barren womb to bear:
O therefore praiſe this God alone.

PSALM CXIV.

[*As the* 113 *Pſalm.*]

1 WHEN the great God had *Iſr'el's* ſeed
From *Egypt* and opreſſion freed,
2 He then declar'd himſelf their King:
Whoſe bright appearance as they paſs'd
3 The ſea beheld, and fled in haſte;
Jordan retir'd unto its ſpring.

4 *Sinai*, when God came down did ſhake,
Th' adjoyning mountains all did quake,
And like affrighted rams did skip:
The little hills could not forbear

By trembling too to shew their fear,
Like lambs that round their mothers trip.

5 What ail'd the sea thus to shrink back,
Or *Jordan* its old banks forsake,
So cross to nature's fixed laws? [rams
6 Why should great mountains skip like
And little hills like frighted lambs?
Why seems it strange when God's the
[cause?
7 Not hills alone when he is near,
But the whole earth may quake for fear,
As into strange convulsions thrown:
8 For rocks into a wat'ry lake,
And flints into a fountain brake,
When God would make his power known.

PSALM CXV.

[*As the* 100 *Psalm.*]

1 NOT unto us, Lord, not to us,
But to thy name the praise we owe;
To thy free goodness and thy truth,
The springs whence all our blessings flow.

2 Why should the heathen ask in scorn,
Where is the God whom ye adore;
3 In heav'n he reigns, but do's on earth
Whate'er his will ordain'd before.

4 Silver and gold their idols are,
And all their worth derive from thence,
With no divinity inspir'd,
Since they are void of life and sense.

5 For tho' the maker forms an eye,
6 A mouth, or any other part:

7 He

7 He cannot give them sight or breath,
Nor lively motion by his art.

8 Fond men! to think your hands can make
A God to which your knees should bow;
You trust what cannot help itself;
Statues have sense as much as you.

9 O *Israel* in the living God
Repose your trust and confidence:
He'll help you to subdue your foes;
In dangers he'll be your defence.

10 Let *Aron*'s house on God rely;
To you he'll be an help and shield;
11 Trust in him ye that fear the Lord,
Whose care and aid will safety yield.

12 He, who in ages past was kind,
In after-times will be no less;
He th' house of *Israel* will save,
The priests of *Aron*'s house will bless.

13 He'll bless all pious worshippers,
Of low as well as high degree:
14 And largely heap his benefits
On you and your posterity.

15 O happy state thus to be blest,
By him that made both earth and heav'n:
16 His throne in heav'n is plac'd, the earth
In kindness he to man has giv'n.

17 The silent grave cannot declare
Thy wonders; nor proclaim thy praise.
18 We'll now begin that blessed work,
Which shall continue all our days.

[*Another Metre.*]

1 LORD, not to us, but to thy name
We give the praise we owe;
To thy free goodness and thy truth,
Whence all our blessings flow.
2 Why should the heathen ask us, Where's
That God whom you adore?
3 In heav'n he reigns, but do's on earth
What he ordain'd before.

4 Silver and gold their idols are,
Their worth derive from thence
With no divinity inspir'd,
Since void of life and sense,
5 For tho' the maker forms an eye,
6 A mouth or other part;
7 He cannot give them sight or breath,
Motion, or life by art.

8 Fond men! with hands to make a god
To which our knees should bow;
You trust what cannot help itself,
Statues have sense like you.
9 O *Israel*, in the living God
Repose your confidence;
To quell your foes he'll be your help,
In dangers your defence.

10 Let *A'ron*'s house on him rely;
He'll be your help and shield;
11 All that fear God, trust him, whose care
And aid will safety yield.
12 He, that before was kind, will be
In after-times no less;
The house of *Isr'el* he will save,
The priests of *A'ron* bless.

13 He'll

13 He'll bleſs all pious worſhippers,
Of low or high degree:
14 And heap his benefits on you,
And your poſterity.
15 O happy! to be bleſt by him
That made both earth and heav'n;
16 His throne's in heav'n, the earth to man
In kindneſs he has giv'n.

17 The grave thy wonders cannot ſhew,
Nor celebrate thy praiſe:
18 We'll now adore thy ſacred name,
And bleſs thee all our days.

PSALM CXVI.

[*As the* 100 *Pſalm.*]

1 SINCE God ſo tender a regard
In ſtraits to my requeſt did give;
2 My beſt affections he ſhall have,
And beſt devotions, whilſt I live.

3 Aſſail'd with grief and pains that ſeem'd
The ſad fore-runners of the grave;
4 To thee I made requeſt, O Lord,
My life from threatning danger ſave.

5 Nor did I cry to God in vain,
Nor did his mercy come too late:
6 But when my skill was at a loſs,
His kindneſs rais'd my low eſtate.

7 God and thyſelf, my ſoul, enjoy
In quiet reſt, freed from thy fears;
8 Who ſav'd thy life, upheld thy ſteps,
And dry'd up all thy falling tears;

9 I ſtill ſhall live and praiſe thy name;
10 Thus did I ſpeak, and thus believ'd:
11 Tho' in diſtreſs I raſhly ſaid,
All men will lye, and I'm deceiv'd.

12 What ſhall I render to the Lord
For all the kindneſs he has ſhown?
13 I'll humbly offer him my praiſe,
And thankfully his favours own.

14 The ſolemn payment of my vows
I made to God ſhall be my care.
15 Who ſav'd me from approaching death,
And ſhew'd my life to him was dear.

16 By all engagements, Lord I'm thine,
Thy ſervant whom thou haſt ſet free;
The very bonds that thou haſt loos'd,
Shall tie me faſter unto thee.

17 Thankful acknowledgments I'll make,
And God for all his favours bleſs:
I'll on his goodneſs wait, and pray
To him alone in all diſtreſs.

18 To God, in ſight of all his ſaints,
Religiouſly I'll pay my vows;
19 There where they meet within his courts,
To worſhip at his holy houſe.

[*Another Metre.*]

1 GOD, that ſo gracious a regard
To my requeſts did give,
2 Shall have my choiceſt love and beſt
Devotions whilſt I live.
3 Aſſail'd with grief and pains that ſeem'd
Fore-runners of the grave;

4 To

4 To thee I cry'd, O Lord, my life
From threatning danger save.

5 Nor did I cry in vain, nor did
God's mercy come too late:
6 But when my skill was at a loss,
He rais'd my low estate.
7 God and thyself, my soul, enjoy
Quiet and free from fears;
8 Who sav'd thy life, upheld thy steps,
And dry'd up all thy tears.

9 I still shall live to praise thee; thus
10 I spake, and thus believ'd
11 Tho' once I rashly said, all men
Will lye, and I'm deceiv'd.
12 What shall I render, Lord, for all
The kindness thou hast shown?
13 Praises I'll offer, and with thanks
Will all thy favours own.

14 The payment of the vows I made
To God shall be my care:
-- Who saved me from death and shew'd
My life to him was dear.
16 By all engagements I am thine;
Thy servant, Lord, I'll be;
The bonds that thou hast loos'd shall tie
Me faster unto thee.

17 I'll own with thankfulness, and God
For all his favours bless;
I'll on his goodness wait, and pray
To him in all distress.
18 Now, in the sight of all his saints,
To God I'll pay my vows;
19 There where they meet within his courts,
To worship at his house. [PSALM

PSALM CXVII.

1 LET all the nations of the world
Their great creator praise;
And all its scatt'red people joyn
His mighty name to raise.
2 Whose kindness towards us is great,
His mercies ever sure:
Then let our praises like his truth,
For ever still endure.

PSALM CXVIII.

1 O PRAISE the Lord, whom ages past
Have known to be so kind;
Whose mercies will continue sure,
To ages still behind.
2 Let all his people, and his priests,
3 That in his House attend,
4 With all that fear the Lord proclaim,
His mercies have no end.

5 Bear thou a part with them, my soul,
God's goodness to express;
Who heard my pray'r, and set me free
When I was in distress.
6 I need not fear what man can do,
Since God do's take my part;
7 Defeated all my foes will be,
When thou my Helper art.

8 Much safer 'tis to trust in God,
Than on an host's defence:
9 Rather in him than greatest kings
I'll put my confidence.

10 All

10 All nations round did me incloſe,
11 And more than once invade:
But to deſtroy them, I was ſure,
Thro' God's almighty aid.

12 They quite ſurrounded me, like bees,
Their anger flam'd, like fire;
But all was like a blaze of thorns,
That quickly do's expire.
I knew by his almighty aid
I ſoon ſhould cut them ſhort;
13 Tho' they puſh'd hard to throw me down
His help would me ſupport.

Part II.

14 I all my happineſs aſcribe
To God, who made me ſtrong;
And his ſalvation ſtill ſhall be
The ſubject of my ſong.
15 The joyful voice of triumph fills
The dwellings of the juſt;
16 His pow'r do's mighty things for them,
That in his goodneſs truſt.

17 I hope to live, and praiſe his works
Ev'n to my lateſt breath:
18 Who' tho' he has chaſtis'd me ſore,
Has ſav'd me ſtill from death.
19 Open, ye miniſters, the Gates
Which entrance do afford
Into God's courts for righteous men,
Where I will praiſe the Lord,

20 This is the Gate that thither leads;
And all the righteous throng
Shall enter in my company,
And hear this joyful ſong.

21 I'll

21 I'll praise thee, who hast heard my pray'r:
And tho' thou wast before
My gracious God, art now become
My pow'rful Saviour.

Part III.

22 The stone which by the builders deem'd
Unfit, aside was thrown;
Is chosen and preferr'd to be
The head and corner-stone.

23 This is the work of God alone,
By us with wonder seen:

24 This is the day the Lord hath made,
And we'll rejoyce therein.

25 We'll joyn our acclamations,
And loud *Hosannah's* sing;
Wishing prosperity may wait
On him that is our King.

26 Blest Saviour! who from God to us
On this kind errand came;
We welcome thee, and bless all those
That spread thy glorious fame.

27 Thou, Lord, hast mercifully shin'd
On us with light and grace;
And at thine altar we'll present
The sacrifice of praise.

28 Thou art my God, my joyful tongue
Shall ever sing thy praise:
Thou art my God, and I on high
Thy glorious name will raise.

29 Let all with thankfulness proclaim,
That God is good and kind;
Whose mercies which have been before,
Good men shall ever find.

PSALM CXIX.

Aleph. *Part* I.

1 THRICE happy are those upright men,
Whose ways are free from blame;
Who as the law of god directs,
Their lives and manners frame.
2 Blessed are they, who his commands
Unfeignedly fulfill:
And to obtain God's favour, seek
To know and do his will.

3 These, when they're tempted, do not sin;
But to thy paths repair;
4 Thou, Lord, hast charged us to keep
All thy commands with care.
5 O by thy grace so guide my ways,
Never from thine to swerve;
6 Nothing shall shame my hopes whilst I
All thy commands observe.

7 This signal favour shall excite
My unfeigned joy and praise,
That I have learnt how good thy laws,
How righteous are thy ways.
8 I'll keep thy statutes, for I see
In this thy will is clear;
Stand by me, Lord, as I intend
Herein to persevere.

Beth. *Part* II.

9 How shall a young man prone to vice,
Govern his manners, Lord?
By needful listening to the wise
Directions of thy word.

10 Sin-

10 Sincerely I have begg'd thy grace,
O keep me close to thee:
11 I've treasur'd up thy word, that I
Might not a sinner be.

12 Blessing and praise, O Lord, is due
To thee, who art so kind:
Thy statutes give me grace to learn,
And lodge them in my mind.
13 My high esteem of all thy laws,
I have declar'd around:
14 Herein my joy surpasses his,
That has a treasure found.

15 Oft on thy precepts will I fix
My thoughts, that I may see,
How well with thy prescribed rules
Of life, my ways agree.
16 My study on thy statutes, Lord,
And Heart's delight is set:
Thy word, which I entirely love,
I never will forget.

Gimel. *Part* III.

17 Such favour to thy servants show,
And such defence afford;
That I, preserved from my foes,
May live and keep thy word.
18 Open mine eyes, that I may see
The wonders of thy law:
19 Who in my pilgrimage, from hence
Must light and comfort draw.

20 Thy judgments clearly to discern,
So great my longings are;
The painful labours I endure,
My strength do's quite impair.

21 Thy

21 Thy curſe and thy ſevere rebukes
Follow their haughty pride;
Who from the path of thy commands,
Perverſely turn aſide.

22 No longer let my innocence.
Suffer reproach and ſhame;
Whoſe care is to obſerve thy laws,
To live without all blame.

23 Whilſt princes charg'd me with great crimes,
Theſe I my ſtudy made:

24 Thy ſtatutes were my counſellors,
And always made me glad.

Daleth. *Part* IV.

25 Struggling for life, forlorn I lie,
And humbled to the duſt:
Revive and raiſe me up again,
Who in thy promiſe truſt.

26 My ways and dangers I made known,
And found God's kind regard;
And in thy ſtatutes taught ſhall find
Safety for my reward.

27 Make me to underſtand aright
The way thy precepts ſhow;
Then all thy wonders I have ſeen,
Others ſhall alſo know.

28 My heart will ſink with grief, if God
His promis'd ſtrength denies:

29 Still give grace t' obſerve thy laws,
Seeking no help from lies.

30 By rules of juſtice and of truth
I've choſe my life to frame;

31 Cloſe to thy teſtimonies cleav'd,
Lord, put me not to ſhame.

32 I'll

32 I'll run the way of thy commands
With great alacrity;
When I'm enlarged with thy joys
And from theſe ſtraits ſet free.

He. *Part* V.

33 Teach me, O Lord, that way of life
Thy ſtatutes recommend;
Never from thence will I decline,
But keep it to the end.
34 Lord, give me a diſcerning mind
And knowledge of thy will;
Then what thy ſacred laws enjoyn,
I'll heartily fulfil.

35 Lead me in thy preſcribed path,
Where my contentment lies.
36 Incline my heart to thy commands,
And leſs this world to prize.
37 O turn away mine eyes from all
Vain pleaſures here in view;
That in God's way I may perſiſt,
His favour to purſue.

38 Make good thy word to him that is
Devoted to thy fear:
39 And the reproach I dread divert,
Whoſe judgments gracious are,
40 Thou ſee'ſt, O Lord, the fervent Zeal
I for thy precepts have,
Revive me for thy promiſe ſake,
And from theſe troubles ſave.

Vau. *Part* VI.

41 Thy mercy oft to me engag'd,
And faithfulneſs advance;

And

And let me feel their good effects
In my deliverance.
42 So shall I silence those who would
My piety disgrace:
I'm not too bold, when in God's word
My confidence I place.

43 Which faithful word may I ne'er be
Disheartened to assert;
Who trust the righteous judge will give
His sentence on my part.
44 Then I thy laws with greater care
Observe for ever will:
45 And serve thee freely, for I seek
Thy Precepts to fulfil.

46 Thy testimonies before kings
To own I'll not forbear;
But these, as the best rule of life,
Boldly to all declare.
47 By my delight in thy commands
My love to them I'll shew:
48 By practice to their study joyn'd,
I'll show my love is true.

Zain. *Part* VII.

49 Thy word, on which my hopes rely,
Lord to remembrance call:
50 This has great troubles on me brought,
But chears me under all.
51 When mine insulting foes have made
My trust in thee their scorn,
Yet have I not declin'd thy laws,
Tho' never so forlorn.

52 I call'd to mind how God of old,
By good mens trials, made

Them

Them and his power better known;
And this my grief allay'd.
53 But horror seiz'd me, when the crimes
Of wicked men I saw;
And what sad judgments would befall
Such as forsook thy law.
54 My wandrings up and down, had seem'd
More troublesome and long;
But that I thought upon thy love,
And made thy laws my song.
55 I call'd to mind how true and good
God was; whilst others slept:
56 A quiet chearful mind I had;
For I thy precepts kept.

Cheth. *Part* VIII.

57 Thou art my portion, and thy word
I'll keep like precious store:
58 Thy grace and mercy there engag'd
I earnestly implore.
59 My former wandrings I review'd;
60 And then without delay,
Resolv'd to change my course, and turn
Into thy safer way.
61 By wicked troops I've been beset,
And stript of all I had;
But did not seek to be reveng'd
By means thy law forbad,
62 At midnight I will wake and rise
When others are asleep,
To praise thee for those righteous laws,
By thee I'm taught to keep.
63 They're my companions, who express
Towards God religious fear;

All

All that with care thy precepts keep,
To me are truly dear.
64 Such is thy kindneſs, all the earth
Thy bleſſings largely fill:
To ſerve thee as I ought, I beg
Thou wouldſt inſtruct me ſtill.

Teth. *Part* IX.

65 Thou haſt been faithful, Lord, and I
Great bleſſings have receiv'd:
66 Give me a lively ſenſe and taſte
Of what I have believ'd:
67 Whilſt I was proſp'rous from thy paths
Too ſoon I turn'd aſide;
But by thy chaſtiſements reduc'd,
Thy precepts were my guide.

68 Thou, Lord, art in thy nature good,
And doſt all good afford:
By thy wiſe methods, make me more
Obedient to thy word,
69 Proud men 'gainſt me have ſpar'd no [pains
A curſed lye t' invent;
Who by ſtrict keeping of thy laws,
Shall prove I'm innocent.

70 Whilſt groſſer pleaſures dull their ſenſe,
God's law is my delight:
71 Happy afflictions have me taught,
Thy precepts not to ſlight.
72 Such excellencies in thy love
Pronounc'd from heav'n appear;
The wealth a kingdom do's contain;
Is not to me ſo dear.

Jod

Jod. *Part* X.

73 I am the workmanſhip thy hands
Have faſhioned and made;
More of thy will I'd know that thou
May'ſt be the more obey'd.
74 To ſee me from theſe troubles free'd,
All good men will be glad:
And truſt thy faithful word, on which
I my dependance had.
75 I know thy judgments righteous are,
And all my troubles juſt;
76 Lord, let thy mercy comfort me,
For in thy word I truſt.
77 My life whoſe ruin's daily ſought,
Let thy compaſſions ſave;
Who in obeying thy commands
The higheſt pleaſures have.
78 Confound the proud, who would with [lyes
And falſhood me oppreſs:
But I will ſtudy and obſerve
Thy Precepts ſtill no leſs.
79 Let thoſe that fear the Lord, and know
Their duty, take my part;
80 Nothing ſhall ſhame me, whilſt I am
Sound and upright in heart.

Caph. *Part* XI.

81 I faint thro' long deſire, and hope
Thy word fulfill'd to ſee
82 In my deliverance; and cry out,
When wilt thou comfort me?
83 Like parched skins hang'd in the ſmoak,
So grief has ſhriveil'd mine;

Yet

Yet do I not thy ſtatutes, Lord,
Forget, much leſs decline.

84 My days conſume apace, why then
Doſt thou delay ſo long,
'To inflict due puniſhments on thoſe
That do me utmoſt wrong

85 By treach'rous ways thy law forbids,
My ruin they purſue.

86 Save me from thoſe, who are as falſe,
As thy commands are true.

87 My life was ready juſt to fall
A prey to bloody hands;
Yet to eſcape I would not balk
The way of thy commands.

88 Raiſe me from this forlorn eſtate?
My life in mercy ſpare;
Then I thy teſtimonies, Lord,
Will keep with greater care.

Lamed. *Part* XII.

89 For ever like the heav'ns Lord,
Thy word is ſettled faſt:

90 As firmly as the earth, thy truth
Do's to all ages laſt.

91 Theſe all in their appointed courſe,
Continue to this day:
And all like ready ſervants ſtand
Thine Orders to obey.

92 Had not thy truth been my ſupport,
Thy law been my delight;
Under the preſſure of my woes,
I'd ſunk and periſh'd quite.

93 Thy good commands I'll ne'er forget,
Which have reviv'd me ſtill.

94 O

94 O save me who am thine, and seek
To know and do thy will.

95 Vile men to ruin me, have long
Watch'd for a fit pretence,
But I'll keep close to thy commands,
As to my best defence.

96 Perfections here have narrow bounds,
Whose end we oft out-live:
But thy wise laws have large extent,
And lasting pleasures give.

Mem. *Part* XIII.

97 O how I love thy law, it is
My daily exercise;
By thoughts and talk of this, I make
My self and others wise.

98 Thro' thy commandments, which before
Mine eyes I ever set,
I'm wiser than my foes, and all
Their subtil arts defeat.

99 My teachers I excel in skill,

100 Old men in judgment deep;
Because thy Laws my study are,
And I thy precepts keep.

101 I have not made a wicked way
The means t' obtain my end:
For I resolv'd against thy word
Not wilfully t'offend.

102 Thy judgments I have not declin'd,
Nor wrong'd, did right o'er-pass:
Just precepts I had learn'd, and knew
That God their Author was.

103 Honey no sweetness do's afford,
Like what thy words create.

104 From thence I learn the flattering ſweets
Of every ſin to hate.

Nun. *Part* XIV.

105 Thy word is to my life a guide,
Unto my paths a light;
106 Thy juſt decrees, as I have ſworn,
I'll keep with all my might.
107 My ſufferings are great, to me
Thy comforts, Lord, afford;
And raiſe me from this ſad eſtate,
According to thy word.

108 The free-will offerings of my mouth,
My prayers and praiſes own:
To ſerve thee better, Lord, thy will
Still more to me make known.
109 I went in danger of my life,
110 Such ſnares the wicked laid;
Yet did I not forget thy law,
Nor from thy precepts ſtray'd.

111 I'd rather ſtill be poor, than from
Thy teſtimonies part.
Theſe are mine heritage, the joy
And comfort of mine heart.
112 My heart's inclin'd, and to perform
Thy ſtatutes I intend;
Whate'er I loſe by't, I will hold
This courſe unto the end.

Samech. *Part* XV.

113 Thy law I love, but all leud craft
And double-dealing hate:
114 And truſting in thy faithful word,
For thy protection wait.

115 Ye wicked doers that corrupt
The world, depart from me:
From faithful serving of my God,
No hindrance you shall be.

116 Thy word is past t' uphold my life,
Do not my hopes expose.
117 Thy laws I'll more respect, when set
In safety from my foes. [from
118 Thou'rt wont to tread down those that
Thy statutes go astray;
Their crafty arts to them will prove
A false and cheating way.

119 Such wicked men out of the land
Like dross thou wilt remove;
Therefore I better like, and more
Thy testimonies love.
120 The sense of thy just vengeance, Lord,
Fills me with fear and awe.
I dread the judgments that will seize
All that contemn thy law.

Ain. *Part* XVI.

121 That I have done what's just and right,
My foes must needs confess:
Leave me not in their hands whose rage
Knows only how t' oppress.
122 Be thou my surety, lest the proud
To ruin me prevail:
123 If my deliv'rance be delay'd,
My tired hopes will fail.

124 In mercy deal with me, and since
To thee I service owe;
125 Teach me thy statutes, and thy will
To me more fully show.

126 Its

126 It's time good men ſhould act for God
As well as he appear;
When wicked men reject his law,
And ſin without all fear.

127 This ſtirs my zeal, and makes me more
All his commands to priſe;
And in compare, with them the world
And all its wealth deſpiſe.

128 Hence every precept I approve
For my direction beſt:
But unjuſt courſes, and baſe arts,
I utterly deteſt.

Pe. *Part* XVII.

129 With greateſt care I keep thy laws,
Whoſe wonders ſtrike mine eyes;

130 The entrance of thy word's a light,
And makes the ſimple wiſe.

131 The fuller knowledge of thy will
I eagerly purſu'd;
And as my pleaſure did increaſe,
My longings were renew'd.

132 Oh let thy dealings towards me
And mercy be the ſame,
Thou uſeſt to expreſs to thoſe
Who love and fear thy name,

133 Order my goings in thy word,
And my director be?
Then no iniquity ſhall gain
Dominion over me.

134 Thy precepts I'll obſerve, when plac'd
Out of th' oppreſſor's reach;

135 With favour on thy ſervant ſhine,
And me thy ſtatutes teach.

136 I see how sinners break thy laws
By bold impieties;
This makes me to lament, and floods
Of tears o'erflow mine eyes.

Tsaddi. *Part* XVIII.

137 Thy nature, Lord, and thy commands
Exactly do agree.
138 Holy, and just, and true, thou art,
And such thy precepts be.
139 This sets my zeal on fire, and makes
Mine indignation rise;
To see my foes forget thy words,
And thy just laws despise.

140 I love thy word because it's pure,
And free from all deceit:
141 Tho' I'm despis'd and small; my care
To keep thy laws is great.
142 Thy justice and fidelity
Ne'er change or have an end:
Thy law's the truth on which we may
With certain faith depend.

143 When I was brought into great straits
And sore oppress't with grief;
I thought on thy commands, and found
Great comfort and relief;
144 Thy ways are ever true and just;
Give me this wisdom too,
By them to order all my ways;
And happy I shall live.

Koph. *Part* XIX.

145 To thee, O Lord, I loudly cry'd,
Hear and deliver me;

Thy

Thy teſtimonies when I'm ſav'd,
Better obſerv'd ſhall be.
147 My cries, to mind thee of thy word,
Prevent the morning-light.
148 On this I meditate before
The watches of the night.

149 Hear me O Lord, as thou art kind,
Of which ſure proofs I have;
And, as thou judgeſt beſt, my life
They ſeek to ruin, ſave.
150 For they on miſchievous deſigns
Againſt me bent draw near,
Who're far from care to keep thy law,
And ſtrangers to thy fear.

151 My comfort is, for my defence
Thou, Lord, art nearer ſtill;
And all th' engagements of thy word
Wilt faithfully fulfil.
152 I've known of old, what thou declar'ſt
To be thy will, ſtands faſt;
And to all that do thereon depend,
Shall be perform'd at laſt.

Reſh. *Part* XX

153 See my ſad caſe and plead my cauſe,
154 And ſet me free, O Lord;
Who'm mindful of thy law, and truſt
For ſafety on thy word.
155 From wicked men that diſregard
God's laws, his help is far.
156 Great are thy mercies; quicken me
After thy wonted care.

157 Many are my malicious foes;
Yet do I not decline

Thy teſtimonies, nor will ſeek
Their death, as they do mine.

158 It moves, indeed, my grief, to ſee
How boldly men tranſgreſs:
Who, what thy word commands, con-
What it forbids no leſs. [temn,

159 Conſider what unfeigned love
I to thy precepts bear:
Preſerve my life, O Lord, and ſhow
That I to thee am dear.

160 Thy promiſes have ever been
Fulfill'd in ages paſt:
And thy declared will ſhall be
Perform'd, whilſt time do's laſt.

Schin. *Part* XXI.

161 Princes purſue me without cauſe,
But my great fear is this,
Leſt by tranſgreſſing thy commands,
Thy favour I ſhould miſs.

162 When I beheld the promis'd good
Thy faithful word contains;
He joys not more, who richeſt ſpoils
After a conqueſt gains.

163 Lies and deceit I hate, but love
Honeſt and upright ways,

164 Thy righteous judgments ſhall excite
Seven times a day my praiſe. [peace,

165 Thoſe men are crown'd with inward
Who thy commandments love;
And no temptations unto ſin,
To them a ſcandal prove.

166 I in my ſtraits, from thee alone
Deliv'rance did expect;

And

And for my safety only did,
What thy commands direct.
167 My soul do's all thy precepts keep,
168 And testimonies prize;
For all my actions naked are
To thy all-seeing eyes.

Tau. *Part* XXII.

169 Admit my earnest suit, who now
To thee for wisdom pray,
170 Thy promised deliverance
No longer, Lord, delay.
171 I'll praise thee, that, by thee inform'd,
Thy laws I've understood:
172 Loudly proclaim, that all thou'st said,
Is faithfully made good.

173 O let thy hand, in my weak state,
Its Succours to me reach:
For help no other course I'll take
But what thy precepts teach.
174 Of thy assur'd salvation
I long to have a sight:
Tho' whilst thou'rt pleased to delay,
Thy law's still my delight.

175 Save and revive me in these straits,
That I thy praise may sing:
And let thy judgments on my foes,
The help I look for bring.
176 Like a lost sheep I've gone astray,
But now to thee I come:
Thy precepts I resolve t'obey,
Lord, bring thy servant home.

PSALM CXX.

1 TO God, whose care I've ever been,
In my distress I cry'd;
He heard me then, and so prevents
My fears to be deny'd.
2 Lord save me from deceitful lips;
No credit may they gain;
Which by false tales mine innocence,
Dear as my life, would stain
3 Hope not, false tongue, by forgeries
To get me in thy pow'r:
4 Veng'ance shall pierce thee like a dart,
Like burning coals devour.
5 Ah! woe is me, forc'd to bewail
A tedious banishment
From mine own country, and a life
'Mong barb'rous people spent.
6 Too long I've dwelt with those that hate
Peace and a friendly life;
7 I plead for peace, they zealous are
Only for war and strife.

PSALM CXXI.

1 I'LL lift mine eyes unto the hills,
And thence will look for aid.
2 Depend on God alone for help;
Both heaven and earth he made.
3 He will sustain thy weaker pow'rs
With his almighty arm;
4 And keep thee with unwearied care,
From all surprizing harm.

5 The

5 The Lord's Protection like a shade
Will be thy sure defence:
6 Nor sun nor moon shall hurt thee with
Malignant influence,
7 From harm thy body he'll protect,
Preserve thy soul from sin:
8 Will prosper thy designs abroad,
And bless thy coming in.

PSALM CXXII.

[*As the* 100 *Psalm.*]

1 'TWAS no small joy, many to hear
With devout forwardness express
Their longings, to approach God's house
To worship, and his name to bless.

2 We need not travel farther than
Where fair *Jerusalem* do's lie;
3 A city to be envied for
Its order and its unity.

4 Thither the tribes by God's command
Go up, and all their offrings bring;
And there before his ark they own
His favours, and his praises sing.

5 There are the seats of justice plac'd,
And thrones for *David*'s family:
6 Pray that her peace may be prolong'd,
And prosperous all that love her be.

7 May peace still make thee safe within,
No foes without thy walls surround;
And make thy quiet palaces
With plenty of good things abound.

8 To wish thee happy I'm engag'd
By ties of friendship and of blood
9 God's house and true religion,
Oblige me more to seek thy good.

PSALM CXXIII.

1 O THOU that in a glorious throne
Art plac'd above the skies:
To thee for succour I direct
Mine heart, and lift mine eyes.
2 No servant by his lord chastis'd,
With more submission stands;
Nor maids with greater duty wait
Their mistresses commands:

Than we that justly undergo
The discipline of God,
Wait for a merciful release,
When he'll remove his rod.
3 Have mercy, Lord, on us, whose hope
In thy compassion lies;
And, whom insulting foes do scorn,
Lord, do not thou despise.

4 For our depress estate, now gives
Advantage to their pride;
And they who live in wealth and ease,
Our miseries deride.

PSALM CXXIV.

1 HAD not the Lord our cause espous'd,
His people now may say:
2 Had not the Lord engag'd his pow'r
To succour us that day;
When wicked men, with cruel wrath
Inflam'd, against us rose; 3 Too

3 Too feeble all our pow'rs had been
Their fury to oppoſe.

4 To their devouring jaws, our life
Had been an eaſy prey:

5 Their rage, like an impetuous ſtream,
Had ſwept us quite away.

6 Bleſt be the Lord, who choſe this way
His mercy to enhance;
Then, when our dangers loudeſt call'd
To ſend deliverance.

7 We lay like poor intangled birds,
Caught in the fowler's net:
God's pow'r has broke their ſnares, and we
At liberty are ſet,

8 Since all our help lies in his name,
That earth and heaven made:
Our future hopes ſhall all depend
On his almighty aid.

PSALM CXXV.

[*As the* 100 *Pſalm.*]

1 THEY that in God their confidence
Repoſe, and him their fortreſs make;
Remain unmov'd like *Sion*'s mount,
Which ſtorms and tempeſts never ſhake.

2 *Jeruſalem* with hills begirt,
Great ſafety gains from this defence:
Good men much more from angels guard
And God's ſurrounding providence.

3 The wicked's pow'r ſhall not too long
Oppreſs the good, and vex their peace;
Leſt the temptation prove ſo ſtrong,
They imitate their wickedneſs.

4 Bleſs

4 Bleſs thoſe that are ſincerely good;
5 And when thy vengeance ſhall come down
Rebellious ſinners to deſtroy; [crown.
Then, Lord, with peace the righteous

[*Another Metre.*]

1 THEY that repoſe their truſt in God,
And him their fortreſs make,
Remain unmov'd, like *Sion*'s mount,
Which tempeſts never ſhake.
2 *Jeruſalem* with hills begirt,
Is ſafe by this defence;
Good men are more ſecure from God's
Surrounding providence.
3 The wicked's pow'r ſhall not too long
Oppreſs and vex their peace;
Leſt thro' diſcouragement, they prove
Like them in wickedneſs.
4 Bleſs all the truly good; and when
Thy vengeance ſhall come down
Proud ſinners to deſtroy, then Lord,
With peace the righteous crown.

PSALM CXXVI.

[*As the* 100 *Pſalm.*]

1 WHEN God from bondage ſet us free,
It ſeem'd a ſtrange and pleaſant [dream:
2 Then was our mouth with laughter fill'd,
To tell this news was all our theam.
This great and unexpected change,
Forced the heathens to confeſs,

3 The

3 The wonders of that day, let us
The ſame with greater joy expreſs.

Great are thy mercies ſhown to us:
4 Lord perfect what thou haſt begun;
'Twill be like welcome ſhow'rs to ground
That's parched with the ſcorching ſun.

5 We wait with patience, Lord, till thou
All needful bleſſings doſt reſtore;
And hope our former tears will make
Our after-joys to be the more.

6 So he that in prepared ground
His ſcatter'd ſeed in ſadneſs leaves,
Will ſhout at harveſt when he ſees
That ſeed become a load of ſheaves.

[*Another Metre.*]

1 WHEN God redeem'd our captive ſtate
It ſeem'd a pleaſant dream;
2 Our mouth was fill'd with laughter then,
And joy was all our theam.
This mercy ſo unlook'd for mov'd
The heathens to confeſs
3 The wonders of that day; let us
With joy the ſame expreſs.

Great are thy mercies ſhown to us,
4 Lord, perfect what's begun:
'Twill be like welcome ſhow rs to ground
Parch'd with the ſcorching ſun.
5 We wait with patience, Lord, till thou
All good to us reſtore:
And hope our former tears will make
Our after-joys the more.

6 So he that seed in ground prepar'd
By scatt'red handfuls leaves,
Will shout at harvest, when that seed
Becomes a load of sheaves.

PSALM CXXVII.

[*As the* 100 *Psalm.*]

1 UNLESS God prosper it, all cost
And pains to build an house is lost
Unless the Lord the city keep,
The watchful guards as well may sleep.

2 Your labours with the rising sun
Begin, and last when day is done,
T'avoid that poverty you dread,
With carefulness you eat your bread.

But all in vain: if by heaven blest,
You may enjoy both wealth and rest:
3 A num'rous race and fruituful womb,
As God's reward to goodness come.

4 Their parents strength and glory are,
Like arrows to a man of war:
5 Well furnished with these supplies,
A man may dare his enemies.

PSALM CXXVIII.

1 BLEST is the man, whose fear of God
Is by obedience shown:
2 Plenty thy labour shall reward,
And good success shall crown.
3 Thy fruitful wife, like a fair vine,
With clusters shall abound;
Whose children, like green olive-plants,
Thy table shall surround.

4 Such

4 Such bleſſings to thy houſe ſhall fall,
When God's thy chiefeſt fear:
5 Thou in the publick joy and good,
Shall have the greateſt ſhare.
A numerous race from thee deriv'd
Thy lengthned age ſhall ſee;
And the great wiſh of all good men,
The land's proſperity.

PSALM CXXIX.

1 WE that are *Iſra'lites* may ſay,
Ev'n from our Infant-ſtate,
Many our enemies have been,
And our afflictions great.
2 Tho' brought into great ſtraits, our foes,
Thro' God's preſerving care,
Our extirpation cannot boaſt,
We ſtill his people are.

3 Severely ſcourged we have been,
Deep marks whereof we bear:
As in plough'd ground, upon our backs
Long furrows do appear.
4 But God is juſt, who has at length
The wicked's power broke;
And all the bands aſunder cut
Of their tyrannick yoke.

5 Never may thoſe that *Sion* hate
Better ſucceſſes meet;
But failing ſtill in their attempts
Be forced to retreat.
6 May their deſigns wither like greens
On ruin'd houſes top:
7 Which every mower diſregards,
Expecting thence no crop. 8 None

8 None that pass by congratulate
Their hopes with wish'd Success:
Nor th' harvest pray'r on these bestow,
"*May heav'n your labours bless.*

PSALM CXXX.

[*As the* 100 *Psalm.*]

1 PLUNG'D into depths of misery,
To God I rais'd my fervent cry:
2 Lord lend to me a gracious ear,
Not sunk so low but thou canst hear.

3 Should'st thou against each evil deed
In strict severity proceed;
By merit without mercy, try'd,
None could be clear'd and justify'd.

4 But thou forgiveness dost proclaim,
That men may turn, and fear thy name
5 To thy rich grace, O Lord, we fly
And on thy promises rely,

6 I'm more impatient of thy stay,
Than guards for slow approach of day
7 O therefore let the good and just,
In God alone repose their trust.

The frailty of our state he knows;
His plenteous mercy ever flows.
8 To humble souls he gracious is,
And pardons what they've done amiss.

[*Another Metre.*]

1 PLUNG'D into depths of misery,
To God I rais'd my cry:
2 Thou canst, when sunk so low, still hear:
Lend then a gracious ear. 3 If

3 If thou againſt each evil deed
Severely ſhouldſt proceed;
By merit without mercy try'd,
None could be juſtify'd.

4 But thou forgiveneſs doſt proclaim,
That men may fear thy name.
5 To thy rich grace, O Lord, we fly,
And on thy word rely.
6 I'm more impatient of thy ſtay,
Than guards for break of day.
7 O therefore let the good and juſt,
In God repoſe their truſt.

The frailty of our ſtate he knows,
His mercy freely flows.
8 To humble ſouls he gracious is,
Pard'ning what's done amiſs.

PSALM CXXXI.

1 LORD, I have no aſpiring thoughts,
Nor eyes that lofty are;
Nor meddle with the things advanc'd
Above my lower ſphere.
2 But humble and reſign'd I lie
Compos'd to ſilent reſt;
I like a child behave myſelf,
Wean'd from his mother's breaſt.

3 Let pious ſouls no more admire,
The world's deceitful ſhows;
But with an undiſturbed mind,
In God their truſt repoſe.

PSALM CXXXII.

[*As the* 100 *Pſalm.*]

1 REMEMBER all the troubles, Lord,
And cares that *David* did moleſt;
2 His pious zeal by ſolemn oath
And ſacred vow, to God expreſt.

3 That he'd not come into his houſe,
4 Nor ſleep his weary eyes ſhould cloſe;
5 Till he had firſt found out a place,
Convenient for the ark's repoſe.

6 The place by God deſign'd, we've found
In ſhady woods of *Ephrata:*
7 We'll go into his ſacred tents,
And proſtrate at his foot-ſtool pray.

8 Ariſe, O Lord, and where thine ark,
The token of thy preſence, reſts;
Together may thy glory come,
Together ſtay like welcome gueſts.

9 May thoſe that at thine altar wait,
Be ever cloath'd with righteouſneſs:
That both may triumph in thy love,
Saints that are bleſt, and prieſts that bleſs.

10 Lord, for thy ſervant *David*'s ſake,
And thine own promiſe to him made:
The pray'rs of thine anointed hear,
And with thy favour make him glad.

Part II.

11 The Lord to *David* ſware an oath,
(With equal truth 'twas ſaid and done)
One

One of thy race, when thou shalt cease
To reign, shall sit upon thy throne.

12 And if thy children will observe
My precepts with religious care;
Their children shall not want a throne
To sit upon, nor that an heir.

13 For *Sion*'s the beloved hill,
Seat of their kings and of their God,
14 Here is my place of fixed rest,
My house of glorious abode.

15 Her stores with plenty shall be fill'd,
Her poor I'll satisfy with food;
16 Her priests defend, and all shall hear
The shouts and Triumphs of the good.

17 Still *David*'s regal pow'r shall spring
Afresh, in his successors, there;
And spread the Lustre of his name,
Till the great promis'd king appear.

18 Cover'd with shame, his foes shall see
All their devices overthrown:
But I decree his glorious head
Shall wear a never-fading crown.

PSALM CXXXIII.

[*As the* 100 *Psalm.*]

1 O Blest societies on earth,
Resembling that of heav'n above;
Where brethren peacefully unite,
In sweet accord and hearty love.
2 It's like the precious ointment pour'd
On *Aaron*'s consecrated head;

Which

Which first ran down his face, and thence
Unto his costly vesture spread.

3 Like dews that visit every hill;
Or as the fruitful show'rs of rain;
Tho' first on higher grounds they fall,
Descend and water all the plain.

None can express the joys that meet
Where love and amity abound:
Their souls are fill'd with inward peace,
Their prosp'rous state with blessings crown'd.

[*Another Metre.*]

1 O happy companies on earth,
Resembling heav'n above;
Where brethren peacefully unite
In sweet accord and love.

2 It's like the precious ointment pour'd
Upon the high priest's head;
Which first ran down his beard, and thence
T' his costly garments spread.

3 Like dews that visit every hill,
Or fruitful show'rs of rain;
Tho' first on higher grounds they fall,
Thence water all the plain.
None can express the joys that meet,
Where mutual love is found;
Their souls are fill'd with inward peace,
Their state with blessing crown'd.

PSALM CXXXIV.

[*As the 100 Psalm.*]

1 YE servants of th' eternal Lord,
Who early at his temple wait,
And there your late attendance give;
See that his name ye celebrate.

2 And, as that holy place requires,
Pure hands in your devotions raise;
To all your other offerings join
The grateful sacrifice of praise.

3 God, the great Maker of the world,
As great in goodness as in pow'r,
Give gracious answers to thy pray'rs,
And bless his people every hour.

[*Another Metre.*]

1 YE servants of the Lord above,
Who at his temple wait,
See that before the rising-sun
His name ye celebrate.

2 And in that holy place, pure hands,
In your devotions raise;
To all your other off'rings join
The sacrifice of praise.

3 The Lord that made the world, as great
In goodness as in pow'r;
Give ear to thy requests, and bless
His people every hour.

PSALM

PSALM CXXXV.

1 YE servants of the almighty Lord,
That heaven and earth did frame;
2 Who at his house and altar wait,
Praise ye his glorious name,
3 O let the goodness of the Lord,
Your best affections raise;
Your inward pleasure will increase
Together with your praise.
4 Ye *Israelites* have greatest cause
To praise him and rejoyce;
You that are dearer unto God;
His treasure and his choice.
5 In him do all perfections meet,
His greatness knows no bound;
Whate'er by other gods is claim'd,
In him alone is found.
6 His pow'r created all at first,
His pleasure rules them still;
His uncontrolled mind the heav'n,
The earth and seas fulfil.
7 By undiscerned force he makes
The vapours to arise, [quench'd
Which frame the clouds, where fire un-
Mingled with water lies.
From thence the dreadful lightnings burst,
And rains are poured down;
He brings his boist'rous winds and storms
From treasuries unknown.
8 He the first-born of man and beast
At once in *Egypt* slew;
9 Whose king and court by fearful plagues
His wond'rous power knew.

Part

Part II.

10 He ſmote great nations, and ſlew kings
That potent ſceptres ſway'd;
11 *Sihon* and *Og* 'mong theſe for war
The greateſt figure made.
All *Can'an*'s kingdom too, at laſt
With all their kings he ſmote:
12 Whoſe rich and pleaſant land became
Our heritage and lot.

13 Supported by ſuch glorious works,
Thy fame can never die;
But thy memorial ſhall endure
To all eternity.
14 Tho' God's offending people may
Under oppreſſion mourn!
He'll take their part, and all his wrath
Shall into kindneſs turn.

15 The heathen idols ſilver are,
Or gold at beſt, and thence
Derive their worth, but are no gods,
Since void of life or ſenſe.
16 For tho' the maker forms an eye,
A mouth, or other part:
17 He cannot give them ſight or breath
Motion or life by art.

18 Fond men! with hands to make a god,
To which our knees ſhould bow;
You truſt what cannot help itſelf,
Statues have ſenſe like you.
19 O houſe of *Iſrael*, bleſs the Lord,
Ye prieſts his praiſe proclaim:
20 Bleſs him, ye *Levites*, and let all
That fear him do the ſame.

21 From

21 From *Sion* may his songs of praise
Sound forth with sweet accord;
He in this holy city dwells,
O praise this highest Lord.

[*Another Metre.*]

[*As the* 148 *Psalm.*]

1 YE servants of the Lord,
That heav'n and earth did frame;
2 Who at his altar wait,
Praise ye his glorious Name.
3 His goodness do's
To this invite;
His praise will give
The best delight.

4 Ye *Isr'elites* are bound
Greatly your God to bless;
Who unto *Jacob* did
Such special love express;
Whose children still
To God are dear;
His treasure and
Peculiar care.

5 In him all glories meet,
His greatness knows no bound;
What other gods do claim,
In him alone is found.
6 Who as at first
He all things made:
Still rules o'er all,
By all obey'd.

7 All things in heav'n above
Are subject to his Will; The

The earth and seas below
His pleasure do fulfill.
At his command,
From the world's end,
Vapours to frame
The clouds ascend.

The dreadful flashes thence
Of pointed lightnings fly;
Those fires remain unquench'd,
Tho mix'd with rains they lie.
He brings forth winds
That loudly blow,
From treasuries
Which none can know.

Part II.

8 He the first-born of man
And beast in *Egypt* slew:
9 Whose king and court by plagues
His wond'rous pow'r knew.
10 Great nations then
And kings he smote;
11 *Sihon* and *Og*
Of greatest note.

The fate of *Canaan*'s kings
And kingdoms was the same,
12 All conquer'd and their land
Our heritage became.
13 Thy name and thy
Memorial,
For ever, Lord,
Continue shall.

14 Tho' God's own people may
Suffer, when they offend;

At laſt their ſorrows will
In their ſalvation end:
He'll take the part
Of thoſe that mourn;
And all his wrath
To kindneſs turn.

15 The heathen idols are
Of vile materials made:
Tho' by man's art with gold
Or ſilver overlaid.
16 He forms a mouth,
An eye, or ear
17 Which cannot ſpeak,
Nor ſee, nor hear.

18 Fond men! to what their hands
Have made, their knees to bend,
Much more to truſt in what
Cannot itſelf defend:
Brutes that have life
Are better far;
You without ſenſe
Like ſtatues are.

19 O *Iſr'el* bleſs the Lord;
Ye prieſts his praiſe proclaim;
20 Let *Levi*'s houſe, and all
That fear him do the ſame.
21 From *Sion* ſing
With one accord;
There God reſides,
Praiſe ye the Lord.

PSALM CXXXVI.

[*As the* 148 *Psalm.*]

1 GIVE thanks unto the Lord,
Who is so kind and good;
Whose mercies firmly last,
As they have ever stood.
2 To this great King
All gods do bow,
3 Angels above
And pow'rs below.

4 His works our wonder raise;
5 The heavens his wisdom made;
6 And he th' outstretched earth
Above the waters laid?
7 He made the sun
8 The day's great light;
9 The moon and stars
To rule the night.

10 *Egypt*'s first-born he smote,
11 And by his pow'rful hand
12 He brake off *Israel*'s yoke,
And brought them from that land.
His mercies shown
To ages past,
Eternally
Shall spring and last.

13 The parted sea made way
14 For *Israel* to pass;
15 There the pursuing host
Of *Phar'oh* drowned was.

16 His people through
The desart led
By miracles
Were daily fed.

17, 18 Kings that oppos'd their way;
19, 20 *Sihon* and *Og* he smote;
21 And made their fruitful land
22 Fall to his peoples lot.
His mercies shown
To ages past,
Eternally
Shall spring and last.

23 He sav'd us when our state
24 Was low and sore oppress;
25 Food to all flesh he gives,
26 The God of heav'n be blest.
Whose mercies shown
To ages past,
Eternally
Shall spring and last.

[*Another Metre.*]

[*As the* 113*th Psalm.*]

1 RENDER, and oft your thanks repeat
To God, who is as good as great:
To every age his mercy's sure.
2 To him your chearful praises sing:
Whom angels worship as their King:
Whose mercy always do's endure.
3 To him whom highest princes own,
By low prostrations at his throne:
To every age his mercy's sure.

4 To

4 To him whose wondr'ous works declare
His pow'r to be beyond compare:
Whose mercy always do's endure.

5 His Wisdom when the heav'ns you view
Their brightness and their order shew:
To every age his mercy's sure.

6 To him, who laid the seas below
The earth, which they can ne'er o'erflow:
Whose mercy always do's endure.

7 To him who out of night's dull shade,
To cheer the world, great lights has made
To every age his mercy's sure.

8 The sun, that gives us quick'ning heat,
And light, our labours to compleat:
His mercy always do's endure.

9 The moon and stars, when down we lie
For our repose, its place supply:
To every age his mercy's sure.

10 To him, who by a vengeance due,
All the first-born in *Egypt* slew:
Whose mercy always do's endure.

11 Then *Isr'el* whom they long detain'd
In cruel bondage, freedom gain'd:
To every age his mercy's sure.

12 All this by a strong hand was done,
A pow'r none could resist or shun:
His mercy always do's endure.

Part II.

13 When after this, fear seiz'd their hearts,
The red-sea severed into parts:
To every age his mercy's sure.

14 And like a wall on either hand,
Till they paſt through, the waters ſtand
His mercy always do's endure.
15 Here hard'ned *Phar'oh* and his hoſt
That follow'd them were ſunk and loſt:
To every age his mercy's ſure.
16 His people thro' the deſart led,
By miracles were daily fed:
His mercy always do's endure.

17 He ſmote great kings, that did withſtand
Their paſſage to the promis'd land:
To every age his Mercy's ſure.
18 Tho' fam'd for proweſs they could gain
No victories, but all were ſlain:
His mercy always do's endure.
19 *Sihon*, for war of greateſt note,
King of fierce *Amorites*, he ſmote:
To every age his mercy's ſure.
20 And *Baſhan*'s tyrant *Og* o'ercame,
For height, a gyant of great name:
His mercy always do's endure.

21 To give their land he did engage
For a perpetual heritage:
To every age his mercy's ſure.
22 This heritage fell to our lot
Who had not then our God forgot:
Whoſe mercy always do's endure.
23 Who pity'd our ſad ſtate, when ſin,
Might have thrown out, whom he brought in:
To every age his mercy's ſure.
24 And when ſubdu'd, oft heard our cries,
And ſav'd us from our enemies:
His mercy always do's endure.

25 He

25 He satisfies all flesh with food;
All creatures wants supplies with good:
To every age his mercy's sure.
26 Then with the highest notes of praise:
[raise:
Our thanks to heav'ns great God let's
Whose mercy always do's endure.

To thee, O Father, to the Son,
And Holy Ghost, blest Three in One,
Whom we as God alone adore;
Glory that was of old be giv'n,
By all on earth, and all in heav'n,
Now, and till time shall be no more.

PSALM CXXXVII.

[*As the* 100 *Psalm.*]

1 AS by *Euphrates* streams we sat,
Reflecting on our miseries,
And *Sion* call'd to mind; that thought
A flood of tears drew from our eyes.

2 Silence became our sorrows best,
And so our harps remain'd unstrung;
And since our joys were at an end,
Neglected on the willows hung.

3 Then those who laid our cities waste,
Whose enslav'd captives now we were,
To entertain their mirth, requir'd
One of our temple songs to hear.

4 How can we in this exile state,
(Our hearts, as our condition, sad)
Anthems of praises to our God
Sing, only for to make you glad?

5 No; rather than profane thy songs,
Or I my harp employ so ill,
Whilst *Sion* mourns; may my right hand
Be quite benum'd, or lose its skill.

6 May I be dumb and find no voice,
(Unless thy ruins to deplore)
And find no joy; it's all profane,
Till God *Jerusalem* restore.

7 Forget not then th' accurs'd race
Of *Edom*, Lord, who without pity,
Rejoycing o'er its ruins, cry'd,
" Race the foundations of the city.

8 Nor boast too much proud *Babylon*,
Whose turn to be destroy'd do's haste;
O may he prosper who repays
What's done to us, and lays thee waste.

9 Blest hand! that from their mother's [breasts
Spares not to snatch thy little ones;
And harm from savage rage prevents,
By dashing them against the stones.

PSALM CXXXVIII.

1 TO magnify the Lord, my soul,
Thy best affections raise
Angels shall hear my songs, and be
The partners of my praise.

2 Within thy church thy constant truth
And goodness I'll proclaim:
These raise my wonder, and advance
The glories of thy name.

3 In my distress to thee I cry'd;
And thou my pray'r didst hear:
Thou didst support me with thy strength,
And with thy comforts cheer.
4 Kings shall thy promis'd goodness know,
And take occasion thence,
5 To praise thy mercy, and admire
Thy ways of providence.

6 God from his high and glorious throne
The lowly views, and owns;
But scorns the proud, and on their height
With indignation frowns.
7 Thy former kindnesses prevent
My fears, when in distress:
Thy hand shall save me from my foes,
Thy pow'r their wrath repress.

8 Thy never-failing goodness will
Compleat what is begun;
O never suffer thine own work,
Nor me to be undone.

PSALM CXXXIX.

[*As the* 100 *Psalm*]

1 LORD, when I have to do with thee,
In vain I seek to be conceal'd;
2 Thou know'st me perfectly, to thee
My very thoughts are all reveal'd.

3 Both when I sit and when I rise,
My walking and my lying down;
4 To thee my work and all my words
Better than to myself are known.

5 On every side within the reach
Of thine incircling arm I lie:
6 Whose force I neither can resist,
Nor 'scape the notice of thine eye.

7 Whither can I retire and find
A place where God do's never come?
8 His Glories I should meet in heav'n;
His pow'r, had I in Hell a room.

9 Could I remove to the utmost sea,
Wing'd with the swiftest morning ray;
10 Thy hand, that thither must support
My flight, would my abode betray.

11 If o'er my sins I think to draw,
The blackest curtains of the night:
12 All will be clear to thee; for what
We darkness call, to thee is light.

13 My inmost reins by thee possest,
With all th' affections seated there;
To thee that mad'st those hidden springs
Within the womb, must needs appear.

14 In all thy works, O Lord, I see
The footsteps of thy wond'rous skill;
And to excite my praise I find
Within my self more wonders still.

Part II.

15 Unseen by all, when form'd within
The dark recesses of the womb,
Before the fine embroidery
Of parts was to perfection come:

16 In that rude mass, thou didst discern
The daily growth of every part;

And

And what th' eternal mind had fram'd;
Was copied out with curious art.

17 Lord, I admire the various thoughts,
And the wise counsels of thy mind;
Their sum is infinite; yet all
Are dear to me, because they're kind.

18 Their numbers greater than the sand;
Which whilst my busy thoughts run o'er,
I sleep, and find when I awake,
I'm only where I was before.

19 I'm sure that their destruction's near,
Who wickedly 'gainst me combine;
Hence then, ye bloody minded men,
Nor your own ruin seek in mine.

20 Thy foes they are, who use thy name
Intended mischiefs to disguise;
And boldly call God in to vouch
For all their calumnies and lyes.

21 Do not I, Lord, detest and hate
Such as oppose thy laws and thee;
22 I loath them perfectly, and count
My self their utter enemy.

23 Lord, since my thoughts accuse me not
Of living in a false disguise;
I'm less afraid to undergo
The tryal of thy piercing eyes.

24 Search me, and where thou see'st that I
Unwillingly have done amiss,
Correct my errors, and reduce
My wand'rings to the way of bliss.

[*Another Metre.*]

1 WHEN, Lord, I deal with thee, in vain
I seek to be conceal'd;
2 Thou know'st me perfectly, my thoughts
To thee are all reveal'd.
3 Both when I sit, and when I rise,
Walking and lying down;
4 My works and words, better to thee
Than to my self are known.

5 Ever within the reach of thine
Incircling arm I lie;
6 Whose force I neither can resist,
Nor 'scape thy piercing eye.
7 In vain, where God do's never come,
I seek to find a seat?
8 For plac'd in hell, thy pow'r; in heav'n,
Thy glories I should meet.

9 Could I remove to the utmost sea,
Wing'd with the morning's ray;
10 Thy hand that must support my flight,
Would my abode betray.
11 If o'er my sins I think to draw
The curtains of the night;
12 All's clear to thee, for what we call
Darkness, to thee is light.

13 My reins by thee possess'd, with all
Th' affections seated there;
To thee that mad'st within the womb
Those hidden springs appear.
14 In all thy works, O Lord, I see
Footsteps of wond'rous skill;
And in myself, t' excite my praise,
I find more wonders still.

Part

Part II.

15 When form'd unseen, within the dark
Recesses of the womb;
Before th' embroidery of parts
Was to perfection come:
16 In that rude mass thou did'st discern
The growth of every part;
And what th' eternal mind had fram'd,
Was drawn with curious art.

17 Lord, I admire the various thoughts
And counsels of thy mind;
Their sum is infinite, yet dear
To me, because they're kind.
18 Their number's greater than the sand,
Which whilst my thoughts run o'er,
I sleep, and find when I awake,
I'm where I was before.

19 God will destroy those wicked men
Who 'gainst my life combine;
Hence then ye men of blood;
Nor your own ruin seek in mine.
20 Thy foes they are; who under shews
Of piety disguise
Intended mischiefs; and would make
God vouch for all their lies.

21 Do not I hate such as oppose
Thy holy laws and thee?
22 I loath them perfectly, and count
My self their enemy.
23 Lord, since my thoughts accuse me not,
T' have liv'd in false disguise;
I'm less afraid to undergo
The tryal of thine eyes.

24 Search

24 Search me, and where unwillingly
Thou see'st I've done amiss;
Correct and lead my wand'ring steps
Into the way of bliss.

PSALM CXL.

[*As the* 100 *Psalm.*]

1 LORD, save me from the man who bears
A wicked and a cruel mind:
2 Such are my foes, whose hearts are set
On mischief, and for war combin'd.

3 A deadly wound unto my name
They give whom falsely they accuse:
No serpent's tongue, nor adder's teeth
Poison more surely do's infuse.

4 Once more I therefore pray thee, Lord,
To save me from the wicked's pow'r;
And from their violent attempts,
Who seek to undo me every hour.

5 The hunter's and the fowler s skill
In laying toils and secret snares,
Do's not exceed their wiles, who think
They're sure to seize me unawares.

6 Thus destitute of pow'r or aids
I can implore from any friend;
By humble pray'r myself to thee,
My sole protector I commend.

7 On thee for strength I must rely,
Thee only for my Saviour own;
By thee I fought securely when
Armour and helmet I had none.

Part II.

8 Grant not, O Lord, what wicked men
Would have, nor with a good event
Favour their mischievous designs,
Lest they grow proud and insolent.

9 May all the pois'nous calumnies
By those that now beset me, thrown;
With their laborious lyes, contriv'd
To work my ruin, prove their own.

10 Of sland'rous tongues, which burn like [coals
Of fire, may they the torment have;
And all their mischiefs, like deep pits
Digg'd for my fall be their own grave.

11 Falshood and base detraction
Will bring th' advanced sinner low;
And acts of unjust violence
Pursue him to his overthrow.

12 Whom men oppress, I know that God
Will pity, and their cause maintain:
And right the wronged poor, who here
Expect to be redress'd in vain.

13 The righteous sure will not forget
Due praises to his name to give;
For th' upright by God's care upheld,
Shall in his favour ever live.

PSALM CXLI.

1 TO my importunate requests,
Lord, lend a gracious ear;

And

And as my danger calls aloud,
To succour me appear.

2 O let my pray'rs like sweet perfumes
Up to thy presence rise;
And find acceptance equal to
An evening-sacrifice.

3 Lord, make me carefully to watch
The motions of my tongue;
That no intemperate speech may show
Impatient sense of wrong.

4 Let not my heart incline, much less
Engage in works of sin;
Nor let the wicked's delicates,
Me to their practice win.

5 Better to meet severe rebukes
From those that goodness love:
Their wise reproofs, tho' smarting, will
A real kindness prove.
No precious ointments, to the head
So sweet and grateful are;
But to avoid mischievous ways,
I'll make my daily pray'r.

Part II.

6 How free from malice is my soul,
Saul's captains witness bear;
Who at the stony rocks descent,
Did my mild language hear,

7 To us the favour of a grave
Their rage will not allow;
Scatter'd and broke we lie, like ground
Divided by the plough.

8 But, Lord, mine eyes on thee are fix'd,
My trust is in thee still: Do

Do not abandon me to thoſe
That ſeek my blood to ſpill.
9 Tho' ſubtil plots to ruin me
Like ſnares the wicked lay;
Save me from thoſe that would my life
To cruel hands betray.
10 May all their gins for others laid
Themſelves alone inſnare:
Whilſt I eſcape the nets they ſpread,
By God's preſerving care.

PSALM CXLII.

1 WITH fervent cries I did implore
God's ſuccour and relief:
2 In long and ſad complaints to him
Unboſom'd all my grief.
3 From all the ſtraits I'm in, God knows
A way for me t'eſcape:
In every path of mine is laid
A ſecret ſnare and trap.
4 I look on every ſide, and find
All hopes of ſafety gone:
Whilſt all are careleſs of my life,
Or fearful of their own.
5 My cries to thee, O Lord, ſhall tell
What truſt I have in thee:
Thou my ſure refuge whilſt I live,
My portion thou ſhalt be.
6 Regard my low eſtate, and from
My perſecutors ſave;
Whoſe hope in God is leſs than mine,
But much more pow'r they have.

7 From

7 From the sad prison set me free,
That I may praise thy name;
Then all good men shall joyn with me
God's kindness to proclaim.

PSALM CXLIII.

1 REGARD the fervent pray'rs I make,
The hopes I have in thee;
And, Lord, according to thy truth
And goodness answer me.
2 Let not my failings be before
Thy strict tribunal try'd;
For, Lord, if thou should be severe,
None could be justify'd.

3 See how my life's pursu'd, for me
No safety can be found;
Forced to lie in caves like one
That's buried under-ground.
4 Grief has so overwhelm'd my soul
That stupid I am grown;
With Horror and amazement seiz'd,
My strength is overthrown.

5 This only serves to raise me up
As I am sinking lower;
To call to mind thy former works,
And lean upon thy pow'r.
6 I'll ne'er cease asking till my soul
Shall thy refreshments gain;
Thy mercy which I gasp for more,
Than thirsty ground for rain.

Part II.

7 My spirits sink while thou delay'st
Th' assistance I would have; If

If God ſtill frown on my requeſts,
'Twill ſink me to the grave.
8 The night is witneſs of my tears,
As well as truſt in thee;
O let the joyful morning tell
Thy kindneſs towards me.

Lord, be my guide, that I may find
The way where I ſhould go;
9 Be thou my refuge from their pow'r,
Who ſeek my overthrow.
10 Teach me, my God, to do thy will;
And let thy ſpirit of love,
Conduct me in the paths that lead
To happineſs above.

11 Revive my fainting ſoul, thy name
And honour to advance;
Thy faithfulneſs will brightly ſhine
In my deliverance.
12 That my vexation from my foes
May have a gracious end;
Deſtroy the authors of my woes,
For I on thee depend.

PSALM CXLIV.

[*As the* 100 *Pſalm.*]

1 BLEST be the Lord, the God of might,
Who gives me ſtrength and ſkill to fight.
2 He is my goodneſs, tow'r and fort,
Deliv'rer, ſhield, and ſafe reſort.

My truſt's in him; 'twas he compell'd
Thoſe to be ſubject who rebell'd.

3 I am amaz'd the great God can
Honour so much a poor weak man.

4 Vain man! whose glories quickly fade,
Whose life do's vanish like a shade.

5 Our foes will soon their weakness own,
When the heav'ns make way, and God [comes down.
Their ruin's sure, that God provoke
Whose touch makes proudest mountains [smoke.

6 His pointed lightning will create
Such fears, their force will dissipate.

7 Lord, rid me by thy heav'nly aid,
From foreign pow'rs that me invade;
Like swelling waves their numbers stand,
Threatning to overflow the land.

[weight,
8 Whose words and oaths will bear no
But break all faith their right-hands [plight.

9 I'm sav'd; and on my psaltery
Will sing new songs of praise to thee.

Part II.

10 In God alone the victories
Of kings, and all their safety lies:
I'm ever bound to praise the Lord,
Who sav'd me from the hurtful sword.

11 Still save and rid me by thine aid,
From foreign pow'rs that me invade:
Whose words and oaths are vain and [light,
Who break all faith their right hands [plight.

12 May

12 May all things flouriſh with our peace;
Our ſons like plants in their increaſe.
Our daughters fair and proper grow,
As poliſh'd pillars beaut'ous ſhow.

13 Our garners full produce all ſtore,
Our num'rous flocks increaſe to more.
14 Our oxen ſtrong for labour be,
Our land from all invaſions free.

No cries of mournful exiles meet,
Nor no complaints in any ſtreet.
15 Bleſt people whom ſuch favours crown,
Thrice bleſt whom God for *his* do's own.

PSALM CXLV.

[*As the* 100 *Pſalm.*]

1 I WILL extol thy ſacred name,
Thou king of ſaints and God of love:
2 I'll bleſs thee daily now; 'twill be
My Work eternally above.

3 Our praiſes ſhould be high like thee,
Whoſe greatneſs all our thoughts exceeds.
4 And what one age do's not confine,
The next ſhall tell thy mighty deeds.

5 I'll ſhew the glories of thy ſtate,
And thy amazing works proclaim:
6 All men that hear my ſongs of praiſe,
Shall gladly join to do the ſame.

7 And like the unexhauſted ſprings
Of mercy, ſo their joys ſhall flow;
Their tongues thy faithfulneſs ſhall ſing,
And thine abundant goodneſs ſhow.

8 Thou, Lord, art full of grace and love;
To anger slow, but glad to spare;
9 To all thy creatures thou art kind,
O'er all thy tender-mercies are.

10 Thou, Lord, from all these works of thine
Some thankful tribute do'st receive;
But where their powers fail, thy praise
Among thy saints shall ever live.

11 These happy subjects do declare
Thy kingdom's glory never cease;
12 That men the triumphs of thy grace
May know and all thy power confess.

Part II.

13 Thy kingdom, Lord, shall ever stand,
Tho' often undermin'd in vain:
14 Oppressed goodness is sustain'd
By thee when falling rais'd again.

15 All creatures do expect from thee
Supplies of seasonable food:
16 Thy open-handed bounty fills
Their longings with desir'd good.

17 God's goodness and felicity
In all his ways and works appear:
18 He gives kind answers to their pray'rs
That call on him, and are sincere.

19 There's none that fear him need complain,
That they in vain have sought his aid:
He hears their cries when in distress,
And saves them when they are afraid.

20 God's preservation shall reward
The good man's duty and his love;

But

But the bold crimes of wicked men,
Shall at the length their ruin prove.

21 Mean while my tongue shall be employ'd
Thy chearful praises to proclaim;
Let all the world adore thy pow'r,
And ever bless thy holy name.

[*Another Metre.*]

1 THY sacred name I will advance
My King, and God of Love:
2 I'll bless thee now, 'twill be my work
Eternally above.
3 Our praises should be high like thee,
Whose greatness all exceeds;
4 One age t'another shall declare
And praise thy mighty deeds.

5 I'll shew the glories of thy state,
Thy wond'rous works proclaim;
6 All men that hear my songs of praise,
Shall joyn to do the same.
7 And as thy mercy ever springs,
So shall their comforts flow:
Their tongues thy faithfulness shall sing,
And thy great goodness show.

8 Thou, Lord, art slow to wrath, but full
Of love, and glad to spare;
9 To all thy creatures kind, o'er all
Thy tender-mercies are.
10 Some thankful tribute, Lord, from all
Thy works thou do'st receive;
But where they fail, thy praise among
Thy saints shall ever live.

11 Thy

11 Thy kingdom's glory to declare
Theſe ſubjects never ceaſe; [know,
12 That men thy wond'rous grace may
And all thy pow'r confeſs.

Part II.

13 Thy kingdom, Lord, ſhall ever ſtand,
Tho' undermin'd in vain;
14 Goodneſs is ſtay'd by thee when weak;
When falling rais'd again.
15 All creatures do expect from thee
Supplies of daily food;
16 Thy open-handed bounty fills
All their deſires with good.

17 God's goodneſs and fidelity,
In all his ways appear;
18 He gives kind anſwers unto ſuch
As pray and are ſincere.
19 There's none that fear him need complain
They've ſought in vain his aid;
He hears their cries when in diſtreſs,
And ſaves them when afraid.

20 God's care and preſervation
Rewards the good man's love;
But the bold crimes of wicked men,
At length their ruin prove.
21 Mean while my tongue ſhall be imploy'd
Thy praiſes to proclaim;
Let all the world adore thy pow'r,
And ever bleſs thy name.

PSALM CXLVI.

1 MY ſoul, to praiſe the higheſt Lord,
Thy beſt affections raiſe:

2 For

2 For whilſt I live my God ſhall be
The ſubject of my praiſe.
3 Vain are our hopes from mighty kings;
Whoſe glories at their death
4 Sing to the grave; and all their thoughts
Do vaniſh with their breath.

5 Happy is he, who in that God
That made the world do's truſt;
6 Which world may ſooner fail, than he
Ceaſe to be good and juſt.
7 He rights the injur'd, and defends
The good man's cauſe oppreſs'd;
He feeds the hungry, and by him
The pris'ners are releas'd.

8 He cures the blind, and ſorrow from
Dejected ſouls removes:
And by his ſpecial care protects
The righteous whom he loves.
9 Strangers and widows he preſerves,
He do's the orphans own;
As for the wicked's proſp'rous ſtate,
He turns it upſide down.

10 This mighty King ſhall ever reign,
As he do's ever live;
Let all the world he rules, to him
Eternal praiſes give.

PSALM CXLVII.

[*As the* 100 *Pſalm.*]

1 O BLEST employment of our lives!
To praiſe the God whom we adore;

How grateful to ourſelves and him!
Nothing becomes a good man more.

2 The Lord of old the broken ſtate
Of captive *Iſr'el* did repair;
3 The ſorrowful and broken hearts
He binds and heals with tender care.

4 He numbers all the ſtars, and knows
What vertue comes to us from thence;
For 'tis from him they borrow all,
Their luſtre and their influence.

5 Unſearchable his wiſdom is,
His pow'r ſo great it knows no bound;
6 He raiſes up the meek, and throws
The ſtubborn ſinners to the ground.

7 To God your chearful praiſes ſing,
Whoſe bounty all things do's maintain:
8 Who covers heav'n with watry clouds,
And for the earth prepares the rain.

He makes the tender graſs to grow
On mountains which are parch'd and dry.
9 Wild beaſts are fed without our care,
And the young ravens when they cry.

10 He in the nimbleneſs and ſtrength
Of horſe or man takes no delight:
11 It's only fear and ſtedfaſt faith
In God, his favour do's invite.

Part II.

12 O bleſt *Jeruſalem!* ſing praiſe
Unto thy God, and ye that dwell
On *Sion*'s mount, in joyful hymns
To all his truth and goodneſs tell.

13 It's

13 It's he thy city made so strong,
Th' assaults of foes it now defies;
His blessing thine Inhabitants
To a vast number multiplies.

14 Thy borders from incursions free,
Are settled all in quiet peace;
And thy fair fields the choicest wheat
Yields to an envied increase.

15 All creatures haste t' obey his word;
16 Like softest wooll he sends the snows:
17 His chrystal ice like morsels casts,
And the hoar-frost like ashes strows.

18 None can endure his piercing cold;
But at his word warm winds do blow;
Then rocks of ice are soon dissolv'd,
And the congealed waters flow.

19 All see these works; to *Israel*
20 He greater favours do's afford;
The clearer knowledge of his will
And laws they have: praise ye the Lord.

[*Another Metre.*]

1 How well are we employ'd, to praise
The Lord whom we adore!
How grateful to ourselves and him;
Nothing becomes us more.

2 The Lord of old the broken state
Of *Isr'el* did repair:

3 The sorrowful and broken hearts
He heals with greatest care.

4 He numbers all the stars, and knows
What vertue comes from thence;

For 'tis from him they borrow all
Their light and influence.
5 Unsearchable his wisdom is,
His pow'r admits no bound:
6 He raises up the meek, and throws
Proud sinners to the ground.

7 To God your chearful praises sing,
That all things do's maintain:
8 Who covers heav'n with clouds, and for
The earth prepares the rain.
He makes the tender grass to grow
On mountains, parch'd and dry:
9 Wild beasts need not our care, he feeds
Young ravens when they cry.

10 No horse's strength, or nimble legs
Of man, are his delight:
11 It's only fear, and trust in God
His favour do's invite.

Part II.

12 O blest *Jerusalem!* sing praise
To God, and ye that dwell
On *Sion's* mount, in hymns to all
His truth and goodness tell.
13 So strong thy city's made, th' assaults
Of foes it now defies;
And vastly thine inhabitants
His blessing multiplies.

14 Thy borders from incursions free,
Are settled all in peace?
Thy fields the choicest wheat produce,
T' an envied increase.
15 All creatures haste t' obey his word;
16 Like wooll he sends the snows;

17 His

17 His cryſtal ice like morſels caſts,
Hoar-froſts like aſhes ſtrows.
None can abide his piercing cold:
18 He bids warm winds to blow;
Then rocks of ice diſſolve, and ſoon
Congealed rivers flow.
19 All ſee theſe works; to *Iſrael*
More grace he did afford;
20 The clearer knowledge of his will
And laws. Praiſe ye the Lord.

PSALM CXLVIII.

1 TO laud the heav'nly king,
Let all their voices raiſe:
2 Ye angels, firſt begin
The great Creator's praiſe.
3 Let ſun and moon
And every ſtar,
His glory ſhow
That's brighter far.
4 Ye regions of the air,
And watry clouds that move
Within the liquid ſky,
5 Praiſe ye the Lord above:
Whoſe pow'rful word
Made you to be
6 And fixt your bounds
By his decree.
7 All that the earth do's bear,
Whales in the depths conceal'd:
8 Lightnings and hail and ſnow,
Vapours to ice congeal'd:

The ſtormy winds
Rais'd at his will,
Which at his word
Are calm'd and ſtill.

9 Praiſe him ye mountains high,
And hills that lower are;
Cedars with lofty heads,
And trees that fruits do bear:
10 Beaſts that in fields
Or paſtures lie;
Both creeping things,
And fowls that fly.

11 Ye kings that ſceptres ſway,
People of meaner birth;
Princes that rule the world,
And judges of the earth.
12 Let every ſex
And every age,
13 To praiſe the name
Of God engage.

His glories all that ſhines
In heav'n and earth excell;
14 He ſpecial mercy ſhew'd
T' his people *Iſrael*:
A people dear
And highly rais'd;
His holy name
Be ever prais'd.

PSALM

PSALM CXLIX.

[*As the* 100 *Pſalm.*]

1 PRAISE God; and let your ſongs be new
As he freſh favours daily grants;
Publiſh your joys by hymns of praiſe,
Among th' aſſemblies of his ſaints.

2 Let *Iſr'el*, whom he made, rejoyce;
Since his peculiar people made;
Let *Sion*'s children, whom he rules
As their great King, be much more glad.

3 Dances are proper to expreſs
The inward motions of their joy;
And to ſet off melodious ſongs,
Their harps and timbrels to employ.

4 God's kindneſs to his people will
Engage his care their good t' advance:
He'll beautify the meek, and make
Them great by his deliverance.

5 And like the glory of his ſaints,
Their triumphs ſhould be great and high;
And God's loud praiſes will become
Their beds in which they quiet lie.

6 Theſe pſalms of praiſes in their mouths,
[ſword
Whilſt their hands weild a two-edg'd
Will courage and aſſurance give,
To fight the battles of the Lord.

7 They'll conquer, and with juſt revenge
The heathens inſolence chaſtiſe:

8 Their fetter'd nobles captive lead,
Make chained kings become their prize.

9 Such judgments long ago foretold,
Shall God upon the heathen bring:
Such honour all his saints shall have,
And praising *Hallelujah's* sing.

PSALM CL.

1 PRAISE God within that sacred place
Where he his grace bestows;
Your wondering thoughts to heaven raise
Where he his glory shows.
2 Let all his mighty acts of pow'r
Your inward passions move;
That your acknowledgments may suit
The greatness of his love.

3 Musick's soft notes, and louder sounds
4 Of instruments employ,
5 T' excite devotion, and attend
The triumphs of your joy.
6 Since all to this Creator owe
That breath by which they live;
Let every thing that breaths, to him
Their chearful praises give.

The End of the PSALMS.

HYMNS

HYMNS

Taken out of the

NEW TESTAMENT;

Or, used in the

Church-Service.

HYMN I.

Benedictus.

[*The Song of* Zachary, *Luke* 1. 68.]

LET *Isr'el*'s pow'rful God and King
Eternally be blest;
Who came from heav'n to visit us,
And all our bonds releas'd.
In *David*'s house a Saviour rais'd
To sit upon his throne;
This ever since the world began
His prophets have foreshown.
That he would save us from the hand
Of all that did us hate:
The mercy to perform, for which
Our fathers long did wait.

Remembring all his truth engag'd
By a holy covenant,
His solemn oath to *Abr'ham* sworn;
His grace that he would grant;

To serve him without fear, from all
Our adversaries freed;
And to continue all our days
A holy life to lead.
And thou, blest child, to this high Lord
Shalt have a prophet's place;
Like a preparing harbinger
Shalt go before his face.

By the remission of mens sins
To make salvation known.
God's tender-mercy, when this sun
Arose, to all was shown.
He will our sad and dismal state
With light and comfort bless:
And guide our feet into the way
Of peace and happiness.

HYMN II.

Magnificat.

[*As the* 100 *Psalm.*]

[*The Song of the Blessed Virgin,* Luke 1. 46.]

MY soul doth magnify the Lord,
Transports of joy my spirits raise;
And God my Saviour shall be
The subject of my song of praise

For

For to his humble handmaid's ſtate
He ſhew'd regard when 'twas depreſt:
All ages ſhall from henceforth judge
Me happy, and ſhall call me bleſt.

He that is great hath done to me
Great things, and holy is his name:
His mercy through all ages is
To them that fear him ſtill the ſame.

He with his arm his ſtrength hath ſhew'd,
Confounded what the proud men thought;
Put down the mighty from their ſeat,
And rais'd them who were ſet at nought.

He fill'd the hungry ſouls with good;
The full and rich for want complain'd;
His mercy he has call'd to mind,
And *Iſrael* his help has gain'd.

The promiſe to our fathers made
So long before, in which God ſtood
Engag'd to *Abr'ham* and his ſeed,
Is all performed and made good.

HYMN III.

Nunc Dimittis.

[*The Song of* Simeon, *Luke* 2. 29.]

NOW can leave this world, and die
In peace and quiet reſt;
Since that mine eyes, O Lord, have been
With thy ſalvation bleſt.

The

The prophecies are all fulfill'd,
Thy promises are true;
And thy mysterious Love disclos'd
In all the peoples view.

All the dark shadows fly away,
Now this bright Sun appears;
Whose saving health the gentile world
With unknown comfort cheers
Well may the long-expected sight
Make *Israel*'s joys abound;
Before with special favours grac'd,
But now with glory crown'd.

HYMN IV.

[*Taken out of the* Revelations.]

[*As the* 100 *Psalm.*]

Rev. 19. v. 5, *Ch.* 4. v. 8. YE faithful servants of the Lord,
See that his Name ye celebrate;
And ye that fear him sing aloud
Praises to God both small and great.
Most holy, holy, holy Lord
Almighty's his adored Name;
Who *was* before all time, and *is*,
And ever *shall be* still the same.

v. 11. All glory, pow'r, and honour, thou
Alone art worthy to receive:
For all things by thy pow'r were made,
All by and for thy pleasure live.

To

Ch. 5. To thee, O ſpotleſs Lamb of God,
v. 12. Riches and pow'r of right belong,
[ſtrength,
Wiſdom and honour, conqu'ring
Glory and every Praiſing ſong.

v. 9. Thou for to expiate our ſins
Waſt ſlain, and by thy precious blood,
From every nation, tribe and tongue,
Thou haſt redeemed us to God.

v. 10. From thee to be both kings and prieſts
To God the privilege we gain;
And ſhall hereafter be advanc'd,
With thee, O Chriſt, on earth to reign

v. 13. Bleſſing and Honour, Glory, pow'r,
Ever by all in earth, and heav'n,
To him that ſits upon the throne,
And to the Lamb of God be giv'n.

Part II.

Ch. 15. O thou great Ruler of the world,
v. 3. Thy glorious works our wonder raiſe;
Thou ever-bleſſed King of ſaints,
How true and righteous are thy ways!

v. 4. Who would not fear and glorify
Thy name, thou onely Holy One;
[ſhip thee
Th' whole world will come and wor-
To whom thy judgments are made
[known,

Ch. 11. Now o'er the kingdoms of this world
v. 15. God and his Chriſt as King do's reign:
Whoſe

[way,
Whoſe pow'r, that for his rule made
His conqueſts ever will maintain.

v. 17. We give thee thanks, almighty Lord,
Which *art*, and *waſt*, and *art to come*;
Who haſt exerted thy great pow'r,
And for thy victories made room.

v. 18. Let th' angry nations rage, thy wrath
Is come; and it's thy time to rain
Down judgments, and t'avenge the
Of martyrs barbarouſly ſlain. [blood

And now thy ſuffering ſervants, Lord,
[gard;
Great ſaints and prophets thou'lt re-
And all that fear thy name, tho' here
Deſpis'd, ſhall have a great reward.

All thy juſt vengeance will applaud
On them who all their pow'r imploy'd
To turn the earth to a field of blood;
Their turn now comes to be deſtroy'd.

Ch. 12. Salvation to the ſaints is come;
v. 10. God's ſtrength and mighty aids appear,
T' advance his kingdom among men,
Who all the pow'r of Chriſt revere.

He that before the Lord accus'd
The brethren with falſe calumnies,
Is now caſt head-long down, and none
Give credit longer to his lyes.

v. 11. He's conquer'd by the blood of Chriſt,
And by their witneſs to his word:
Theſe valu'd not their lives, but dy'd
For love unto their deareſt Lord.

Ye

v.12. Ye heav'nly ſpirits above, rejoyce;
But woe to th'earth below; whoſe hurt
The devil with utmoſt rage contrives,
Knowing his time to do't's but ſhort.

*Ch.*19. Salvation to our God belongs,
Glory and honour are his due;
His pow'r ſupreme, and all proclaim
His judgments to be juſt and true.

v. 2. He the great whore has judg'd, which
Corrupt with idols every land; [did
And has aveng'd the crying blood
Of his ſlain ſervants at her hand.

v. 6. Now let both heav'n and earth aloud
Their praiſing Hallelujah's ſing;
For the Lord God Almighty reigns,
And ſhews himſelf a glorious King.

v. 7. In honour of the Lamb of God,
Let's triumph on his nuptial day;
The time is come, and his chaſte bride
Stands ready dreſt in rich array.

HYMN V.

Te Deum.

[*As the* 100 *Pſalm.*]

O GOD we praiſe thee, and we own
Thee to be Lord and King alone.
All the whole earth doth worſhip thee,
Thou Father from eternity.

To

To thee all angels loudly cry,
The heav'ns and all the pow'rs on high;
Cherubs and seraphims proclaim
And cry thrice holy to thy name.

Lord God of hosts, thy presence bright
Fills heav'n and earth with beaut'ous light,
The apostles glorious company,
The prophets fellowship, praise thee.

The crowned martyrs noble host,
The holy church in every coast,
Thine infinite perfections own,
Father of Majesty unknown.

Giving all adoration
Unto thy true and only Son:
And to the Holy Ghost, from whom,
As the sole Spring, our comforts come,

O Christ, thou glorious King, we own
Thee to be God's eternal Son:
Who our deliverance to obtain.
Did'st not the virgin's womb disdain.

When death's sharp sting destroy'd by thee
Gave thee a glorious victory;
Heav'ns gate, that entrance had deny'd,
To all believers opened wide.

Part II.

Thou, Lord, at God's right-hand art plac'd,
And with thy Father's glory grac'd;
And we believe the day will come,
When thou as Judge shalt pass our doom.

Promote we pray thy servants good,
Redeemed with thy precious blood;

Among

Among thy ſaints make them aſcend
To glory that ſhall never end.

Thy people with ſalvation crown;
Bleſs thoſe, O God, that are thine own;
Govern and lift them up on high.
Thee, Lord, we daily magnify.

Thy name we worſhip and adore,
Ever, when time ſhall be no more:
Vouchſafe this day to keep us pure;
From harms and wilful ſins ſecure.

O let thy mercy, Lord, deſcend
On us, whoſe hopes on thee depend:
Lord, ſince my truſt is fix'd on thee,
O let me ne'er confounded be.

The Angels Doxology, *Luke* 2. 14.

[*As the* 100 *Pſalm.*]

GLORY to God in heav'n above;
Let th' earth below with peace be bleſt:
From the divine benignity,
Greateſt good-will tow'rds men expreſt

[*To the common tunes.*]

GLORY to God in heav'n above,
Let th' earth with Peace be bleſt:
From the divine benignity,
Good-will tow'rds men expreſt.

[*As*

[*As the* 25 *Pſalm.*]

GLORY to God in heav'n,
Let the earth with peace be bleſt;
From the divine benignity,
Good-will tow'rds men expreſt.

Gloria Patri.

[*As the* 100 *Pſalm.*]

TO thee, O Father, to the Son,
And Holy Ghoſt whom we adore;
Be Glory, as it was of old,
Is now, and ſhall be evermore.

[*To the common Tunes.*]

TO thee, O Father, to the Son,
And Holy Ghoſt we give
Glory that was of old, is now
And ſhall this world ſurvive.

[*As the* 25 *Pſalm.*]

TO thee, O Father, Son,
And Holy Ghoſt we give
Glory that was of old, is now,
And ſhall this world out-live.

FINIS.

A TABLE to find any PSALM knowing its Beginning.

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